



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Fiedler A 182



PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY

BY

MISS
PROFESSOR H. G. FIEDLER

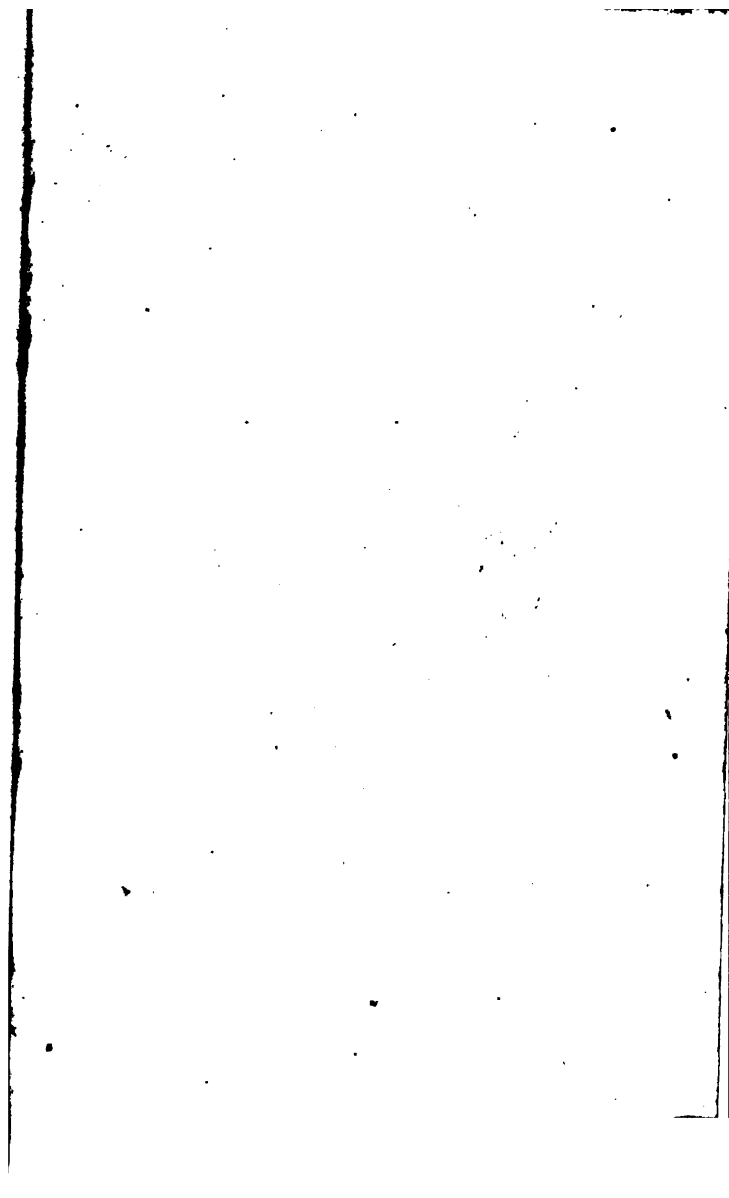


Lenore p 35
Janet 139
133

a

143

R1--





"At last he ventured so far as to take a draught." p. 8.

LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR

TRADITIONS, POPULAR LITERATURE,

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY

WILLIAM J. THOMS,

EDITOR OF THE "EARLY ENGLISH PROSE ROMANCES."



Lays and Legends of Germany.



"He who desires to be well acquainted with a people will not reject their Popular Stories or Local Superstitions."—SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

LONDON:

GEORGE COWIE, 312, STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIV.



G. COWIE, PRINTER,
13, NEWCASTLE STREET, STRAND.

INTRODUCTION.

The importance of National Tales is rather a startling phrase wherewith to commence a volume, even though such volume should be one exclusively devoted to that particular subject. Many readers, probably, will at first be somewhat disposed to smile at the high sounding tone in which such trifles as Old Wives' Legends, and Fire-side Stories, are alluded to; but a very few moments' consideration will satisfy all doubts as to whether or not such materials for reflection and history (we say history advisedly) are not worthy to be pronounced valuable and important.

Every thing that exists is, either positively or relatively, possessed of those qualities; and, should the worth of any object not be immediately apparent, it must be sought for in the uses to which it is capable of being applied: and it is this disposition to search for and exhibit "good in every thing," which principally distinguishes the Philosopher from his fellow-man.

To the former, the recovered treasures of Herculaneum abound in deeply-interesting facts and copious historical illustrations, enriching his mind with knowledge which was not elsewhere to be acquired, and exhibiting views of

the state of manners and society, in by-gone days, such as the most minute historian would never dream of recording; while, to the latter, they are but so many pictures, vases, &c., which would have been as well burnt as brought to light.

To the one, a brick picked up upon the spot where Babylon once stood, teems with interest, and is fraught with information respecting "the glory of kingdoms and the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency;" while to the other, the only reflection which it suggests is a momentary wonder, that such a useless fragment of calcined earth should have endured for so many ages, or that any one should be found foolish enough to bring it from the place from whence it came. Well has it been sung of such a mind—

" A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more ;"

and proudly does he, who penned that lay, mark his distinction from the common herd, when he proclaims that unto him—

" The meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The examination of popular tales and legends in this philosophical spirit, is a study of recent growth. Sir W. Scott, in his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*, has an interesting passage upon this subject, which we shall venture once more to extract, familiar as it must be to many of our readers, from the frequency with which it has already been quoted:—

" A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of Popular Fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that, into the nursery tale

4 of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable, among nations who never borrowed from each other anything intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice : I mean my friend Mr. Francis Douce, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches."

To this call, it is much to be regretted, that Mr. Douce has not replied; it however attracted the attention of Sir Francis Palsgrave, and the articles on the Antiquities of Nursery Literature, and the Popular Superstitions of the Middle Ages, which that gentleman contributed to the "Quarterly Review," while they are admired for the learning and research which they exhibit, and for the agreeable style in which they are written, have also the additional merit of being the first attempts at a philosophic History of Fiction.

By all to whom this subject is interesting,—and it must be recollected, that, under whatever form it may appear, the History of Fiction is but the history of the human mind, its errings and its weaknesses,—these papers will always be looked upon with admiration and delight. Nor will the

learned and amusing preface of Mr. Price, to the last edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, afford them less satisfaction.

To dedicate a work to the especial object pointed out by Sir Walter Scott, has been reserved for Mr. Keightley, who, in the preface to his learned and amusing volumes on the "*Fairy Mythology*," thus expresses his opinion on the subject:—

"The truth I apprehend to be this: some tales and legends are transmitted; others are, to speak geologically, independent formations. When in a tale of some length a number of circumstances are the same, and follow in the same order, I would term it transmitted.

"*** Other circumstances may be referred to what we may call the poverty of human invention; such are the swords of sharpness, and the shoes of swiftness, every where to be met with. Who knows not how valiant Jack the Giant Killer out-witted the Giant, who thought to slay him in the night with his club? The god Thor was on his journey to Utgard illuded in the same way by his guide Scrymner; and that sly rogue, Ahmed of Isfahan, played the very same trick on the stupid Goole. Must we suppose this device to have been a part of the stock our forefathers brought from the back of Caucasus."

"There is a third class which I find more difficult to dispose of. Mr. Morier heard Whittington and his Cat in Persia; Magalotti told it in Italy of one Ansaldo Degli Ormanni; and two churches in Denmark were raised by the possessors of lucky cats. Who now can take it upon him to assign the birth-place of this legend? And is it not possible that the European and Asiatic versions of so simple a fiction may be independent?"

Such were the views which resulted from his researches.

into the wide field of Fairy Lore. His reasons for entertaining such views he has now given in the little volume just alluded to,* a volume to which we earnestly call the attention of all who are wise enough to deem this chapter in the history of the human mind, one not unworthy of study. They will find in the work before us ingenious speculation, graceful learning, and abundance of amusing narratives; and though they may not admit the validity of all the writer's arguments, they must certainly accord to them the merit of being agreeably and skilfully advanced. The Editor of this little work dissents from several of the propositions laid down in the volume in question; why he does so, the present is not the time or place for declaring, and moreover there are few men with whom he would be less willing to break a lance than Mr. Keightley, who is a giant in his learning, and withal "skilful of fence." As opportunities however occur, and they will, in the course of this publication, he will take the liberty of pointing out what he considers the untenable points of that gentleman's theory, and, at the same time, such further confirmations of the well founded parts of it, as they from time to time suggest themselves.

Since we have mentioned Mr. Keightley's name, we cannot pass over in silence another important work relating to this subject, in the preparation of which that gentleman appears to have had no inconsiderable share—we allude, of course, to Mr. Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland,"—a work which has contributed largely to the amusement of the general reader—as well

* Tales and Popular Fictions, their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country. London, 1834. Whittaker and Co.

as to the gratification of the antiquarian enquirer in the wide field of romantic fiction. With the "German Popular Stories" translated from Grimm's inestimable little volumes, and which were illustrated, no less ably, by the notes of the translator, than by the delightful graver of George Cruikshank, we must close our list of English works, on the subject of Legendary Lore. Not one of them, alas! dedicated to the preservation of the Legends of our "*Father Land*."—To rescue these scattered relics from the destroying hand of Time—is one of the principal objects of our little work, and one in which we most earnestly implore the assistance of our readers.*

On the continent, meanwhile, this study has long been pursued with avidity, and the works of Thiele in Denmark, and of the Brothers Grimm in Germany, attest the consequence which may be given to a subject of such apparently trivial importance. The tales of Denmark and Germany, preserved in their volumes, are of considerable interest to us, from their affinity to those of our native country, and this interest has been increased by the illustrations which they have received at the hands of their respective Editors, whose taste and acquirements have thus enabled them to place

"Upon old Hyems' chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds."

With the Tales of France and Italy, we have better acquaintance; and, although those of our northern brethren

* The communication of any inedited English Lays or Legends, addressed to the Editor (post paid) at 312, Strand, will be considered a favour: and one which will be considerably enhanced if their genuineness be confirmed by the confidential disclosure of the real name, &c. of the relator.

bear evident traces of their alliance to these sparkling productions, yet the marks of national character which are everywhere so strongly impressed upon them, give them at once an appearance of novelty, and that raciness which is considered the best test of originality. One feature, which will most forcibly point out the distinction between the fictions of the north and south, is the introduction into the former, as into the old mysteries of this country, of sacred personages and events—even of the Creator himself. The sober inhabitants of Germany, but little accustomed to the debasing irony of the sceptic, are habituated from their earliest childhood to look upon sacred subjects with the reverence which is so justly due to them; and thence it is, that the familiarity with which the names and personages of Scripture are so frequently introduced into their tales, and which the less religious would consider as a sign of contempt, is, by their pious and well-ordered minds, recognised only as an evidence of endearment and respect.

But our limits here compel us to break off our enquiry; for entering into which, should any apology be required of us, we shall offer it in the example of those great men, who have preceded us in our admiration of those legends—

“*Quas ad ignem aniculæ
Narrant puellis.*”

A perusal of Shakspeare must satisfy us of his fondness for them: Luther, in his Table Talk, has expressly declared his intense admiration of them. The opinion of the Ariosto of the North has already been recorded: a quotation (now somewhat trite) from Sir John Malcolm's Sketches of Persia, shall conclude our list of authorities:—“I quite understand, my good friend,” said I, “the contempt you

bestow upon the nursery tales with which the Hajee and I have been entertaining each other; but believe me, he who desires to be well acquainted with a people, will not reject their popular stories, or local superstitions. Depend upon it, that man is too far advanced into an artificial state of society, who is a stranger to the effects which tales and stories like these have upon the feelings of a nation; and his opinions of its character are never likely to be more erroneous than when, in the pride of reason, he despises such means of forming his judgment."

After this declaration in favor of National Tales, do National and Popular Ballads, which

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun.

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones.

Do use to chaunt,"

require a word in their praise? If their own merits and intrinsic beauty do not secure them favour in the sight of the reader, no eulogium emanating from this pen could avail aught, in procuring it for them. One word, however, the translator hopes he may here be permitted—and it is—that he trusts the fidelity with which he has endeavoured to render the Ballads of other Countries into English, will prove a sufficient apology for any lack of spirit discernible in his translations. His object has been to translate—and not to paraphrase.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Germany.

LEGENDS OF THE KYFFHAUSER MOUNTAIN.

It is commonly said of this mountain that the Emperor Frederick holds his court there, and that he at times appears to travellers, and converses with them. It is indeed believed by many that the Emperor Frederick still lives, and will continue to do so until the day of judgment; nay more, that there has been no rightful Emperor since his time, and the supporters of these opinions have long existed—and never even attempted to conceal them. It is therefore supposed by many, that before the last day, a mighty Emperor shall arise, who will procure peace for Christendom—make a voyage over sea—and conquer the holy sepulchre—and he has been called Frederick, on account of his love of peace, not that he was so christened.

THE CELLAR OF THE OLD KNIGHTS IN THE KYFFHAUSER.

There was a poor, but worthy, and withal very merry fellow at Tilleda, who was once put to the expense of a christening—and as luck would have it, it was the eighth.

According to the custom of the time, he was obliged to give a plain feast to the child's sponsors. The wine of the country which he set before his guests was soon exhausted, and they began to call for more.—“Go,” said the merry father of the newly baptized child, to his eldest daughter, a handsome girl of sixteen—“Go, and get us better wine than this out of the cellar.”—“Out of what cellar?”—“Why, out of the great wine-cellar of the old Knights in the Kyffhauser, to be sure,” said her father, jokingly.

The simple-minded girl did as he told her, and taking a small pitcher in her hand, went to the mountain. In the middle of the mountain she found an aged housekeeper, dressed in a very old-fashioned style, with a large bundle of keys at her girdle, sitting at the ruined entrance of an immense cellar. The girl was struck dumb with amazement. But the old woman said very kindly—“Of a surety you want to draw wine out of the Knights' cellar.” “Yes,” said the girl timidly, “but I have not any money.” “Never mind that,” said the old woman, “come with me, and you shall have wine for nothing, and better wine too, than your father ever tasted.”

So the two went together through the half blocked up entrance, and as they went along, the old woman made the girl tell her how affairs were going on at that time in Tilleda. “For once,” said she, “once I was as young, and good looking as you are, when the knights stole me away in the night-time, and brought me through a hole in the ground from the very house in Tilleda which now belongs to your father. Shortly before that, they had carried away by force from Kelbra, in broad daylight, the four beautiful damsels who occasionally still ride about here on horses richly caparisoned, and then disappear again. As for me, as

soon as I grew old, they made me their butler, and I have been so ever since."

They had now reached the cellar door, which the old woman opened. It was a very large roomy cellar, with barrels ranged along both sides. The old woman rapped against the barrels—some were quite full, some only half full. She took the little pitcher, drew it full of wine, and said: "There, take that to your father, and as often as you have a feast in your house you may come here again; but, mind, tell nobody but your father, where you get the wine from.—Mind, too, you must never sell any of it—it costs you nothing, and for nothing you must give it away. Let any one but come here for wine, to make a profit of it, and his last bread is baked."

The girl took the wine to her father—whose guests were highly delighted with it—and sadly puzzled to think where it came from. And ever afterwards, when there was a little merry-making in the house, would the girl fetch wine from the Kyffhauser in her little pitcher. But this state of things did not continue long. The neighbours wondered where so poor a man contrived to get such delicious wine, that there was none like it in the whole country round. But the father said not a word to any one—and neither did his daughter.

Opposite to them, however, lived the publican who sold adulterated wine. He had once tasted the Old Knights wine, and thought to himself, one might mix this with ten times the quantity of water, and sell it for a good price after all. Accordingly, when the girl went for the fourth time with her little pitcher to the Kyffhauser, he crept after her, and concealed himself among the bushes, where he watched until he saw her come out of the entrance which led to the cellar, with her pitcher filled with wine.

On the following evening he himself went to the moun-

tain, pushing before him in a wheelbarrow the largest empty barrel he could procure. This he thought to fill with the choicest wine he could find in the cellar, and in the night to roll it down the mountain—and in this way, he intended to come every day, as long as there was any wine left in the cellar.

When, however, he came to the place where he had the day before seen the entrance to the cellar, it grew all of a sudden totally dark. The wind began to howl fearfully, and a monster threw him, his barrow and empty butt, from one ridge of rocks to another, and he kept falling lower and lower, until at last he fell into a cemetery.

There he saw before him a coffin covered with black, and his wife and four of her gossips, whom he knew well, by their dress and figures, were following the bier. His fright was so great that he swooned.

After some hours he came to himself again, and saw, to his horror, that he was still in the dimly-lighted vaults, and heard just above his head the (to him) well-known town clock of Tilleda strike twelve; and thereby he knew that it was midnight, and that he was then under the church, in the burying-place of the town. He was more dead than alive, and scarcely dared to breathe.

Presently there came a monk, who led him up a long, long flight of steps, opened a door, placed, without speaking, a piece of gold in his hand, and deposited him at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold frosty night. By degrees, the publican recovered himself, and crept, without barrel or wine, back to his own home. The clock struck one as he reached the door. He immediately took to his bed, and in three days was a dead man; and the piece of gold, which the wizard monk had given to him, was expended on his funeral.

THE GOLDEN KNOPS OF FLAX.*

Many, many years ago, there once went a whole swarm of boys from Kelbra to the Kyffhauser to gather nuts. They went into the old castle, came to a winding staircase which they descended, and there they found a small apartment with beautiful octagonal red and blue windows. In one corner there laid a spindle with flax, and in the other a large heap of knops of flax. Every boy took a hatful of these last, and then they ran laughing out, and strewed them about on their way home. When the boys got back to Kelbra, it was supper time.

The poorest of the boys found his parents just about to say grace: he took his hat off, and something shining fell out of it, and jingled upon the floor; and then another piece, and then another piece, and then seven more. The mother went to pick them up, and behold! they were golden knops of flax which some magic lady, or, perhaps, the Empress herself, had sent as a gift to the poor man that he might be enabled to apprentice his son to some trade.

All the neighbours came, of course, to see the wonderful knops of flax. On the following day all Kelbra flew to the Kyffhauser: all sought, but nobody found, either the red and blue windows, or the heaps of golden knops of flax.

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER.

There was once a shepherd who fed his flocks at the foot of the Kyffhauser. He was a good-looking man, and be-

* Knops of Flax.—So, on the authority of the Yorkshire dialect, in which the hanks, or balls of flax, are thus designated, do I venture to translate the German, FLACHSKNOPFEN.

loved of a very good, but poor girl. Yet neither he, nor she, had house or money to begin house-keeping with. Sorrowfully, indeed, did he ascend the mountain; but, the higher he got, (it was a lovely day) the more readily did he seem to shake off his sorrows. No sooner had he reached the top of the mountain than he found a wondrously beautiful flower, whose like he had never seen. He gathered it, and placed it in his hat, intending it as a present for his future bride.

Above the castle he found an open vault, the entrance to which was only in part filled up: he entered, and found a number of small glittering stones scattered upon the ground, and picked up as many of them as his small pockets would hold. He was just about returning into the open air again, when he heard a hollow voice call out to him, "Forget not the best." He knew not what followed, nor how he got out of the vault again. But no sooner did he once more see the sun and his flock, than he shut close after him the door, which he had never noticed before.

He seized his hat, and the wonderful flower, which he intended for his bride, was gone. It had fallen out with his stumbling. All of a sudden there stood before him a dwarf. "What have you done with the wonderful flower which you found." "Lost it," sorrowfully exclaimed the shepherd. "It was destined for you," said the dwarf, "and is worth more than the whole Rotenburg."

With a downcast heart did the shepherd return that evening to his bride, and when he related to her the history of the wonderful flower which he had lost, both wept. For they had lost their only chance of a house and a wedding.—At last the shepherd remembered the shining pebbles, and threw them playfully into the lap of his beloved—and be-

hold! they were pieces of pure gold. They were not long before they purchased a house and a piece of ground, and in less than a month they were man and wife.

And the wonderful flower—it has vanished! and is, to the present day, sought by mountaineers, not only in the Kyffhauser, but since hidden treasures move from place to place, in the Quastenburg also, and even on the northern side of the Hartz: and the fortunate one, for whom it is destined, will have it still.

THE GOAT-HERD.*

Peter Klaus, a goatherd of Sittendorf, who tended herds on the Kyffhauser mountain, used to let them rest of an evening in a spot surrounded by an old wall, where he always counted them to see if they were all right. For some days he noticed that one of his finest goats, as they came to this spot, vanished, and never returned to the herd till late. He watched him more closely, and at length saw him slip through a rent in the wall. He followed him, and caught him in a cave, feeding sumptuously upon the grains of oats, which fell one by one from the roof. He looked up, shook his head at the shower of oats, but, with all his care, could discover nothing farther. At length he heard overhead the neighing and stamping of some mettlesome horses, and concluded that the oats must have fallen from their mangers.

While the goatherd stood there, wondering about these horses in a totally uninhabited mountain, a lad came and

* This Legend will at once be recognised, as the original of Washington Irving's quaint and delightful Story of Rip van Winkle.

made signs to him to follow him silently. Peter ascended some steps, and, crossing a walled court, came to a glade surrounded by rocky cliffs, into which a sort of twilight made its way through the thick-leaved branches. Here he found twelve grave old knights playing at skittles, at a well levelled and fresh plat of grass. Peter was silently appointed to set up the ninepins for them.

At first, his knees knocked together as he did this, while he marked with half-stolen glances, the long beards and goodly paunches of the noble knights. By degrees, however, he grew more confident, and looked at every thing about him with a steady gaze; nay, at last he ventured so far as to take a draught from a pitcher which stood near him, the fragrance of which appeared to him delightful. He felt quite revived by the draught; and as often as he felt at all tired, received new strength from application to the inexhaustible pitcher. But at length sleep overcame him.

When he awoke, he found himself once more in the enclosed green space where he was accustomed to leave his goats. He rubbed his eyes, but could discover neither dog nor goats, and stared with surprise at the height to which the grass had grown, and at the bushes and trees, which he never remembered to have noticed. Shaking his head, he proceeded along the roads and paths which he was accustomed to traverse daily with his herd, but could no where see any traces of his goats. Below him, he saw Sittendorf, and at last he descended with quickened step, there to make enquiries after his herd.

The people whom he met at the entrance of the town were unknown to him—were dressed, and spoke, differently from those whom he had known there; moreover, they all

stared at him when he inquired about his goats, and began stroking their chins. At last, almost involuntarily, he did the same, and found to his great astonishment that his beard was grown to be a foot long. He began now to think himself and the world all bewitched together, and yet he felt sure that the mountain from which he had descended was the Kyffhauser, and the houses here with their gardens and fore-courts, were all familiar to him. Moreover, several lads whom he heard telling the name of the place to a traveller, called it Sittendorf.

Shaking his head, he proceeded into the town straight to his own house. He found it sadly fallen to decay: before it lay a strange herd-boy in tattered garments, and near him an old worn-out dog, which growled and showed his teeth at Peter when he called him. He entered by the opening, which had formerly been closed by a door, but found within all so desolate and empty, that he staggered out again like a drunkard, and called his wife and children. But no one heard—no voice answered him.

Women and children now began to surround the strange old man with the long hoary beard, and to contend with one another in inquiring of him what he wanted. He thought it so ridiculous to make inquiries of strangers before his own house, after his wife and children, and still more so, after himself, that he mentioned the first neighbour that occurred to him—"Kirt Stiffen?" All were silent, and looked at one another, till an old woman said, "he has left here these twelve years: he lives at Sachsenberg, you'll hardly get there to day." "Velten Maier." "God help him!" said an old crone leaning on a crutch, "he has been confined for these fifteen years in the house which he'll never leave again."

He recognized, as he thought, his suddenly aged neighbour, but he had lost all desire of asking any more questions. At last a brisk young woman, with a boy of a twelvemonth old in her arms, and with a little girl holding her hand, made her way through the gaping crowd, and they looked for all the world like his wife and children. "What is your name?" said Peter, astonished. "Maria." "And your ather?" "God have mercy on him—Peter Klaus. It is twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhauser; when his goats came home without him. I was only seven years old when it happened."

The goatherd could no longer contain himself. "I am Peter Klaus," cried he, "and no other;" and he took the babe from his daughter's arms. All stood like statues for a minute, till one and then another began to cry, "Here's Peter Klaus come back again. Welcome, neighbour—welcome, after twenty years—welcome, Peter Klaus."

THE OLD NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

There dwelt in Tilleda a poor, but pious, working man, whose daughter was engaged to be married to a very honest, but needy, workman. Their wedding-day arrived; the guests were all invited; and no one had ever recollected that in the whole house there was nothing more than one earthen pot, one dish, and two plates. "What are we to do?" they all exclaimed, and no one knew what to advise. At last, the father said, half in joke and half in earnest, "Oh! go up the Kyffhauser, and perhaps the Princess will lend you all you want."

Thither the happy pair actually went. Before the opening in the mountain, there stood the Princess. They approach-

ed her with bows and curtsies, and laid before her all their troubles. Her Imperial Highness laughed and commanded them to follow her, whereupon Hans and Grethel were beside themselves for joy. The Princess first gave them something to eat, and then packed with her own never-withering hands, a great hamper of plates, dishes, spoons, &c. Hans and Grethel thanked her in their best style, and promised to take them all safe back again on the following morning, and to bring with them at the same time some of the rice-pap and wedding-cake.

How they hurried to get back to Tilleda, although the covered hamper was so very heavy! but how surprised they were, when they reached it, to see an entirely new Tilleda stand before them! On the spot, where her father's hut should be, they found a large farm-yard. Not a neighbour's house was there that they had recognised—nor even a tree or a garden—where they had been wont to see them. There were none but strangers, who gathered around the perplexed pair and regarded them with as much wonder and curiosity, as they, in their turns, bestowed upon the gaping crowds.

They placed their burthen on the ground, and began to consider their condition. In the meanwhile, up came the parson of the parish. Grethel made up to him, complained that they were betrayed, and, as it were, hoaxed by the people; told him how she had gone the day before to the Kyffhauser; and, in short, made him acquainted with the whole adventure. The priest thereupon took the new-married couple home with him, examined the church books, and thereby discovered that Hans and Grethel had been not more than two hundred years in the Kyffhauser.

THE ENCHANTED EMPEROR.

We have already mentioned the enchanted Emperor Frederick, we will now relate some instances of the manner in which he still shows himself to the living. He having cursed and condemned himself to this place, with some of his companions, he there sits with them upon a bench round a stone table, holding his head upon his hand. He appears to rest or sleep; his red beard has grown through the table down to his feet; he every now and then nods his head and twinkles his eyes, as if he either did not sleep comfortably, or else was about to wake up again.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE EMPEROR.

A shepherd once upon the Kyffhauser mountain whistled a little song, with which the Emperor was so well pleased, that he sent for him by one of his attendants and gave him out of the treasury, there buried, a large sum of gold, in return for the pleasure which the shepherd had afforded him. He then asked whether the ravens still flew about the mountain, and when the shepherd answered they did, then, said he, 'Now must I still sleep for a hundred years!'

THE EMPEROR AND THE MUSICIAN.

In his enchanted condition the Emperor is very fond of music. Many a goatherd, who has here played upon his pipe, has before now been invited to perform something before the Emperor, and liberally rewarded by him for doing so. This was well known to the whole country. A company of

musicians determined, therefore, to treat him to a full serenade. Accordingly, one gloomy midnight, they all ascended the mountain; and when they heard the clock of Tilleda below, strike twelve, they began to play.

After awhile the princess came dancing towards them, with lights in her hands; and, by gestures, invited them to follow her. The mountain opened, and the whole band marched in, playing as they went. Eating and drinking of the best was set before them, in the first style; and they did justice to the entertainment. It was, indeed, thoroughly good; but they would willingly have had into the bargain a few of the brilliant things which they saw lying every where about them. Nobody, however, offered them any. Not quite pleased, therefore, they at length broke up, as soon as morning dawned, thinking in their own minds that they were sure, at their departure, of some drink-money. But the Emperor bowed them out, in a very friendly way, just as great lords are in the habit of doing; and his daughter presented each of the musicians with a green bough.

Out of respect to her every one accepted of it; but when they were once more in the open air they threw their boughs away, and laughed and joked at the idea of such an imperial gift. One of the party only took care of his bough, intending to keep it as a memorial of the event. When he reached home and handed it to his wife, lo, and behold! every leaf upon it was changed into a ten-dollar piece. The others were not long before they ran back to the mountain, in hopes of recovering their branches, but they had all vanished.

THE ENCHANTED EMPEROR.

Once upon a time a miner, who led a very quiet and pious life, ascended the Kyffhauser on the third day of Easter. There, on one of the high towers, he found sitting a monk with a long white beard, which reached down to his knees. When the monk saw the miner, he closed a large book which he was reading, and said to him, in the most friendly manner, "Come with me to the Emperor Frederick, who has been expecting us for a long time. The dwarf has already brought me the spring root."

Every limb of the poor miner was frozen at the announcement; but the monk spake so consolingly to him, that he at length willingly accompanied him, and promised him, that happen what might, he would not make the slightest noise. They then proceeded to an open piece of ground, which was enclosed in a wall which ran all round it. There the monk described a circle with his crozier, and drew with it upon the earth a number of mysterious signs. He then read aloud from the great book, some long prayers, of which, however, the miner did not understand a syllable. Finally, he struck the ground three times with his crozier, saying, as he did so,—“Open, open, open!”

Then there arose beneath their feet a hollow clashing, like the sound of a distant tempest; and the earth beneath them trembled: and then the miner, with the monk, who had grasped his hand firmly, sank down very gently upon the piece of ground round which he had drawn a circle, into the depths below. Then they stepped off—the earth gradually re-ascended—and they found themselves in an immense cavern.

The monk hastened on with rapid steps, followed by the

miner, whose knees trembled under him. They proceeded through many passages, until at length all around them began to grow dark. But they soon found an everlasting lamp, and they saw that they were in a spacious cloister. The monk here lighted a couple of torches, one for himself and one for his companion. They went further, and after awhile they stood before the great iron door of a church.

The monk held the spring-root, before which all magic bolts spring open, to the lock, and said, "Open, door!" And with a crash like thunder, all the iron-bolts and bars flew back of themselves, and the monk and his companion entered a circular chapel. The floor was like ice, and smooth as a looking-glass; and whoever had not led a chaste and virtuous life (so the monk afterwards told the miner) was sure then to break both his legs, and never returned. The roof and side walls of the round vault sparkled and shone with the light of the torches. From them there hung down huge clusters of chrystals and diamonds, and between them still larger ones, of solid gold. In one corner stood a golden altar, in the other a golden font, supported by feet of silver.

The monk now made a sign to his companion that he was to remain standing, exactly in the centre, and gave him a torch in each hand. He himself went to a door which was entirely made of silver, knocked upon it three times with the crozier, and the door flew open.

Immediately opposite to the door, there sat the Emperor Frederick, not a figure of him carved in stone, no indeed, but he himself, as he actually lived and appeared; with his golden crown upon his head, with which he continually bowed, at the same time drawing together his great eyebrows. His long red beard had grown through the table which stood

before him, and reached down to his feet. At the sight of him the miner lost all sense of seeing or hearing.

At length the monk returned, and drew his companion away. The silver doors closed of themselves, the iron doors slammed together after them with a dreadful clatter. After they had again passed through the cloister to the place where they first arrived, the round mass of earth gradually descended. They stepped upon it, and were gently lifted up once more into the open air.

Before they parted, the monk gave the miner two small fragments of an unknown ore, which he had brought with him from the chapel; and which his great grand-children preserve till this day, as a memorial of this event.

NOTE.—Busching's *Volksmärchen* 319—339. The reader whose curiosity may prompt him to make further enquiries into the history of Frederick Barbarossa, is referred to Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen* 1. s. 382—384, and Dobeneck, *Des Deutschen Mittelalters* Bd. 2.—s. 136—149.

SONG OF THE UNFAITHFUL MAIDEN.

There shine three stars in heaven

Which to Love a glory lend;

“God greet thee, fairest maiden,

My steed where shall I bind?”

“Oh! take thy steed by bridle and bit,

And up to yon willow-tree fasten it:

Then sit thee here a little while,

And merrily we'll the time beguile.”

"I cannot, and may not, sit me here,
And I may not merry be;
For, oh! my heart is troubled sore,
And, dearest, 'tis all for thee!"

What did he from his pocket draw?
A sharp knife and a true;
He thrust it in his dearest's heart,
The red blood o'er him flew.

And when he drew it out again
It was all red with blood;
"Oh! how bitter, now, will my death be,
Thou gracious God and good!"

What did he from her finger draw?
A fair small ring of gold;
He threw it in the running stream,
Bright was it to behold!

"Swim here, swim there, thou little gold ring,
Swim where the deep seas roar;
For she I loved, alas! is dead,
No dainty love have I more."

Thus is't if a maiden have lovers twain,
It rarely endeth well:
The sorrows which these two endured,
Such false Love's fate will tell.

NOTE.—Herder, 1, p. 38.—"The subject of the song," says Herder,
"is a daring and frightfully proceeding action: a small lyric picture
as Othello is a huge sublime fresco-painting."

GAFFER DEATH.

There was once a poor man, who had twelve children, and he was obliged to labour day and night, that he might earn food for them. When at length, as it so happened, a thirteenth came into the world, the poor man did not know how to help himself, so ran out into the highway, determined to ask the first person he met, to be godfather to the boy.*

Then there came stalking up to him, Death, who said, "Take me for a godfather." "Who are you?" said the man. "I am Death, who make all equal." Then said the man, "You are one of the right sort, you seize on rich and poor without distinction, you shall be the child's godfather." Death answered "I will make the boy rich and renowned throughout the world, for he who has me for a friend can want for nothing." Said the man, "Next Sunday will he be christened, mind and come at the right time." Death accordingly appeared as he promised, and stood godfather to the child.

When the boy at length grew up, his godfather came to him one day, took him with him into a wood, and when they were quite alone said. "Now shall you have your godfather's present, I will make a most famous physician of you. For whenever you are called to a sick person, I will take care and show myself to you; if I stand at the foot of the bed, say boldly, I will soon restore you to health, and give

* The passages which here follow in the original, could not be translated, without offending the religious feeling of the majority of English readers. The Creator and the Spirit of Evil are both introduced, in a manner perfectly consonant with that tone of feeling, which in our introductory notice, we have pointed out as one of the characteristics of the spirit of the German Tales.

the patient some of a little herb which I will point out to you, and he will soon be well; if however I stand at the head of the sick person, he is mine, then say, 'All help is useless, he must soon die.' " Then Death shewed him the little herb and said: "Take heed that you never use it in opposition to my will."

It was not long before our hero was the most celebrated physician in the whole world. The moment he sees a person, said every one, he knows whether or not he'll recover; accordingly, he was in great request, people came from far and near to consult him; they gave him as much money as he desired, so that he very soon had made an immense fortune. Now it so happened that the King was taken ill, and the physician was called upon to say whether he must die. As he went up to the bed he saw Death standing at the sick man's head, so that there was no chance of his recovery. The physician thought perhaps if he outwitted Death, he would not be much offended, seeing that he was his godfather, so he caught hold of the king and turned him round, so that by that means Death was standing at his feet; then he gave him some of the herb, and the king recovered and was once more well. But Death came to the physician with a very angry and gloomy countenance, and said, "I will forgive you this time what you have done, because I am your godfather, but if you ever venture to betray me again, you must take the consequences."

Shortly after this, the King's daughter fell sick, and nobody could cure her. The old King wept day and night, until his eyes were blinded, and at last, he proclaimed, that whosoever rescued her from death should be rewarded by marrying her and inheriting his throne. The physician came, but Death was standing at the head of the princess.

Yet when the physician beheld the beauty of the King's daughter, and thought of the promises which the King had made, he forgot all the warnings which he had received; and although Death frowned angrily all the while, he turned the patient so that Death stood at her feet, and gave her some of the healing herb, so that he once more put life into her veins.

But when Death saw that he was a second time cheated out of his property, he stepped up to his physician, and said,—"Now, follow me," laid hold of him with his icy-cold hand, and led him into a subterraneous cave, in which there were thousands and thousands of burning candles, ranged in innumerable rows. Some were whole, some half-burnt out, some nearly consumed; every instant some went out, and fresh ones were lighted, so that the little flames seemed perpetually hopping about. "Behold!" said Death, "the life-candles of mankind. The large ones belong to children, those half consumed to middle-aged people, the little ones to the aged. Yet children and young people have oftentimes but a little candle; and when that is burnt out, then life is at an end, and they are mine." And the physician said, "Show me now my candle!" Then Death pointed out a very little candle-end, which was glimmering in the socket, and said, "Behold!" Then the physician was afraid, and said—"Oh! dearest godfather, light me up a new one, that I may first enjoy my life—be king, and husband of the beautiful princess."—"I cannot do so," said Death; "one must burn out before I can light up another." "Place the old one upon a new one, then, that that may burn on when this is at end," said the physician. Then Death pretended as if he would comply with this wish reached a large new candle—but to revenge himself, pur-

posely failed in putting it up, and the little piece fell and was extinguished. Then the physician sunk with it, and so he himself fell into the hands of Death.

NOTE.—Grimm, *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, 1—215—219. This tale is from Hesse. It forms the subject of an Easter night play, by Jacob Ayer, and is likewise related by Prætorius in his *Gluckskopf*, 1669. s. 147—149.

The late Mr. Price in his learned preface to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, p. 87, says: "The mysterious cave of Gaffer Death receives its chief importance from its resemblance to a similar scene in the vision of Timarchus." Adding, in a note upon the above passage: "In Plutarch's tract, *De Genio Socratis*, Timarchus is made to address his mysterious guide thus; 'But I see nothing except a number of stars shooting about the chasm, some of which are plunging into it, and others shining brilliantly and rising out of it.' These are said to be the intellectual portions of the soul, (Nous) or demoniacal intelligences, and the ascending stars souls upon their return from earth; the others, souls descending into life, C. 22. In this we receive the key to the attributes bestowed upon the ancient divinities, who presided over generation, childbirth, &c. such as Lucina, Artemis Phosphorus, &c. and hence also the analogies between the stories of Meleager and Nornagest, may be explained from a common point of popular faith."

THE LAY OF THE YOUNG COUNT.

I stood upon a lofty hill
And looked down in a vale,
And there I saw a little ship
In which three Counts did sail.

The youngest of the Countys three,
Who in that ship did pass;
Did sore entreat his love to drink
Out of a Venice glass.*

NOTE.—"According to tradition, a glass which poisoned every thing that was poured into it."—So says Herder.

What is't thou pourest for me to drink ?

What is't thou givest to me ?

Now will I to a cloister go,

And God's handmaiden be !

And wilt thou to a cloister go,

And God's handmaiden be ?

Go, go—in God's name go, I say,

There are others fair as thee !

When midnight came, the young Count dreamt,

A dream filled him with dread,

That she his heart so dearly prized

Had to a cloister fled.

Up, up, my page, bestir thyself,

And saddle our good steeds twain,

For we will ride, be it day or night,

My love is worth the pain.

And when they 'fore the cloister came,

And its high gate beheld ;

He called for the youngest nun,

Who in that cloister dwell'd.

The young nun she came forth to him

In snow white garb and veil,

Her-fair hair it was all cut off,

Her red mouth it was pale.

The youth he sat him down there,

On a stone his seat he's ta'en ;

He wept full sore, bright were his tears,

His heart it burst in twain.

NOTE.—There are many variations of this song, which is still popular and frequently sung in Germany. We have however adopted the

version printed by Herder, in his *Volkslieder* Bd. 1, s. 15. (the most beautiful book of its sort that ever was written!) Herder says of the song in question, that he gives it as it is "sung by the people in Alsace." The air is doleful, and moving, and resembles a psalm in its simplicity,

BROTHER MERRY;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

In days of yore, there was a great war; and when the war was at an end, a great number of the soldiers were discharged. Among the rest, Brother Merry received his discharge, and nothing more for all he had done than a very little loaf of soldier's bread, and four halfpence in money—and with that he went his way. But St. Peter had seated himself in the road, like a poor beggar-man, and when Brother Merry came there, he asked him for charity. Then said the soldier, "Dear beggar-man, what shall I give you: I have been a soldier, and have got my discharge, and with it nothing but a very little loaf and four halfpence; and when that is gone, I must beg as well as yourself." Then he divided the loaf into four parts, gave the apostle one, and also one halfpenny. St. Peter thanked him, and went a little farther, and seated himself like another beggar in the way of the soldier; and when he came up, as formerly, asked alms of him. Brother Merry spoke as before, and gave him again another quarter of the loaf, and another halfpenny.

St. Peter thanked him, and seated himself in the way for the third time like another beggar, and again addressed Brother Merry. Brother Merry gave him then the third quarter of the loaf, and the third halfpenny,

St. Peter thanked him, and Brother Merry journeyed on; and all he had left was one fourth of the loaf and one halfpenny. So he went into a tavern, and ate the bread and spent the halfpenny in beer to drink with it. When he had finished, he journeyed on; and St. Peter, in the disguise of a disbanded soldier, met him again, and saluted him: "Good day, comrade," said he; "can you give me a morsel of bread, and a halfpenny to get a drop of drink?" "Where shall I get it?" answered Brother Merry. "I got my discharge, and nothing with it but a loaf and four halfpence. Three beggars met me on the road, and I gave each of them a quarter of the loaf and a halfpenny. The last part I have just eaten at the tavern, and spent the last halfpenny in drink. Now am I quite empty, and if you also have nothing more, let us go begging together." "No, that will not be necessary just now," said St. Peter: "I understand a little of doctoring, and therewith will I in time obtain as much as I need." "Ha!" said Brother Merry, "I know nothing about that; so I must go and beg by myself." "Now only come along," said St. Peter; "if I can earn any thing, you shall go halves." "That will suit me well enough," said Brother Merry. So they travelled together.

Now they came to a cottage, and heard great lamenting and screaming inside; and when they went in, there lay a man sick to the death, as if about to expire, and his wife crying and weeping loudly. "Leave off whining and crying," said St. Peter; "I will make the man well again;"—and he took a salve out of his pocket, and cured the man instantly, so that he could stand up, and was quite hearty. The man and his wife in great joy demanded, "How can we pay you? What shall we give you?" But St. Peter would not take any thing, and the more they pressed him to

do so, the more firmly he declined. But Brother Merry nudged him and said, "Take something, take something: we want it indeed." At last the peasant brought a lamb, and insisted upon St. Peter's accepting it; but he would not. Then Brother Merry jogged his side, "Take it yet, you foolish fellow! we want it bad enough." Then said St. Peter at last, "Well, I'll take the lamb; but I shall not carry it, you must carry it." "There's no great hardship in that," cried Brother Merry; "I can easily do it;"—and he took it on his shoulders.

After that, they went on till they came to a wood, when Brother Merry found the lamb a heavy load, and being now very hungry, he called to St. Peter, "Hallo! here is a nice place for us to dress and eat the lamb." "With all my heart," said St. Peter; "but I don't understand any thing of cookery, so do you begin, and I will just walk about till it is ready; but mind you don't begin to eat till I return; I will take care to be back in time." "Go your ways," said Brother Merry; "I can cook it well enough—I'll soon have it ready." So St Peter wandered away while Brother Merry lighted the fire, killed the lamb, put the pieces into the pot, and boiled them. The lamb, however, was thoroughly boiled, and his companion not returned; so Merry took it up, carved it, and found the heart. "That is the best part of it," said he, and kept tasting it till he finished it. At length St. Peter came back, and said, "I only want the heart; all the rest you may have, so you give me that." Then Brother Merry took knife and fork, and turned the lamb as if he would have found the heart; but he could not. At last he said, in a careless manner, "It is not there," "No! where should it be then?" said the Saint. "That I don't know," said Merry; "but now I think of it,

what a couple of fools we are to look for the heart of a lamb! —a lamb, you know, has not got a heart." "What!" said St. Peter, "that's news indeed; why, every beast has a heart, and why should not the lamb have one as well as the rest?" "No, certainly, comrade, a lamb has no heart: now only reflect, and it will occur to you that it really has not." "Well, it is quite sufficient—there is no heart there, so I need none of the lamb—you may eat it all." "Well, what I can't eat, I'll put in my knapsack," said Brother Merry. Then he ate half, and disposed of the other as he had said.

Now as they journeyed on, St. Peter managed that a great stream should flow right across their path, through which they must ford. Then, said he, "Go you first." "No," answered Brother Merry, "go you first;" thinking, if the water were too deep, he would even stay where he was. So St. Peter waded through it, and the water only reached to his knees; but when Brother Merry ventured, the water was much deeper, and he was up to his neck in it. "Help me, comrade!" cried he; but the Saint said, "Will you confess, then, that you ate the lamb's heart?" But he still denied it—and the water got still deeper, and reached his mouth. Then said St. Peter again, "Will you confess, then, that you ate the lamb's heart?" But he still denied it; St. Peter, however, would not let him be drowned, so helped him out of his danger.

Now they journeyed on till they came to a kingdom where they heard that the king's daughter lay dangerously ill. "Holloa, brother," said the soldier, "here's a catch for us; if we can only cure her, we shall be made for ever." But St. Peter was not quick enough for him; "Come, Brother Heart," said he, "put your best foot forward, that we may

yet come in at the right time." But the Saint went still more slowly, though his comrade kept pushing and driving him, till at last they heard that the princess was dead. "This comes of your creeping so," said the soldier. "Now be still," said St. Peter, "for I can do more than make the sick whole, since I can bring the dead to life again." "Now, if that's true," said Merry, "you must, at least, earn half the kingdom for us by the job."

Thereupon they went to the king's palace, where every body was in trouble; but St. Peter told the king he would restore his daughter to him. Then they conducted him to where she lay, and he commanded them to let him have a cauldron of water, and when he received it, he ordered them all to go away, and let nobody remain with him but Brother Merry. Then he divided the limbs of the dead princess, and threw them into the water, lighted a fire under the cauldron, and boiled them. And when all the flesh had fallen from the bones, the Saint took the beautiful white bones and laid them on a table, and placed them together according to their natural order. When that was done, he walked before them and said, "In the name of all things holy, arise, thou dead one!" And at the third time the princess arose up, alive, well and beautiful.

Now was the king greatly rejoiced thereat, and said to St. Peter, "Require for thy reward what thou wilt, though it should be half my empire, I will give it to you." But he answered, "I desire nothing for what I have done." Oh, thou Jack Fool, thought Brother Merry to himself, then nudged his comrade's side and said, "Don't be so silly; if you won't have any thing, yet I need somewhat." St. Peter, however, would have nothing; yet because the king saw the other would gladly, he commanded the keeper of his

treasures to fill his knapsack with gold, at which Brother Merry was right well pleased.

Thereupon they went their way till they came into a wood, when the saint said to his fellow traveller, "Now we will share the gold." "Yes," answered he, "that can we do." Then St. Peter took the gold, and divided it into three portions. "Well," thought Brother Merry, "what whim has he got in his head now, making three parcels, and only two of us!" But St. Peter said, "Now I have divided it fairly, one for me, one for you, and one for him who ate the heart." "Oh, I ate that," said the soldier, quickly taking up the gold,—"I did, I assure you." "How can that be true?" said St. Peter, "a lamb has no heart." "Aye, what, brother? what are you thinking of—a lamb has no heart? very good! when every beast has, why should that one be without?" "Now that is very good," said the saint, "take all the gold to yourself, for I shall remain no more with you, but will go my own way alone." "As you please, Brother Heart," answered the soldier, "a pleasant journey to you, my hearty."

But when St. Peter took another road, his comrade be-thought him, "well, it is all right that he has marched off, for he is an odd fellow."

Now had Brother Merry plenty of money, but he did not know what to do with it, but spent it and gave it away, till, in the course of a little time, he found himself once more pennyless. Then he came into a country where he heard that the king's daughter was dead. "Ah!" thought he, "that may turn out well: I will bring her to life again." Then went he to the king and offered so to do.

Now the king had heard that there was an old soldier, who went about restoring the dead to life, and thought that

Brother Merry must be the very man; yet because he had no confidence in him, he first consulted his council, and they agreed, that as the princess was certainly dead, he might make the attempt. Then Brother Merry commanded them to bring him a cauldron of water, and when every one had left the room, he separated the limbs and threw them into the cauldron, and made a fire under it exactly as he had seen St. Peter do; and when the water boiled and the flesh fell from the bones, he took them and placed them upon the table, but as he did not know how to arrange them he piled them one upon another.

Then he stood before them and cried, "In the name of the Holy Heaven, thou dead arise," and he cried so three times, but still to no purpose. "Stand up, you vixen, stand up, or it shall be the worse for you." Scarcely had he said this, ere Saint Peter came in at the window, just as before, in the likeness of an old soldier, and said, "You impious fellow, how can the dead stand up when you have, thrown the bones thus one upon another?"

"Ah, Brother Heart," answered Merry, "I have done it as well as I can."

"This time will I help you out of your trouble, but this I tell you, whenever you again undertake anything like this you will repent it: moreover, for this, you shall neither ask for nor take the least thing from the king."

Thereupon St. Peter placed the bones in their proper order, and said three times, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, thou dead arise," and the princess stood up, sound and beautiful as formerly. Then St. Peter immediately went away again out of the window, and Brother Merry was glad that all had turned out so well; but he was sorely grieved that he might take nothing for it. "I should like

to know," thought he, "what he had to grumble about—what he gives with one hand he takes with the other; there is no wit in that."

Now the king asked him what he would have, but he durst not take any thing; yet, he managed by hints and cunning, that the king should fill his knapsack with money; and with that he journeyed forth.

But, when he came out, St. Peter was standing before the door, and said, "See what a man you are; have I not forbidden you to take any thing, and yet you have your knapsack filled with gold?" "How can I help it," answered the soldier, "if they would thrust it in?" "This I tell you then—mind that you do not a second time undertake such a business: if you do, it will fare badly with you." "Ah, Brother, never fear: now I have money, why should I trouble myself with washing bones?" "Ah!" said St. Peter, "that will not last a long time; but, in order that you may never tread in a forbidden path, I will bestow upon your knapsack this power that whatever you wish into it, that shall be there. Farewell!—You will never see me again." "Adieu," said Brother Lusty, and, thought he, I am glad you are gone, you wonderful fellow: I am willing enough not to follow you. But he thought not of the wonderful property bestowed upon his knapsack.

Brother Merry went off with his gold, which he had very soon spent and squandered as before.

When he had nothing but fourpence left, he came to a public house, and thought the money must go; so he called for three pennyworth of wine and one pennyworth of bread. As he ate and drank there, the flavour of roasting geese tickled his nose. So he peeped and pried about, and saw that the landlord had placed two geese in the oven. Then

it occurred to him that his comrade had told him, whatever he wished in his knapsack should be there; so he determined the geese should be the test of it. He went out therefore and stood before the door, and said, "I wish that the two geese which are baking in the oven were in my knapsack," and, when he had said so, he peeped in, and there they were, sure enough. "Ah, ah, that is all right," said he, "I am a made man," and he went on a little way, took out the geese, and began to eat them.

As he was thus enjoying himself, there came by two labouring men, who looked with hungry eyes at the one goose which was yet untouched

Now when Brother Merry saw that, he said, "one was quite enough for him." So he called them, gave them the goose, and bade them drink his health. When they had finished, they thanked him, and therewith went to the public house, called for wine and bread, took out their present, and began to eat it. When the hostess saw what they were eating, she said to her good man, "Those two men are eating a goose, you had better see whether it is not one of ours out of the oven." The host opened the oven, and lo! it was empty. "Oh, you pack of thieves!—this is the way you eat geese, is it?—pay for them directly, or I will wash you both with green hazel-juice." The men said, "we are not thieves: an old soldier whom we met on our road made us a present of the goose."—"You are not going to hoax me that way: the soldier has been here, but went out of the door like an honest fellow—I took care of that,—you are the thieves and you shall pay for the geese." But, as they had no money to pay him with, he took a stick and beat them out of doors.

Meanwhile, as Brother Merry journeyed along, he came

to a place where there was a noble castle, and not far from it a little public house. Into this he went and asked for a night's lodging, but the landlord said his house was full of guests, and he could not accommodate him. "I wonder," said Brother Merry, "that the people should all come to you, instead of going to the castle." "They have good reason for what they do, for whoever has attempted to spend the night at the castle, has never come back to say how they were entertained." "If others have attempted it why should'n't I?" said Merry.—"You had better leave it alone," said his host, "you are only thrusting your head into danger."—"No fear of danger," said Brother Merry, "only give me the key and plenty of brave eating and drinking." So the hostess gave him what he asked for, and he went off to the castle, relished his supper, and when he found himself sleepy, laid himself down on the floor, for there was not a bed in the place.

Well, he soon went to sleep, but in the night he was awakened by a great noise, and when he aroused himself, behold! he saw nine very ugly devils, dancing in a circle which they had made round him. "Dance as long as you like," said Brother Merry, "but don't come near me." But the devils kept coming nearer and nearer, and almost trod on his face with their misshapen feet. "Be quiet," said he, but they behaved still worse. At last he got angry, and crying "Holla! I'll soon make you quiet," he caught hold of the leg of a stool and struck it about him. But nine devils against one soldier were too much, and if he laid about lustily upon those before him, those behind pulled his hair and pinched him miserably. "Aye, aye, you pack of devils, now you are too hard upon me, but wait a bit," and thereupon he cried out, "I wish all the

nine devils were in my knapsack," and it was no sooner said than done: there they were; so he buckled it close up and threw it into a corner. Then was all still again; so Brother Merry laid himself down and slept till morning, when the landlord and the nobleman to whom the castle belonged came to see how it had fared with him; and when they saw him sound and lively, they were astonished, and asked "Did the ghosts, then, do nothing to you?" "Why not exactly," said Merry; "but I have got them all nine in my knapsack. You may dwell quietly enough in your castle now; from henceforth they won't trouble you." Then the nobleman thanked him, and gave him great rewards, and begged him to remain in his service, saying that he would take care of him all the days of his life. "No," answered he, "I am used to wander and rove about: I will again set forth."

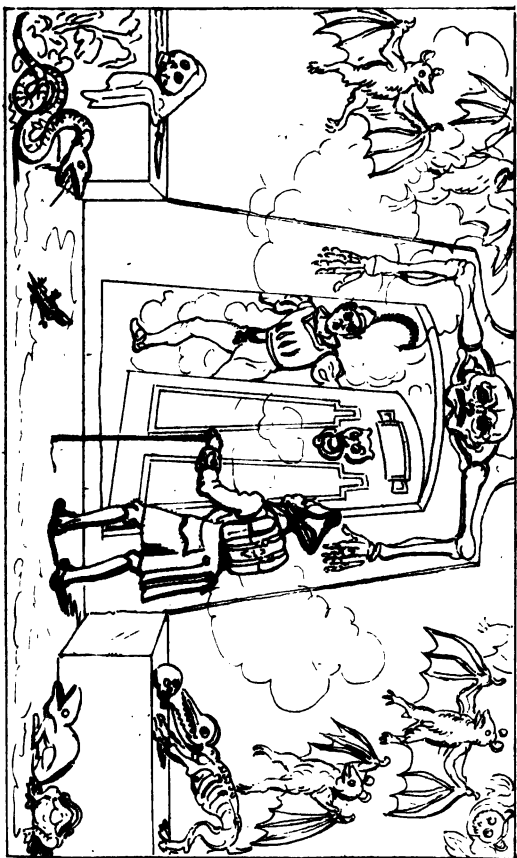
Then he went on till he came to a smithy, and he went in and laid his knapsack on the anvil, and bade the smith and all his men to hammer away upon it as hard as they could,—so they did, with their largest hammers, and all their might; and the poor devils set up a piteous howling. And when at last they opened the knapsack, there were eight of them dead; but one, which had been snug in a fold of the knapsack, was still alive, and he slipped out and ran away to his home below in a twinkling.

After that, Brother Merry wandered about the world for a long time; but at last he grew old, and began to think of his latter end. So he went to a hermit, who was held to be a very pious man, and said, "I am tired of roving, and will now endeavour to go to heaven." The hermit answered, "There stand two ways,—the one broad and pleasant, that leads to hell; the other is rough and

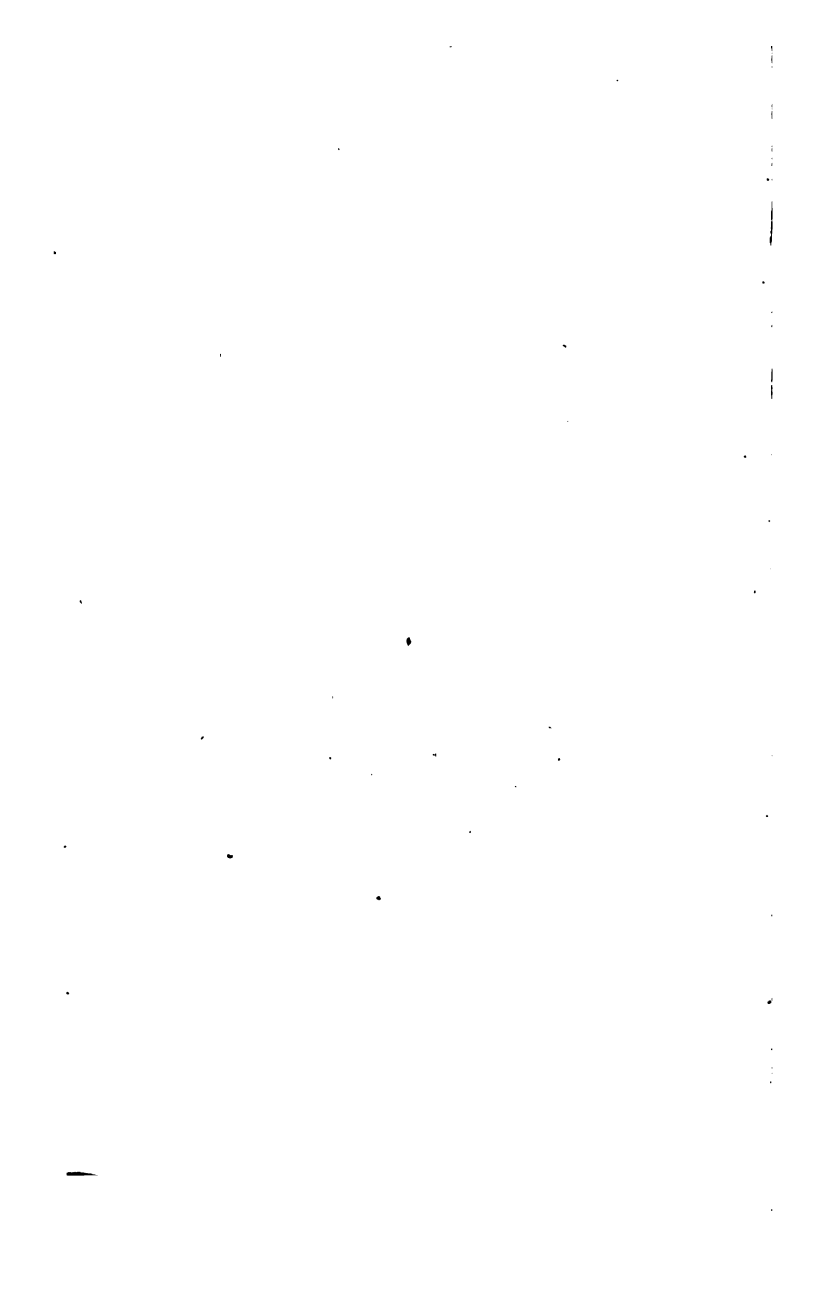
narrow, and that leads to heaven." "I must be fool, indeed," thought Brother Merry, "if I go the rough and narrow road." So he went the broad and pleasant way, till he at last came to a great black door, and that was the door of hell.

Brother Merry knocked, and the door-keeper opened it; and when he saw that it was Merry, he was sadly frightened for who should he be but the ninth devil, who was in the knapsack, and thought himself lucky to have escaped with nothing but a black eye! So he bolted the door again directly, and ran to the chief of the devils and said, "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack on his back, but pray don't let him in, for, he can get all hell into his knapsack, by wishing it. He once got me a terrible ugly hammering in it." So they called out to Brother Merry, and told him he must go away, for they should not let him in. "Well, if they will not have me here," thought Merry, "I'll e'en try if I can get a lodging in heaven,—somewhere or other I must rest." So he turned about and went on till he came to the door of heaven, and there he knocked.

St. Peter, who sat close by, had the charge of the entrance, and Brother Merry knew him, and said, "Are you here, old acquaintance? then things will go better with me." But St. Peter said, "I suppose you want to get into heaven." "Aye, aye, brother, let me in; I must put up somewhere. If they would have taken me into hell, I should not have come hither." "No," said St. Peter; "You don't come in here."—"Well, if you won't let me in, take your dirty knapsack again; I'll have nothing that can put me in mind of you," said Merry, carelessly. "Then give it to me," said St. Peter. Then he handed it through the grating into heaven, and St. Peter took it, and hung it up be-



"When he saw it was Merry he was sadly frightened." p.34.



hind his chair. "Then," said Brother Merry, "Now I wish I was in my own knapsack,"—and instantly he was there; and thus being once actually in heaven, St. Peter was obliged to let him stay there.

NOTE.—Grimm's *K. u. H. Marchen* B 2. s. 405. There are many versions of this story, several of which are given in the notes, with which this tale has been illustrated by the Brothers Grimm. The tale itself was taken down by them from the recital of an old woman at Vienna.

LEONORA.

The stars they stand in Heaven,
The moon it shines so bright,
How fast the dead do ride !

Open thy window, darling,
And let me in to thee,
Long with thee I can't be.

The cock will soon be crowing,—
When he sings in the day
I may no longer stay.

From far, here have I ridden,
And miles two hundred more,
Must ride e'er day is o'er.

All that my heart holds dearest !
Come mount thee by my side,
The way is worth the ride.

Yonder in Hungary,
A little house have I,
Thither our road doth lie.

'Tis there my house is built
A grass-green heath beside,
For me and for my bride.

Keep me no longer waiting,
Come, darling, to me now,
For we have far to go.

The little stars they light us,
The moon it shines so bright,
How fast the dead do ride !

But where wouldst thou then lead me ?
Oh God ! what wouldst thou do
All in the dark night too ?

I cannot ride with thee,
Thy little bed's too spare,
And thy way lies too far.

Alone lyeest thou down,
Sleep, dearest, sleep away,
Until the judgment, day.

NOTE.—Des Knaben Wunderhorn, Bd. 2, s. 19, where it is said to have been heard by Burger in a night cellar. It is the original of his celebrated Poem of the same name, which he was long supposed to have copied from an English Ballad called "The Suffolk Miracle," which will be inserted in the "Lays and Legends of England." This, however, has been satisfactorily disproved by his biographer, Althof, who states, that, Burger, one night, heard a peasant girl sing an old German song, of which he only remembered a small portion, and of which he never indeed recovered the whole. That song, of course, is the one we have here translated as closely as we possibly could, that our readers might compare it with the more finished production to which it gave rise: an admirable translation of which is, if we recollect rightly, to be found in Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*.

THE MAIDEN OF BOYNEBURG.

Once upon a time three maidens dwelt together on the Boyneburg. The youngest of these dreamt one night, that it was determined in the Council of God that one of them should be killed by a tempest. On the morrow she told her sisters what she had dreamt; and when it was noon clouds arose, which kept increasing in size and darkness, so that by evening a heavy storm of thunder and lightning rolled along the heavens, and the thunder kept growing nigher, until it at last burst over them; and when the fire fell down on every side of them, the eldest of the maidens said, "I will hearken unto the will of God, for it is I who am destined to die;" and she carried forth a seat, and sat thereon for one day and for one night, in expectation of the lightning striking her. But it was not so.

And on the second day, the second maiden arose and said, "I will hearken unto the will of God for it is I who am destined to die," and she sat as her sister had done, the second day and the second night, and the lightning consumed her not, though the weather did not abate. Then on the third day the youngest sister said, "Now see I the will of God; it is that I should die," so she called for a priest, prayed with him, made her will, and decreed that on the day of her death the whole neighbourhood should be feasted and presented with gifts. As soon as she had done so, she went forth cheerfully, sat herself down, and after a few moments a flash of lightning struck her, and she was dead.

From thenceforth the castle was no longer inhabited,

but she has often been seen there as a beneficent spirit. A poor shepherd who had lost nearly all he possessed in the world, and whose last little property was to be distrained from him on the following day, was tending his flock on the Boyneburg, and saw a snow-white maiden sitting at the door of the castle. She had a white cloth spread out before her, on it lay knots which she was disentangling in the sun. The shepherd wondered much at seeing her in so lonely a place, went up to her and said "What pretty knots those are," took a pair up in his hand, looked at them, and then laid them down again. She looked at him kindly and yet sorrowfully, but answered him not, at which the shepherd was so alarmed that he fled without looking back, and drove his flock homewards. But while he was standing there a pair of knots had fallen into his shoes, and they hurt him on his way home. Therefore he sat down, took off his shoes to throw the knots away, but as he laid hold of them five or six grains of gold fell into his hands. The shepherd hastened back to the Boyneburg, but the white maiden with her knots had vanished, the gold however sufficed to get him out of all his troubles, and to set his house once more in order.

NOTE.—Grimm's Deutsche Sagen, Bd. 1, s. 13.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

It is commonly believed in Germany, that on St. Andrew's night, St. Thomas' night, and Christmas and New Year's nights, a girl has the power of inviting and seeing her future lover. A table is to be laid for two persons, taking care, however, that there are no forks on it. Whatever the lover leaves behind him at his departure must be carefully preserved; he then returns to her who has it, and loves her passionately. It must, however, be kept carefully concealed from his sight, because he would otherwise remember the torture of superhuman power which he that night endured, and be conscious of the charms employed, and this would lead to fatal consequences.

A fair maiden in Austria once sought at midnight, after performing the necessary ceremonies, to obtain a sight of her lover; whereupon a shoemaker appeared, having a dagger in his hand, which he threw at her and then disappeared again. She picked up the dagger which he had thrown at her and concealed it in a trunk.

It was not long afterwards before the shoemaker visited her, courted her, and married her. Some years after their marriage, she chanced to go one Sunday about the hour of vespers to the trunk, in search of something which she required for her work on the following day. As she opened her trunk her husband came to her, and would insist on looking into it: she kept him off, until at last he pushed her away with great violence, looked into her trunk, and there saw his long lost dagger. He immediately seized it, and demanded of her how she obtained it, because he had lost it at a very

particular time. In her fear and alarm she had not the power to invent any excuse, so declared the truth, that it was she same dagger which he had left behind him on the night when she had obliged him to appear to her. Her husband hereupon grew enraged, and said with a terrible oath, " 'Twas you then, that caused me that night of dreadful misery !" and with that he thrust the dagger into her heart.

NOTE.—Grimm (*Deutsche Sagen*, Bd. 1. s. 172.), who mentions that the story is still current in many parts of Germany, varying as to the actors and precise nature of the incidents, according to the locality where it is related. Grimm gives several similar legends; but, as he has unfortunately not accompanied his *German Legends* with illustrative notes, like those to his *German Popular Stories*, we cannot ascertain the opinion of this learned antiquarian as to the origin of this mysterious incantation. A belief of a similar nature obtains in England; and its resemblance to the principal features of *Maturin's* tale of *Lexalip Castle*, in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1825, will immediately strike every one who reads that curious specimen of the *Terrible Legends of the Sister Isle*.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

There was once a woman, who had a little son of about seven years old, who was so lovely and beautiful that nobody could look upon him without being kind to him, and he was dearer to her than all the world beside. But it happened that he suddenly fell ill and died, and his mother would not

be comforted, but wept for him day and night. And shortly after he was buried, he showed himself at night in the places where he had been used in his lifetime to sit and play, and if his mother wept, he wept also; and when the morning came he departed. Till since his poor mother never ceased weeping, the child came one night in the little white shroud in which he had been laid in his coffin, and with the chaplet upon his head; and seating himself at her feet, upon the bed, he cried, "Oh, Mother, Mother, give over crying, else I cannot sleep in my coffin, for my shroud is never dry because of your tears, for they all fall upon it." And when his mother heard this she was sore afraid, and wept no more. And the Babe came upon another night, holding in his hand a little taper, and he said, "Look, Mother, my shroud is now quite dry, and I can rest in my grave." Then she bowed to the will of Providence, and bore her sorrow with silence and patience, and the little child returned not again, but slept in his underground little bed.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

BY L. E. L.

She put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And every thing was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone ;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her, weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white :
He said—" I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;
Oh, mother, do not weep !"

Oh, love is strong !—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears ;
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant, in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

" Lo ! mother, see, my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more !"
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

NOTE.—This tale was originally translated from Grimm's *K. u. Haus-Marchen*, Bd. 2. s. 118, for "*THE ORIGINAL*," a little weekly paper, in the management of which the translator bore a share, and which was doomed to a short life, though a merry one. The story of Brother Merry was translated from the same periodical; and the outline of the introductory notice to the present volume first appeared there. It has, of course, been re-written and amplified for the present occasion.

On the first publication of "*The Little Shroud*," it was spoken of as a tale, which L. E. L. or Mrs. Hemans might weave into as sweet a ballad as heart could wish. The hint was not lost upon Miss Landon; for shortly afterwards, the above delightful version of it appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, with a complimentary acknowledgment from the fair authoress of the source from which she derived it.

ULRICH AND ANNIE.

It is outrideth Ulrich in gallant array,
And to his dear Annie he taketh his way;
"Dear Annie, with me to the wood wilt thou go?
And I'll teach thee the little birds' song to know."

The one with the other, they went on their way,
They reached the spot where the hazel trees lay;
By little and little, they went further on;
At last a green meadow they came upon.

There Ulrich sat down in the grass so high,
And besought his dear Annie to sit him by;
And then in her lap he rested his head,
And hot were the tears which o'er him she shed.

" Oh, Annie, oh, dearest Annie, mine;
What is it that causeth thee weep and pine?
Is it that thou weep'st for thy father's good;
Is it that thou weep'st for thy young blood?"

" Or, am I not fair enough for thee?"
" Oh, it is not I weep for my father's good:
Oh, it is not I weep for my young blood:
And Ulrich thou'rt fair enough for me."

" But I weep for that on yon fir tree high,
Eleven maidens hanging I spy."
" Oh, Annie, my own true Annie dear,
How soon shalt thou be the twelfth one there?"

" Oh, shall I then now the twelfth one be?
I pray thee then grant three cries to me."
The very first cry that she cried here,
She call'd upon her father dear.

And when she cried her second cry,
She called upon her God on high;
And the third, and last of her cries three,
On her youngest brother called she.

Her brother sat by the cool red wine,
 Her cry at the window it entered in :
 " Oh, brothers all, listen, do you not hear,
 From yonder wood cryeth my sister dear ?"

" Ah ! Ulrich, dear brother-in-law, tell unto me,
 My youngest sister, say, where is she ?"
 " Oh, she upon yonder linden green,
 Is twisting the dark-brown silk, I ween."

" Say, why are thy shoes so bloody red ?"

" And why should they not be bloody red,
 Since a turtle-dove I have just shot dead ?"

" The turtle dove which you shot I wist,
 Did my mother carry at her own breast."

Dear Annie they straight to the grave conveyed,
 False Ulrich upon the wheel was laid ;
 O'er Annie the little angels sung,
 O'er Ulrich there croaked the raven's young.

NOTE.—Herder *Volkslieder*, Bd. 1. s. 79—82. This song has been translated into the Scottish dialect by Dr. Jamieson, in the "*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*," p. 349. et seq. The Doctor says of it:—

" The following Ballad is popular, at least, in the nurseries wherever the German language is spoken. As a ballad, (at least in any thing like a perfect state), I have never met with it in Scotland ; but as a tale, intermixed with scraps of verses, it was quite familiar to me when a boy ; and I have since found it in much the same state in the Highlands, in Lochaber, and Ardnamurchan. According

to our tradition, Ulrich had seduced the youngest sister of his wife. (as, indeed, may be gathered from the German ballad), and committed the murder to prevent discovery. I do not remember that any names were specified either in the Scotch or Gaelic manner of telling the story: in every other particular, the British tradition differed nothing from the German."

The allusion which Dr. Jamieson speaks of, consists in the appellation of (Schwager), brother-in-law, which is applied to Ulrich in the last stanza of the original. This epithet, (which is by no means euphonious), is however, omitted by the Doctor, and transferred by the present translator to the tenth stanza.

THE SEXTON OF MAGDEBURG.

In Magdeburg there was to be seen formerly, and may be still, a house, on the front of which was a stone-tablet representing a horse looking out from the upper window of a house, and which is reported to have been placed there in commemoration of the following circumstance:—

A wealthy burgher, upon the decease of his wife, buried her with all the splendour which his circumstances permitted, leaving upon one of her fingers a diamond ring of inestimable value. The sexton of the place, aware of this circumstance, allowed his avarice to get the better of his fears, and ventured to go in the middle of the night, and, having removed the lid from the coffin, endeavoured to draw off the ring from the finger of the corpse. This was not, however, an easy task, and in his attempt to force off the ring, he awoke from a trance the seeming and supposed dead lady. Horrified at the first symptoms of her awakening, he had fallen senseless to the ground, while the lady, upon coming to herself, was not much less alarmed at her helpless situation.

Taking courage, however, she seized upon the sexton's lantern, and made the best of her way to the house of her disconsolate husband. She knocked—"Who is there?" enquired a domestic. "It is I, your mistress," was the reply, "hasten and open the door." The terrified servant flew to the chamber of his master, and related what he had heard. "Alas!" cried the afflicted burgher, "my wife can no more return from the grave, than my old horse could come up these stairs to look out at the window!"

Instantly he heard something come tramp, tramp, up the stairs—it was the old horse. Then the man believed, went down, opened the door, and received into his bosom his supposed dead wife—and many more happy years did they afterwards live together.

NOTE.—Busching's *Volksmärchen* s. 389—391, where it is related from oral tradition. The incidents of persons being awakened from trances, in the manner here described, is of frequent occurrence—but no where else, I believe, combined with the part which the horse plays in the present tale.

THE MANNIKIN AND THE THREE PRINCESSES.

There was once a king who had three daughters, who used to walk daily in the royal gardens, which were filled with all sorts of wonderful trees, for of these was the king a great admirer; and among the trees there was one, from which, if any one ventured to pluck an apple, they were immediately charmed a hundred fathoms deep into the earth. Now it was the time of harvest, and the apples on the tree were red as blood: and the three Princesses went every day to the tree to see if the wind had blown off any of the

apples, but they never found any, although the tree was so loaded that they thought it would break, and the branches of it were bent down to the ground. And the youngest of the king's children longed exceedingly to taste of this fruit, and said to her sisters, "I am sure our father loves us too much to let us be charmed down into the earth for an apple. I believe he has only threatened to do so to strangers."

Thereupon she plucked a huge apple from the tree, and gave it unto her sisters; but no sooner had they tasted of it, than all three of them sank down into the depths of the earth where no cock ever crew.

When it was mid-day, and the king sat down to dinner, his daughters were no where to be found; the palace and the gardens were searched in vain, and the king, in his sorrow, proclaimed that whosoever restored his daughters to him should have one of them for his wife. All the young men of the nation went in search of the three lost princesses; who were not only the most amiable, but also the most beautiful that were ever seen. Among others who were seeking them were three young huntsmen, who, after travelling eight days, arrived at a great castle filled with beautiful chambers; in one of these there was a banquet spread, and the viands were all hot and smoking; yet, throughout the whole castle, no one was to be seen. And they waited half a day, expecting to see the persons to whom it belonged, and the dishes kept hot all the time; but at last they grew so hungry, that they fell to and enjoyed themselves; and agreed that they would make a stay at the castle, one remaining there all day, while the others went forth in search of the king's daughters: and they drew lots, and it fell to the eldest to remain at home on the first day.

The next morning the two youngest went forth accord-

ingly, and at noon a very little Mannikin came into the room where the eldest huntsman was, and begged for a little piece of bread, so he cut him a round off the loaf which he found there, and handed it to him; but the little Mannikin, as he reached it, let it fall, and begged him to be so good as to pick it up for him. He stooped to do so when the Mannikin took a stick, and, seizing the huntsman by the hair of his head, thrashed him soundly. On the following day, the second remained at home and fared no better; and when his brothers came home at night, the eldest asked him, "How has it gone with you?"—"Oh, badly enough," was his answer. Then complained they of this bad treatment to one another, but said not a word to their youngest brother, whom they called Silly Hans, because he was not skilled in the ways of the world.

On the third day Hans staid at home; and at noon the Mannikin came as before, asked for a slice of bread, dropped it, and asked Hans to be so good as pick it up again for him. Then, said Hans to the little Mannikin—"What, can't you pick it up for yourself? If you wont give yourself the trouble to help yourself to your daily bread, you don't deserve to eat." The Mannikin thereupon grew very angry, and told him he must do it; but Hans was not afraid, and began to beat the Mannikin soundly, but he begged him to leave off, promising him, if he desisted, to show him where the King's daughters were. When he heard this, he desisted; and the Mannikin having first told him he was an elf, led him to a deep well, in which, however, there was no water, and then disclosed to him that his brothers did not mean to deal fairly by him, and he must therefore release the Princess entirely by himself. His brothers would be ready enough to recover the Princesses, but would not

incur the trouble and danger of doing it; he therefore must take a large basket, and having provided himself with a sword and a bell, take his seat therein, and be gradually let down below: there he would find three chambers, in each of which sat one of the King's daughters, guarded by a many headed dragon, and the heads of these dragons he was to cut off. And when the Mannikin had said thus, he vanished.

When evening arrived, home came his brothers, and asked him how it had fared with him; and when he told them what had happened, they were vexed at his better fortune. On the next morning, however, they went to the well, and then cast lots who should be the first to descend, and the lot fell to the eldest, who got into the basket with the sword and bell, saying at the same time, "Mind, pull me up again as soon as ever I ring." But he did not descend far before he rang the bell, and was pulled up again; and the second brother did the like. It now came to the youngest, and he went the whole way down to the bottom readily enough. And when he stepped out of the basket, he drew his sword, went to the first door, listened there, and heard the dragon snoring very loudly; so he opened the door very gently, and there he saw one of the Princesses, and the dragon's nine heads were laid in her lap. But with his good sword he soon lopped them all off. Then the Princess sprang up, threw her arms around him, kissed him, and hung her necklace of pure gold about his neck. Then in like manner he released the second daughter, who was walking by a dragon with seven heads, and the youngest, who was watched by a dragon with four heads.—And they were all greatly rejoiced, and embraced and kissed him without ceasing. Then he rang his bell so loudly,

that those above heard him, and he placed the three Princesses, one after the other in the basket, and when it came to his turn to be drawn up, he bethought him of what the Mannikin had told him that his brothers would not deal fairly by him. So he placed a great stone in the basket, and when it was about half-way up, his false brothers let go of the rope, and the basket and stone fell to the ground. Then they believed he was dead, and they fled with the Princesses, making them promise that they would tell their father that it was they who had released them, and when they had done so, they restored them to the king.

In the meanwhile the youngest huntsman traversed sorrowfully the three chambers, thinking in his heart that he must surely die. And he saw hanging against the wall a little pipe, and he said to himself, "Thou art but of little use, for no one can ever be merry here." Then he looked down at the dragons' heads and said, "Neither can you help me at all," and he kept walking up and down until the ground was polished by his feet. At last he thought he would try and cheer himself with the music of his pipe; but no sooner did he begin to blow it than little Mannikins made their appearance, for every note he blew fresh ones came, and at length the whole place was full of the elves. Then they asked him what were his commands; and when he told them that he wished to get above ground, and see day light once again, an elf took hold of each hair that he had upon his head, and so they flew with him up to the face of the earth.

No sooner was he there than he hastened to the King's Court, and found that the marriages of the Princesses were about to be celebrated; thereupon he went to the chamber

where the King sat with his daughters. And when the princesses saw him, they were so ashamed that they fainted; whereupon the King thinking that he had in some way injured them, commanded that he should be cast into prison. But the princesses no sooner recovered than they solicited his release. The King demanded why they did so, but they said they dare not divulge it; then their father said they should divulge it in an oven. Then he went out and listened at the door, and heard all. Then he had the two eldest brothers hanged, and gave Hans his youngest daughter to wife.

NOTE.—Grimm. *Kind; und Haus Marchen* 2, s. 32—37. This tale is from Paderborn, and is given by Grimm in his dialect of that district. Several similar tales are quoted in the notes upon it. And it will be found to correspond in many particulars with the Romance of the Horney Siegfried. That hero being assisted by the Dwarf Eugleyne, as Haus by the Mannikin, &c.

OF ONE THAT WENT FORTH TO LEARN TO BE AFRAID.

There was an old man who had two sons, the elder of whom was a sharp, clever lad, able to help himself; but the younger one was a silly youth, who could not learn or understand any thing; and the people, when they spoke of him, would shake their heads and say, he would give his poor father a great deal of trouble. So that when there was any thing to do, the elder one was always called upon—but if his father sent him to fetch any thing late at night, and the road lay by the church-yard, or any other dismal place, he

would say, "Oh, father, I'm afraid!" But the young one had no feelings of this sort, so that when they used to sit round the fire of an evening, telling stories that made their blood run cold, and one said, "Oh, I'm frightened," and another, "Oh, it frightens me so," he used to say, "'I'm frightened'—what does that mean? It must be something clever. I should like to learn to be frightened."

Now it happened that his father said to him one day, "You, Sir, sitting there in the corner, you are getting a great strong fellow, and ought to get your own living. Your brother works hard enough; but you don't earn salt to your porridge." "Well, father," said he, "I should like to learn to be afraid, for I don't at all understand it." His brother laughed when he heard this, although he was shocked to think that his brother was an idiot: but his father sighed: "Well, you shall soon learn to be afraid, but I don't think you will earn much by knowing it."

Soon after this, the sexton of the village called upon the old man, who told him all his troubles, and what anxiety he felt about his son, who was so clumsy and ignorant, that he could not learn any thing to get his own living. "Only think!" said he, "when I asked what he wished to learn to earn his bread by, he said, he should like very much to learn to be afraid." "Well," said the sexton, "send him to me for awhile, and I'll soon teach him that." The father was pleased enough when he heard this, and soon dispatched him to the sexton, who employed him to toll the bell.

After he had been with him a couple of days, the old sexton woke him at midnight, and bade him go to the belfry and toll the bell—"You will soon learn, my fine fellow, what it is to be afraid!" and, as soon as he saw the young lad preparing to do as he was told, he slipped out by

another door, and placed himself in the belfry, in hopes the youth would think it a ghost.

Accordingly, when the young man came to the church tower, he saw a figure standing in the corner. "Who's there?" cried he; but the figure never moved. Then he continued—"Who are you? what do you want here at this time of night?—if you don't answer me, I'll pitch you down headlong." But the sexton thought he would certainly not have sufficient courage to attempt such a thing; so he kept perfectly quiet. Then the young man called out for the third time, but as he still got no answer, he laid hold of the ghost, pitched him out, and broke his neck: and when he had done so, tolled the bell, as he had been ordered, and then went home and went to bed, without saying a word to anybody.

The sexton's wife watched for her husband for a long time, and at last began to feel anxious that he did not return. She awoke the lad and said, "Do you know where my good man is staying all this time? He went out to the belfry, and has not yet returned." "No," said the boy—"but there was somebody standing there in a corner who would not answer me when I called out, so I pitched him into the churchyard—you can go and see whether it is he or not." The woman ran in a great fright to the churchyard, and there she found her husband lying dead upon the ground.

Then she ran screaming to the boy's father, and cried—"Your good-for-nothing son has thrown my poor husband from the church tower into the churchyard, and broke his neck." The father was shocked to hear it, and scolded the boy for his folly; but his talking was all thrown away upon him. "Why," said the boy, "it's no fault of mine; he

stood there in a corner as if he was no good, and I did not know who it was. I called out to him three times. Why didn't he go his way?" "Ah," cried his father, "you were born to disgrace me, get away about your business; I'll have nothing more to do with you." "Well, father, just as you please; only wait till it is daylight, and then I'll start, and learn to be afraid, so that I may know a trade that will support me." "Learn what you like," said his father, "it is all one to me; here are fifty dollars—go your ways, and tell no man who you are, or who your father is—for I am ashamed of you."—"Well, father, just as you please."

At day-break, accordingly, up he got, put his fifty dollars into his pocket, and set off on his journey, crying, as he went along—"Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!" And as he journeyed on, a man who was passing heard his cry, and when they had got on a little farther, seeing a gibbet by the road side, said to the lad, "Do you see yonder tree, where those seven fellows have been marrying the rope-maker's daughter—sit down under it till midnight, and you'll soon know what it is to be afraid." "Indeed," said he: "well, I can easily do that—and if I really learn to be afraid, I'll e'en give you my fifty dollars, if you only meet me here again, early to-morrow morning."

No sooner had he said this, than he took his station under the gibbet, and there watched till nightfall; and, as the evening was very cold, he lighted himself a fire: but at midnight the wind blew so heavily, that, in spite of the fire, he could not keep himself warm. The wind, too, drove the dead men one against another, and as they swung backwards and forwards over his head, he said to himself, "here am I shivering, who am close to the fire—those poor fellows up there may well tremble and shake;"

and, being a very good-natured fellow, he must needs take the ladder, go up, and cut down, one after another, the whole seven of them. Then he stirred up the fire, blew it, and placed them in a circle round it, that they might get themselves warm. And there they sat, and never moved, although the fire scorched their clothes. At last he said to them, "If you don't behave yourselves properly, I shall take and hang you up again." But the gallows-birds never heard him, so they never stirred an inch, but let their old rags burn away. This made him angry, so he said, "If you will not take care of yourselves, I can't help you, but I don't intend to burn myself with you;" and then he strung them up again upon the gibbet.

And as soon as he had done this, he sat himself down by the fire, and slept till morning, when the man came for the fifty dollars that he had promised him. "Now," said he, "you know what it is to be afraid, don't you?" "No," said the boy, "how should I?—those fellows up there have never opened their mouths, and are such a pack of block-heads, that they let the fire scorch the very rags that they have got on." Then the man saw directly that he should not get the fifty dollars, and as he turned away, he said to himself, "Well, I never met with such a fellow before in my life."

Then the lad continued his journey, and, as before, kept crying, "Oh, that I could be frightened—Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!" Presently a waggoner overtook him, and hearing what he said, asked him who he was. "I don't know," said the boy. "Where do you come from?" said the waggoner. "I don't know," continued the boy. "Who is your father?" "I mustn't say," was the reply. "What is this that you are harping upon?" "Why, I

want to be frightened, and can't get any body to show me how." "Don't talk such a pack of nonsense," said the waggoner, "only come with me, I'll soon manage that for you." So the lad went with him, and when it was evening, they entered a hostelry, where they were to pass the night; and as they went into the house, the boy set up his usual cry, "Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!" When the landlord heard this, he laughed, and said, if that was all he wanted he should soon be accommodated. But his wife interfered and said, so many had already perished in trying to do what the landlord was talking of, that it would be a shame and a sin to let such a good-looking lad never see daylight again. But the lad said "Let it be ever so hard, I shall be glad to learn it—I left home on purpose to do so,"—and he would not let mine host rest, until such time as he told him of an enchanted castle in the neighbourhood, wherein any one who watched for three nights, would very soon learn to be frightened. He told him, besides, that the king had promised that whosoever should spend three nights in that castle, should marry his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess on whom the sun ever shone: for that the castle was filled with treasures guarded by ghosts, and which could only be obtained by him who staid there for three whole nights. Many had entered the castle, but none had yet come out of it again. All this did not intimidate the lad, who went next morning to the king, and said that, if his majesty would permit him, he should like to keep watch in the enchanted castle for three nights. The king was pleased with the offer, and granted his request; and said, besides, that he would let him take with him into the castle any three things he pleased, that had not

life. So the boy asked for a fire, a turning-lathe, and a wood-carver's table and knife.

The king accordingly gave orders, that the things that he required should be sent into the castle; and when night came, the lad went into the castle, lighted a blazing fire in one of the apartments, placed the carver's table by his side, and seated himself on the lathe. "Ah," cried he, "I wish I could be frightened; but there seems but little chance of that here." At midnight, however, just as he was making up his fire afresh, he heard some cats in one corner of the room, mewing and crying, "How cold it is, how cold it is!" "Well, you fools," said he, "why do you stand crying there; if you are cold, why don't you come to the fire and warm yourselves?" Scarcely had he said the word, before two tremendously large black cats sprang from their hiding-place, seated themselves by his side, and glowered upon him with their fiery eyes. After some little time, when they had thoroughly warmed themselves, they asked him if he would have a game at cards. "With all my heart," said the boy, "but I must first look at your paws:" so they stretched out their claws that he might see them. "Ah, your nails are a great deal too long; I must first trim them a bit." So saying, he seized the cats by the neck, took them to the carver's table, and screwed them fast by their feet. "Since I saw your ugly paws," said he, "I have no longer felt inclined to play cards with you—I can dispense with your company;" accordingly he knocked them on the head, and threw them into the moat.

But, no sooner had he put these visitors to rest and returned to the fire, than an immense number of black cats and black dogs, in glowing chains, kept flocking from all

parts of the room, so that it was in vain for him to think of concealing himself: they howled shockingly, and kept knocking the fire about and trying to put it out. He bore all this very patiently for a little while; but at last he got out of temper, seized hold of his knife, and exclaiming, "Holloa! you pack of ragamuffins, pack off with you!"—began dealing his blows among them. A great part of them made their escape, and the rest he slew and threw into the moat.

When he came back again, he blew the embers and made up a roaring fire, and warmed himself. And the warmth of the fire and his exertions made him feel drowsy, and he felt that all he could do, he could not keep his eyes open—so, spying a large bed in one corner of the apartment, he went and laid himself down upon it. And just as he was dropping off to sleep, the bed began to move of itself, and to traverse every part of the castle. "Bravo," said he, "that is nice; it could not be better." The bed kept on, as if six horses had been put to it, and went up the stairs and through the door-ways, up and down, hop, hop, and tramp, tramp, from the very top to the very bottom of the castle; and there he lay upon it the whole time. At length he threw off the bed-clothes, got off the bed, and saying "Now you may go wherever you like," sat himself down by the fire, and there slept till day-break.

In the morning, when the king came and saw him lying on the ground, he thought he had been destroyed by evil spirits, and was dead; and he was grievously afflicted. But when the young man heard his moanings, he jumped up, and said there was nothing the matter. Whereat the king was much rejoiced, and asked how he had spent the night? "Oh, well enough," said the boy; "one night is

already gone—the other two will soon follow it.” Then he went and called upon the innkeeper, who stared at him with the greatest astonishment, and said, “Well, I never thought to have seen you again alive. Have you now learnt what it is to be afraid?” “No,” said he, “that I have not; I only wish some one would teach me.”

When the second night came, he returned to the old castle, seated himself by his fire, and began his customary cry, “Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!” Towards midnight, he heard a noise and a bustle; at first it was very soft, then it got louder; then it was still for a little while; and at last there was a great cry, and half a man's body came down the chimney, and fell right before him. “Hey-day!” said he, “what, is there only half of you? this is too little.” Then the noise began afresh; there was a blustering and a howling, and presently down came the other half. “Oh, very well,” said he, “wait a little, while I blow the fire.” And when he had done so, and looked round again, lo, and behold! the two halves had joined themselves together, into a very terrific fellow, and had taken his place. “That won't do,” said the boy, “that is my place, and I'll have it.” The man would have kept possession, but our hero was too strong for him, and thrust him out of it. Then there fell down the chimney plenty more such men, who brought with them nine thigh-bones and two skulls, and played at skittles with them. This was a game the lad liked, and he asked them to let him play. “Yes, to be sure,” was the answer; “if you have got any money.” “Money enough,” said he; “but your balls are not quite round.” Then he took them, placed them in the lathe, and turned them till they were perfectly round. “Now they'll roll

better ; let us play merrily." He began, and lost a little money to them ; he might, perhaps, have won it again, but no sooner did the clock strike twelve, than the whole party vanished from his sight, and there was nothing left for him to do, but to lay himself by the fire, and sleep till morning. Then the king came to him again, and inquired of him how he had passed the second night. The boy told him he had played at skittles, and lost a trifle ; but the king asked him if he had not been frightened ?—" Frightened !" said the boy, " I was merry enough ; I only wanted to be frightened."

On the third night he seated himself at his old seat, and began saying, quite peevishly, " Oh, that I could but be frightened." And when it got late, there came into the room six men, bearing a coffin. " Ah," said he, " that is certainly my little bed," and he beckoned to it with his finger, and cried, " Come, little bed, come." The men put the coffin down on the ground, and he must needs go and lift off the lid, and when he did so he saw a dead man in it ; and he put his hand upon the face of the dead man, and it was as cold as ice. " Well," thought he, " I'll see if I can warm him a little bit ;"—then went to the fire, warmed his hands, and rubbed the face of the dead man, but it got never the warmer. So he took him out of the coffin, and, seating himself before the fire, took him in his lap, and rubbed his arms to try and warm them. But all his efforts were of no avail ; and at last he recollected that when two people lay in the same bed, they warm one another : so he took the corpse to his bed, covered it well over, and laid himself down beside it. After a little while, the dead man became warm, and began to move about. Then said the lad to him, " Well, bedfellow, I have warmed you at last." But the dead man

got up and cried, "Now will I strangle you." "What," said he, "are these the thanks I am to have?—very well, you shall go back to your coffin for this." He then seized upon him, threw him in, and fastened down the lid; and when he had done so, in came the six men again and bore it away.—"Alas!" cried he, "there is no chance of my being frightened—I shall not learn it if I pass my life here."

Just then, there entered a man who was far bigger than the others had been, and a very terrific looking fellow; but he was old, with a very long white beard: and he said to the lad, "You shall soon learn what it is to be frightened, for you shall die." "Not so quick," answered he, "you must get my consent first." Said the man, "I will soon master you." "Don't make yourself too sure of that," said the boy, "I am as strong as you, if not stronger."—"Stronger, indeed! that we shall see; come, let us go and try our strength." Then he led him through a long dark passage till they came to a smithy, and there took an axe, and with one blow drove an anvil into the earth. "I can beat that," said the boy, and went to the other anvil; the old man keeping so close, (in order to watch him the better) that his white beard hung upon it. Then the lad seized the axe, and split the anvil at one blow, and jammed his beard into the cleft. "Now I have got you," cried he, "and you it is who shall die;" and seizing an iron bar, he laid on so lustily, that the old fellow roared with pain, and promised that if he desisted he would give him great riches. The lad accordingly released him, and followed him into the vaults of the castle, where the old man showed him three chests of gold—one for the poor, one for the king, and one for himself.

At that minute the clock struck twelve—the spirit va-

nished, and the lad was left in total darkness; however, he contrived to grope his way back again to his room, and soon fell asleep by the fire side. On the following morning came the king again, saying, "Well, have you learnt what it is to be afraid?" "No," said he, "who was to teach me? I have seen nobody but a dead fellow, that I put into my bed, and an old man with a beard, who showed me where the riches were: how should I learn it then?" "Well," said the king, "you have delivered the castle from enchantment, and shall, therefore, marry my daughter." "That is all very well, but still I don't know what it is to be frightened."

The gold was removed, the wedding took place, and the young king, though he loved his wife very much, and had every thing to make him happy, was always crying, "Oh, that I could but be frightened!" And his wife's waiting-woman said, "It shall be hard but I will teach you what it is to be afraid." And she had a large barrel, filled with water and little fishes, and at night, while he was sleeping, his attendants went in and pulled off the bed clothes, and threw the water and fishes over him, and the fishes leaped and sprung about, and the water awoke him: then he jumped up and cried out, "I am frightened, I am frightened, dearest wife; now I have learned what it is to be afraid!"

NOTE.—Grimm. K. u. H. *Marchen*, Bd. 1, s. 14—25.—In their notes upon this tale, the Brothers Grimm give many curious versions of the adventures of this bold and curious hero, who bears a considerable resemblance to a character in one of the Icelandic Tales—Ireldman, who is just such another dolt, who would fain know what anger was, and at length experienced it.

ABSTRACT OF THE ROMANCE

OF THE

ADVENTURES OF THE HORNY SIEGFRIED.

Siegfried, the son of Sigmund, king of the Netherlands, was in his youth so unmanageable, that his father summoned his council, to take into consideration what was best to be done with him. With the sanction of the council, Siegfried set forth in search of adventures, and it was not long before he was compelled by hunger, to apprentice himself to a smith.

In the morning when he began to work, his first blow split the iron in pieces, and drove the anvil into the earth. The master somewhat alarmed at this conduct, seized Siegfried by the head, and gave him a gentle shaking; Siegfried, however, not being accustomed to such treatment, seized his master by the collar, and flung him and all his workmen to the earth.

The master was somewhat puzzled how to get rid of his unruly apprentice; and, at length, resolved to send him for charcoal to a neighbouring wood, inhabited by a terrible dragon, in hopes that he should never see him come back again.

Siegfried went accordingly, and no sooner had he entered the forest than he encountered the dragon. He immediately tore a tree up by the roots, and threw it upon the dragon—whose tail got so entangled in the boughs, that it could not stir from the spot, while Siegfried, in an instant, tore up a couple more of the largest trees, and threw them also over the dragon, who thereby got more and more entangled. Siegfried next set fire to the trees and roasted the dragon alive. The horny covering* of the dragon be-

* Siegfried is generally said to have anointed himself with the

gan to melt and to flow like a little brook. Siegfried dipped his finger into it, and finding that when it cooled, his finger was covered with a horny hide—he anointed his whole body with it, except his two shoulders, which he could not reach.

Our hero next proceeded to the court of King Gybich, at Worms, on the Rhine, who had three sons, and a most beautiful daughter named Chrymbild.* She was one day taking the air at a window, when she was carried off by a monstrous flying dragon. The king and queen were sadly distressed at this event, as may be supposed; knights and messengers were every where dispatched after her—but their attempts to release her were all in vain.

The dragon carried the maiden to his dragon-stone, a stone about a quarter of a mile long, on the top of a high mountain, laid his head in her lap, and, wearied with his exertions, slept; but so hard was his breathing, that the very mountain shook with it.

When the maiden had been with the dragon three months, Easter-day arrived, and the frightful monster was on that occasion transformed into man. The fair Chrymhild in vain besought him to release her, but he was as obdurate in his human shape, as he had been before. "Your intreaties are in vain," said he, "you will never see father, mother, or other human being more." Chrymhild implored him still more earnestly, but all attempts to soften

melted far of the dragon That it should be, as we have said, is clear from the original poem.

"Das horn der wurm gund weychen,"

* So at least, in the poem, in the chap book, which is said, but not believed, to be translated from the French, she is called "Florigunde," a name which certainly smacks of a French original,

his heart were in vain. "This day five years," continued he, "I shall again become a man—and then you must be my bride—and at last must go with me to hell, where every day will appear to be a year long." It is impossible to describe the anguish with which the Princess was filled by this intelligence.

In the meanwhile, Siegfried continued at the Court of King Gybich, carrying off the prize at every tournament; and when not so engaged, following the chase with hawk and hound. One day while bent upon the latter pastime, he encountered in a vast forest an armed knight, who called upon him to yield himself a prisoner. Siegfried, although not armed, trusted to his horny skin, drew his sword upon the knight, and a vigorous contest ensued between them.—At last the strange knight bit the ground. Siegfried immediately rendered every assistance to the brave and wounded knight, loosened his armour, and did every thing he could for his recovery.

When somewhat restored, the knight acquainted Siegfried, that in that forest there was a perilous adventure to be achieved. "A frightful dragon," gasped out the dying knight, "here holds in confinement, a beauteous maiden." Before he could give Siegfried any directions to the precise spot, he died leaving him in the greatest uncertainty.

He resolved, however, to prosecute the adventure, took the shield and helmet of the dead knight, and swore to seek out the place and set the imprisoned maiden free.—He rode forth for this purpose, but had not proceeded far before he was surrounded by thousands of mounted dwarfs, attendants upon their sovereign, King Eugleyne, who, with a crown of gold upon his head, came riding up to Siegfried on a beautiful black jennet. The

two worthies were soon acquainted with each other. Siegfried told the king his object in searching the forest, and Eugleyne availing himself of his supernatural knowledge, related to the hero, his (Siegfried's) birth, parentage and education; but what was of more service to him, some further particulars relative to the imprisoned Princess, but still refused to show him the way to the dragon's hiding-place. Siegfried thereupon thrust his sword into the earth, and swore three oaths, that he would not leave the adventure unaccomplished. The Dwarf Monarch was afraid to assist in the attempt, and sought to get out of it by running away; but Siegfried seized him, and thrust him with such violence against a rock, that his golden crown was shivered into a thousand pieces. Eugleyne expecting worse treatment if he refused, now promised his advice and assistance to Siegfried. "The devil thank you," said Siegfried, "Why could you not say so before." The King of the Dwarfs very prudently took no notice of this rudeness, and proceeded to tell him that the country belonged to the Giant Kuperan, who had a legion of giants under him, and moreover had possession of the key of the Dragon-stone.

Siegfried proceeded, according to the dwarf's directions, to the giant's dwelling-place, which he entered without any ceremony, and requested him, very civilly, to give up the key of the dragon-stone. The giant not only refused to comply with this request, but he prepared to punish Siegfried for his impudence in making the demand, with his massive iron club. Siegfried never attempted to fly, and a furious combat immediately ensued between them. Our hero skilfully slipped aside from the mighty blows of Kuperan's club, which the giant wielded with such force, that he drove it every time the depth of two ells into the

ground; and thereby afforded Siegfried abundance of opportunity of inflicting some severe wounds upon him, which not only made his blood flow in torrents, but drove the monster into a furious rage. After a while the giant retreated to his cave, from which he speedily returned armed in richly-gilded armour, which had been hardened in the blood of a dragon. His helmet was of immense strength; his shield a foot thick; and his four-cornered club was so sharp, on every side, that he could with one blow shiver into pieces the strongest cart-wheel that was ever seen.

Siegfried mounted his horse, and the combat began anew between them. When at length he had inflicted sixteen wounds upon the giant, he begged for his life, and promised with an oath to deliver up to Siegfried the key of the Dragon-stone.

But Kuperan's ideas of the binding nature of an oath appear to have been as lax as those of all giants that ever existed,—

“Who have no fear of God, nor shame of man.”

Accordingly, as he followed Siegfried through the wood towards the Dragon-stone, he suddenly struck him so violent a blow, that he fell to the earth; and, but for the assistance of the Dwarf Eugleyne, who instantly placed a cap of darkness upon his head, which rendered him invisible, he would certainly have been slain by his treacherous enemy. The giant, upon no longer seeing Siegfried, flew into a violent rage, and smote with his club every thing that came within his reach.

As soon as Siegfried was somewhat recovered, he threw aside the cap of darkness, and again began a combat with the giant; again vanquished him, and spared his life. The giant, however, was, upon this occasion, as good as his

word. He actually conducted our hero to the Dragon-stone, and opened the door of it, which was concealed eight fathoms under ground.

Chrymhild was pleased enough to see her deliverer, and many pretty speeches passed between them on the occasion.

These, however, were interrupted by the giant's informing Siegfried that there lay concealed in a certain spot, a sword, with which alone it would be possible to slay the dragon. Siegfried immediately proceeded in search of it; and his enemy seizing the opportunity, again felled him unexpectedly to the ground. Siegfried, however, speedily rallied—fought with and conquered the giant. The maiden, who had wrung her hands and rent her hair during the combat, was heartily rejoiced, when, at its termination, she saw her beloved Siegfried seize the treacherous giant in his arms, and hurling him from the Dragon-stone, dash him into a thousand pieces.

The beneficent dwarf Eugleyne now placed before the lovers a splendid banquet, at which they were attended by a numerous retinue of dwarfs. Their enjoyment of his hospitality was put an end to by a roaring like a coming tempest, and by an announcement from some of the dwarf scouts that the sound proceeded from the dragon, who was speedily approaching, being then only about three miles off—a distance at which he appears to have been discernible, from the flames and smoke which he poured forth. Siegfried comforted the terrified maiden, and prepared to encounter this frightful enemy. Dire was the combat which ensued when the dragon arrived, attended by sixty young dragons. The monster vomited forth fire and flames over Siegfried, while the dwarfs filled the atmosphere with cooling airs, that he

might the better resist the heat. At length Siegfried's horny covering began to melt, and he was forced to fly with his beloved into a cave. Here he soon got cool; and, telling Chrymhild to trust in Providence, he returned to the dragon-stone, found his enemy alone, the other sixty dragons having taken their departure, and, renewing the combat, struck his enemy right and left, hip and thigh, and at length slew him. And this he had no sooner accomplished, than he fell down senseless, exhausted by heat and fatigue. On coming to himself, he returned to the cave, and found Chrymhild lying as if dead upon the earth. His piercing cries brought Eugleyne to his aid, who, having recovered the damsel by placing in her mouth some powerful root, swore allegiance to Siegfried in behalf of himself and his dwarfs, whom Siegfried had delivered from the tyranny of Kuperan, and agreed to accompany the happy pair to Worms.

To Worms accordingly the whole party now proceeded, and Eugleyne beguiled the journey by foretelling to Siegfried the events of his future life; and which, we may here observe, occurred exactly as the dwarf prophesied.

King Gybich and his queen were, as may be supposed, well enough pleased when their daughter was restored to them, and did not hesitate to give their consent to her marriage with her deliverer.

The nuptials of the horny Siegfried and Chrymhild were therefore celebrated with great solemnity; the festivities on the occasion lasting for fourteen days, and the bridegroom carrying off on all occasions the prize from the tournaments held in honour of his marriage.

At length, as the dwarf foretold, our hero received his death at the hand of one of his brothers-in-law. Gunther, Hagen, and Gyrnot, the three sons of King Gybich, were

envious of Siegfried's fame, and they plotted together with the view to his death. At length, eight years after his marriage—the very time announced by Eugleyne, Hagen, who knew the only vital spot about him, stabbed him between the shoulders, when they were hunting together in the Otten forest, and thus end the adventures of the Horny Siegfried.

NOTE.—The above extract from the romance containing the Adventures of the Horny Siegfried, has been made from a comparison between the common chap-book, one of the most popular of the German story-books, and the original poem, which is preserved in "v. der Hagen's Heldenbuch in der Ursprache," Theil 2. The reader who would wish for further information respecting this mighty champion, who plays so important a part in the Teutonic cycle of romance, especially in the Nibelungen Lied, is referred to v. der Hagen and Basching's "Litt. Grundrisse zur Geschichte der Deutschen Poesie," s. 48--53; to Grimm's Deutsche Sagen, *passim*; and lastly to Gorres, Die Teutschen Volksbücher, s. 93--99, who says, when speaking of this romance, "For the age of the poem this fact speaks, that not merely the traditions upon which it is founded are lost, but the traditions of its foundation are also lost."

THE STOLEN PENNIES.

A man and his wife and children were once upon a time sitting at their noon-tide meal with a good friend, whom they had invited to share it with them. And while they were so seated, the clock struck twelve, and the stranger saw the door open, and a very little child, dressed all in white, came; it neither looked about nor spake a word; but went right through the chamber. Soon afterwards it came

back, as silently as before, and went out of the door again. And it came again in like manner on the second and third days; until at length the stranger asked the good man of the house to whom the beautiful child belonged, who came every day at noon into the chamber? "I have never seen it," said he, "nor do I know to whom it can belong." On the following day the stranger pointed it out to the father when it came in, but he saw it not, neither did his wife or children see it. Then the stranger arose, went to the door through which it had passed, opened it a little way, and peeped in. Then saw he the child sitting on the ground, groping and raking very busily in the crevices of the floor; as soon, however, as it perceived the stranger it vanished. Then he related what he had seen, and described the child so minutely, that the mother knew it at once, and said, "Alas! that is my own dear child, that died four weeks since." Then he broke up the flooring, and there found two pennies which the child had once received from the mother, to give to a poor beggar, but it had thought that it could buy sweetmeats with the two pennies, so had kept them and hidden them in the crevices of the floor; and therefore it had found no rest in the grave, but had come every day at noon to search after the pennies. Thereupon the parents gave the money to a poor man, and after that the child was never more seen.

NOTE.—Grimm. K. u. H. Marchen, B. 2, s. 277-8. This story is from Cassel. We recollect reading a similar one from the pen of Mr. Lockhart some years since in *The Christmas Box*. In that instance, the scene of the legend was laid in Scotland.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

It is with fear and trembling that the wanderer approaches the ruins of the Dumburg, and the greatest alarm seizes on him, if night chance to overtake him in its neighbourhood. For when the sun is gone down, if he set foot upon the grounds of the castle, he hears in the depths hollow groans, and the clanking of chains. And at the hour of midnight, he sees in the moonshine the spirits of those knights of former days, who once ruled the neighbouring country with sceptres of iron. Twelve tall white figures spring up from the mouldering rocks, bearing a mighty open coffin, which they place on the summit of them, and then disappear. Moreover, the skulls which are lying about here and there among the rocks, are frequently seen to move.

Robbers who slew the passing travellers and merchants, whom they found on the road from Leipsic to Brunswick, dwelt for a long time in this haunted castle, and there hoarded up the treasures which they got from despoiled churches, and the surrounding country; and guarded it in the subterraneous vaults. Deep wells were filled up with the slain, and in the horrible dungeons of the robbers' castle many an unhappy victim died the lingering death of famine. For a long time did the lurking place of the robbers remain undiscovered; at length the revenge of the allied nobles reached it.

The pilfered treasures of gold and silver, and precious jewels, are still towered up in the closed vaults and cellars of the robbers' castle. Yet rarely is it that any one is fortunate enough to hit upon the door which leads to

them; even though he discover any of the ruined entrances which are scattered about it. Frequently spirits in the shape of monks, or perhaps, real living monks, are here seen to descend.

Once upon a time, a poor wood-cutter who was busied in felling a beech-tree behind the fragments of rocks, seeing a monk slowly approaching through the forest, concealed himself behind the tree. The monk passed him, and entered a crevice of the rock. The wood-cutter crept after him, and saw that he was standing at a little door which none of the neighbouring villagers had yet discovered. The monk tapped gently, and said, "Open, door!" and the door sprang open; and he heard him cry, "Shut, door!" and the door closed accordingly. Although trembling in every limb, the wood-cutter marked the ruined entrance with twigs and stones piled on one another. From that moment he could neither sleep nor eat, so anxious was he to know what there could be in the vault, to which that wonderful door was the entrance.

On the following Saturday he fasted, and on the Sunday morning at sunrise, he went with his rosary in his hand to the rock, which he had previously marked; and when he reached the door, his teeth chattered when he thought that he might, perchance, see a spirit in the shape of a monk. But no spirit made its appearance. Trembling with fear he crept close to the door, listened for a long time, and heard nothing. At last, in the anguish of his heart, he offered up prayers to the Virgin and all the saints, and then scarcely knowing what he did, knocked quickly at the door; "Open, door!" said he, in a feeble, tremulous voice. The door flew open, and he saw before him a small gloomy passage. He entered in, and the passage speedily ter-

minated in a spacious beautifully lighted vault. "Shut, door!" said he, unwittingly, and the door closed behind him.

Then he went forward timidly, and found large open barrels and sacks filled with old dollars, fine gold, and heavy gold pieces. There were also numbers of caskets filled with pearls and other jewels; costly reliquaries and highly decorated figures of the Saints were spread over silvertables, in one corner of the cave. The wood-cutter crossed and blessed himself, and wished himself a thousand miles from the enchanted spot, yet could not withstand the temptation of carrying off some of the treasure, that he might therewith procure clothing for his wife and children, who had long been in rags.

Trembling, and with half-closed eyes, he stretched forth his hand towards the sack which was nearest to him, and took a handful of florins out of it; then, in his fright, laid hold of his own head: but finding it, notwithstanding what he had done, still in its right place, he plucked up a little more courage, and, blinking through his eye-lashes, he took a few dollars and a couple of handsfull of the small shining tin money, and, crossing himself, staggered out of the door.

"Come again!" exclaimed a hollow voice from the innermost part of the cave. Scarcely could he stammer out, "Open, door!" He did, however, and it flew open. Gladly and much more loudly did he call out, "Shut, door!" and it did so.

He then ran home as fast as his legs would carry him; but said never a word of the treasure which he had found—went straight to the neighbouring monastery, and there bestowed two-tenths of what he had taken from the cave, on the church and on the poor. On the following day he went

into the town, and bought for his wife and children the new clothes of which they stood so much in need. He had, he said, found under the root of the tree which he had felled, an old dollar and a couple of old florins.

On the following Sunday he went with firmer step to the door in the rock, did as he had done on the first occasion, and filled his pockets better than before, but still moderately and sparingly. "Come again!" exclaimed the hollow voice. And on the third Sunday he went again, and filled his pockets as before.

Now he began to look upon himself as a rich man. But, what was he to do with his riches? He gave two tenths of all that he had taken to the church and to the poor; the rest he determined to bury in his cellar, and to use it from time to time as he had occasion to do so. But he could not resist the temptation of first measuring his money, for he had never been taught to count it.

So he went to a neighbour, a very rich man, but who thirsted for more riches, who dealt in corn, deprived workmen of their hire, wrung their property from widows and orphans, lent on pawn, and who did all this, and yet had no children. Of him he borrowed a measure, measured his gold, buried it, and took the measure back again.

But the measure had great cracks in it, through which the corn dealer, when he was serving a poor labourer, contrived, by shuffling and shaking it, to let some portion of the corn fall back into his store. In one of these crevices there remained sticking some of the little shining tin-money, which the wood-cutter had not noticed when he shook out the gold.

But the eagle eyes of his rich neighbour did not overlook them. He sought the wood-cutter in the forest, and in-

quired of him what he had measured with his measure ? " Oats and wood-seeds, and the like," faltered the wood-cutter. But with a knowing shake of the head, the corn dealer showed him the little pieces of money, and then by threatening him with the law and the rack, and next holding out to him all sorts of magnificent promises, so worked upon the poor wood-cutter, that he at length wormed out of him the secret, and learned from him the all-powerful words.

The whole of the following week did the rich man spend in contriving how he might carry away at one time all the treasure from the cave, and also that which was probably concealed in deeper caverns, and that which might be buried in the earth. Then he considered if he had got all this treasure, how he might purchase cheaply from his neighbours' field after field, and house after house; till at length he became lord over the whole village, and perhaps several surrounding villages, how he would then be ennobled by the emperor, and as a robber-knight make the whole neighbourhood tributary to him.

In the meanwhile, the wood-cutter was not pleased that his wicked neighbour would go to the castle. He begged of him to give up the intention, represented to him the danger, and related to him a hundred instances of the calamities which had befallen treasure-seekers. But what will keep back a miser from an open sack full of gold pieces ?

By threats and entreaties, the woodcutter was at length persuaded to accompany him, for once, to the door; that he might take the sacks, which the usurer would drag out entirely by himself, at the entrance, and conceal them among the brush-wood. For this he was to have one half, and the church a tenth part of the treasure; and all the poor of the

village were to be newly clothed. So said the miser. But in his heart, he had determined, as soon as the woodcutter had done all he required of him, to thrust him into the well of the castle, to give nothing to the poor, and to the church only some of the tin-money, and in his mind he was already looking out for the lightest of that.

On the next Sunday the miser and the woodcutter set off, as soon as it was light, to the Dumburg. The miser carried on his shoulders a three-bushel sack, which was crammed full of smaller ones, and he took with him a spade and a large pick-axe. The wood-cutter warned him over and over again against covetousness, but in vain, and advised him to pray to the Saints, but that, too, was of no avail.—But swearing and gnashing his teeth did the miser lead the way.

At length they reached the door. The woodcutter, who was not well pleased with the job, but who was acting as he did from the fear of the rack, stood a little way off, ready to take the sacks from the entrance. "Open, door!" cried the miser hastily, and trembling from very eagerness. The door opened and in he went. "Shut, door!" The door closed after him.

Scarcely had he entered the vault and seen the barrels and sacks full of money, and jewels, and pearls, and shining gold, than he devoured it all with his eyes, and snatched with shaking hands the small sacks out of the large one, in order that he might fill them.

Then there came from the depth of the cave, with slow and solemn steps, a huge black hound with fiery flashing eyes, and laid himself by turns on every one of the full sacks, and upon every parcel of gold.

"Hence with thee, thou miser," grinned forth the huge

black hound. He fell trembling to the ground, and crept upon his hands and feet to the door. But in the anguish of his heart, he called out, "Shut, door," instead of "Open, door," and the door remained closed.

Long did the woodman, with beating heart, tarry for his coming. Then it seemed to him as if he heard a groaning and moaning, and the hollow howling of a dog, and then it was suddenly all still again.

Presently he heard the sound of mass in the neighbouring monastery. He counted his beads, then tapped lightly at the door,—“Open, door!” The door opened, and, oh! horror! there lay the bloody corse of his wicked neighbour stretched out upon his sack, and the barrels and chests of gold and silver, and diamonds, and pearls, sank before his eyes, gradually, deeper and deeper into the earth.

THE ROMANCE OF TYLL EULENSPIEGEL, OR, HOWLEGLAS.

An unfortunate notion has for some time prevailed in this country, that mysticism and metaphysics have long reigned paramount in Germany and German literature, to the utter exclusion of humour, or works wherein humour is the distinguishing feature. A celebrated French critic, whose dictum once was law, pronounced the Germans to be destitute of wit: a still later writer, the Baron de Grimm, states in his correspondence, that he has seen German gentlemen, weighing fifteen or sixteen stone, jumping over the backs of chairs, by way of proving their sprightliness. These and many similar assertions with regard to our Teutonic brethren,

have been echoed and re-echoed, till German gravity has become almost a byword. Our pages, however, must have disproved the accuracy of this opinion; and before we conclude our "Lays and Legends of Germany,"* we shall insert other specimens of the Early Comic Romances of that country, and thereby contribute some new materials for the amusement and information of our readers.

We have selected the *Life of Tyll Eulenspiegel* to begin with, for many and good reasons; among others, because the "merry rogue" is in the enjoyment of an European reputation, and because, as Gorres observes in his work on the popular literature of the Germans, "the book abounds in inventive humour, in rough merriment and broad drollery, and is not without a keen rugged shrewdness of insight; which properties must have made it irresistibly captivating to the popular sense, and, with all its fantastic extravagances and roguish crotchets, in many points instructive." But our last reason is not the one which has had the least weight with us;—it is the circumstance of our being enabled to lay before our readers an old English version of it; so that such parts as we may select will be given in language which, by its quaintness and antiquity, will afford a far better idea of the spirit of the original, than any modern translation could do.

* We purpose devoting several other parts of the *Lays and Legends to Germany*; a fact which we mention upon this occasion, lest our readers should be led by our announcement of every part being complete in itself to conceive that one part only would be devoted to the traditions of each nation. The numbers of parts allowed to each country, must of course be regulated by its traditional stores. Germany will probably be completed in four.

Our limits will not, however, allow us to indulge in a long preliminary discourse; we shall therefore merely observe, that the merry wanderer on whom the jests and rogueries recorded in the work in question are fathered, actually lived in the first half of the fourteenth century; his tombstone, on which, in allusion to his name, an owl and glass are sculptured, being still in existence, at Mollen, a village four miles from Lubeck.

The merry history of his exploits was first published in the low German language. This was afterwards translated into high German by the celebrated Thomas Murner. It has also been translated into every one of the languages of Europe—and into some, we believe, it has been translated more than once. It has likewise been twice translated into Latin verse—once by Nemiſius, and again by Periander; the latter, which was printed at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, being illustrated by wood-cuts by the celebrated Jobst Ammon. Tyll's adventures have, indeed, furnished abundant materials for artists; and in our day they have been spiritedly illustrated in 55 outline engravings by Ramberg, the modern illustrator of Reynard the Fox.

The nature of the book being such that we cannot give an abstract of it, we shall only therefore give a few samples of Tyll's rogueries, as they are related in the translation printed by Copeland, now among the Garrick Plays in the British Museum. They will give at best, however, but a poor notion of the original, which, be it remembered, was the pet book of that extraordinary genius, Fuseli.

“How that Howleglas, when that he was a child, answered a man that asked the way.

“Upon a time went Howleglas' father and mother out, and left Howleglas within the house. Then came here a

man riding half into the door, and asked, 'Is there nobody within?' Then answered the child, 'There is a man and a half, and a horse's head.' Then asked the man, 'Where is thy father?' And the child answered and said, 'My father is of ill making worse; and my mother is gone for scathe or shame.' And the man said to the child, 'How understandest thou that?' And then the child said, 'My father is making of ill worse, for he ploweth the field, and maketh great holes, that men should fall therein when they ride; and my mother is to borrow bread—and when she giveth it again, and giveth less, it is shame—and when she giveth it, and giveth more, that is scathe.' Then said the man, 'Which is the way to ride?' And the child answered and said, 'There where the geese go.' And then rode the man his way to the geese, and they flew into the water. Then wist he not where to ride, but turned again to the child and said, 'The geese be flown into the water, and thus wot I not what to do, nor whither to ride.' Then answered the child, 'You must ride where as the geese go, and not where they swim.' Then departed the man, and rode his way and marvelled of the answer of the child.

"How Howleglas fell from the rope into the water, whereof the people had good sport."

"Upon a time Howleglas played upon the cord that was set over the water, where he made good sport; but at the last there was one that cut the rope, so fell he into the water and was all to wet; and he came out as well he might. For that little spite he thought to quiet them again, and said to them, 'Come again to-morrow, and I will do many more wonders upon the rope.' And the next day after came Howleglas and danced upon the cord; and then he said to the young folk, 'Ye shall see what news I can do. Give me

everybody your right shoe upon the rope-end.' So they did, and the old men also. And when he had danced a while, he cast them their shoon upon a heap, and bade them take their shoon each of them again. Then ran they after their shoon, and for haste one tumbled over the other; and then they began to lie together by the ears and smite with their fists so hard that they fell both to the earth. One said, weeping, 'This is my shoe;' and the other laughed and cried, 'That is my shoe.' And thus for their shoon lay they together by the ears. Then began Howleglas to laugh, crying, 'Seek your shoon: yesterday ye bathed me.' And he leapt from the cord, and went his way to his mother's and durst not come out again in the space of a month. And so he tarried with his mother; whereof his mother was glad, but she knew not the cause why he tarried with her, nor what he had done.

How Howleglas crept into a bee-hive, and how he was stolen in the night.

"Upon a time went Howleglas with his mother to the dedication of the church. And there he drank so much, that he was drunken; and then went he into a garden thereby, where stood many bee hives; and there he sought where he might have a place to sleep in, and at the last he found an empty bee-hive, wherein he put himself to sleep for that night. Then came there, in the dead of the night, two thieves for to steal away the hives; and they felt which of the hives was heaviest, for they thought therein was most honey; so that at the last they felt the hive that Howleglas was in, and then said the thief to his fellow, 'Here is one that is very heavy; this will I have, take thou another, and let us go.' Then took they the bee-hives on their necks

and departed. Then awoke Howleglas, and heard all what they said. And it was so dark, that the one knew not the other. Then put Howleglas his hand out of the hive, and pulled the foremost by the ear; wherewith he was angry, and said to his fellow behind him, 'Why pullest thou me by the ear?' And then he answered, 'I pull thee by the ear! and I have as much as I can do to bear my hive.' And within a while after he pulled the hindermost by the ear, that was right angry, and said, 'I bear so heavy that I sweat; and for all that, thou pullest me by the ear.' Then answered the foremost, 'Thou liest; how should I pluck thee by the ear, and I can scantly find my way?' And thus went they chiding by the way; and as they were chiding, Howleglas put out his hand again, and pulled the foremost by the ear; whereof he was angry, and set down his hive, and took his fellow by the head, and thus they tumbled together by the ears in the street; and at the last, when the one had well beaten the other, they ran their way and left the hives lying; and then slept Howleglas in the hive till the morning.

"How Howleglas was made clerk of Buddenest."

"And then, in the mean season, while Howleglas was parish-clerk, at Easter they should play the resurrection of Our Lord. And for because then the men were not learned, nor could not read, the priest took his leman and put her in the grave for an angel; and this seeing, Howleglas took to him two of the simplest persons that were in the town, that played the three Marys; and the parson played Christ, with a banner in his hand. Then said Howleglas to the simple persons, 'When the angel asketh you whom you seek, you may say—The parson's leman with one eye.' Then it fortuneth that the time was come that they must

play ; and the angel asked them whom they sought, and then said they as Howleglas had showed and learned them afore ; and then answered they, ' We seek the priest's leman with one eye : ' and then the priest might hear that he was mocked. And when the priest's leman heard that, she arose out of the grave, and would have smitten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheek ; but she missed him, and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the three Marys ; and he gave her another. And then took she him by the ear ; and that seeing, his wife came running hastily to smite the priest's leman : and then the priest, seeing this, cast down his banner, and went to help his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noise in the church. And then Howleglas, seeing them lying together by the ears in the body of the church, went his way out of the village, and came no more there.

INDEX.

| | Page |
|---|-----------|
| Introduction | p iii. x. |
| Legends of the Kyfhauser Mountain | 1 |
| The Old Knights' Cellar in the Kyfhauser | ib |
| The Golden Knops of Flax | 5 |
| The Wonderful Flower | ib. |
| The Goatherd | 7 |
| The Old New Married Couple | 10 |
| The Enchanted Emperor | 12 |
| The Shepherd and the Emperor | ib. |
| The Emperor and the Musician | ib. |
| The Enchanted Emperor | 14 |
| Song of the Unfaithful Maiden | 16 |
| Gaffer Death | 18 |
| Lay of the Young Count | 21 |
| Brother Merry | 23 |
| Leonora | 35 |
| Maiden of Boyneburg | 37 |
| St. Andrew's Night | 39 |
| The Little Shroud | 40 |
| The Little Shroud, by L. E. L. | 41 |
| Ulrich and Annie | 43 |
| The Sexton of Magdeburgh | 46 |
| The Mannikin and the Three Princesses | 47 |
| Of one that went forth to learn to be afraid | 52 |
| Abstract of the Romance of the Horny Siegfried | 64 |
| The Stolen Pennies | 71 |
| The Haunted Castle | 73 |
| The Romance of Tyll Eulenspiegel; or, Howleglas | 79 |

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Germany.—PART II.

19.—THE LEGEND OF DANIEL'S CAVE.

On the northern declivity of the mountain upon whose summit is situated the Huyseburg Monastery, which lies about a mile from Halberstadt,* there is shown a cave artificially formed out of the rock; its entrance, though very ingeniously contrived, may now easily be discovered owing to the cutting down of the forest, but it was formerly concealed by the wide-spreading oaks and impenetrable underwood by which it was surrounded. Nothing is now to be seen but the bare sides of the rock of two chambers, one adapted for the abode of a human being, the other fitted up as a stable. In the roof, a hole, wrought through the solid rock is moreover discernible, and the following is the tradition which the peasantry of the neighbourhood relate upon the subject:—

In this cave there once dwelt a robber, who was the terror of the whole country round. His name was Daneel, or Daniel. His brother, an astrologer, had discovered this hiding-place for him, and fitted it up for him accordingly; and was, for his pains, murdered by his ungrateful brother that he might never divulge his secret retreat.

For a long time did Daniel, sallying forth from his cave,

* In Lower Saxony, S. West of Magdeburgh.—Ed.

carry on his robberies in the Hartz Mountains. He had, moreover, for the furtherance of his nefarious practices, laid down over a very large circle, wires, which were connected with small bells arranged in his cave, whose ringing pointed out to him the spot to which to betake himself for the purpose of robbing the unwary traveller.

This contrivance procured him likewise a wife and house-keeper. Susan, a beautiful peasant girl from one of the neighbouring villages, went into the forest nutting, and lost herself among the thickesses which concealed the robber's cave. Scarcely had she touched one of the treacherous wires ere Daniel sprang out, and, in spite of her resistance, thrust her into the cave. Here he compelled her to become his wife, binding her with a terrible oath never to forsake him maliciously—never to betray his hiding-place to any living man.

Long did the dwelling of the robber remain undiscovered. For, since he for the most part perpetrated his crimes in distant parts, and returned in the darkness of night to his unsuspected retreat, it was for many years supposed that he had not taken up his abode in the Hartz Wood; and when at length the magistrates of the neighbourhood were, by frequent complaints, compelled to take notice of his conduct, Daniel, by various stratagems, contrived to keep out of their clutches. Among other plans adopted by him, was that of having his horse shod, with shoes put on the wrong way, so that his foot-marks, if traced, would necessarily mislead those who were in search of him. The last traces, too, were lost in the turf which covered the declivity of the mountain, in whose centre lay the robber's cave. But retribution sleeps not for ever.

Five children had Susan borne unto him, and all five had

the inhuman monster stabbed as soon as they were born, that he might not be betrayed by their cries. At length the robber conceded to the thousand times preferred entreaty of his wife, of whose fidelity he was convinced, and whom he supposed to have been so long forgotten that she would never be recognised—and consented to her going to one of the neighbouring villages to purchase some articles of clothing which she had long stood in need of. After six sorrowful years he opened for the first time her prison, and she once more looked upon cultivated lands. Yet, before her departure, must she repeat, with the strongest asseverations, the oath which she had made to him, and swear, moreover, to return home from the city before the bustle of the day commenced.

Before sun-rise she left the robber's cave, moved by a thousand emotions. Only one month before had she witnessed the cruel murder of her fifth-born child, a fine healthy boy, and his cries were still ringing in her ears; ever since had the robber, whose return home had ever been a source of misery to her, and whose tales of murder and rapine she had shuddered to listen to, become wholly unbearable. She trembled at the thought that in a few hours she was to return again to the cave, and there be imprisoned, perhaps, for ever. And yet she was bound by a dreadful oath, and her heart kept whispering "soul lost, all lost." Thus, she now felt herself free; but, at the same time, chained to the cave and to the robber.

As she passed the Huyseburg Monastery she hoped her guardian angel would so order it that she might encounter some priest, who would, before she discovered to him her secret, absolve her from her oath. But no priest appeared. Twilight and sleep still overhung the monastery and those

that dwelt therein. She went on, now stood at the outskirts of the wood, and saw the city lying before, still veiled in mist. The silence which surrounded her was awful — she felt alone and abandoned by the whole world.

At length the sun arose, and the whole landscape was laid open before her; but her breast was sore troubled; it was to her as if the first breath of morning, which she had often wished once more to breathe, would crush her very heart. Anguish lent wings to her feet, and she came without meeting a human soul into the city; found the houses of the Jews, who all dwelt near the gate, and from whom she was to purchase what she wanted, still closed, and was about to turn back into her gloomy prison.

But the tumult of her thoughts made her dizzy. She missed her way in the city, and, scarcely conscious where she was, found herself in the market-place in the very heart of it. It was so early in the day that even there she saw not a single human being. She lifted up her eyes from the ground, and saw the statue of Roland* at the corner of the court-house. Overcome by her sufferings and her anxiety to give vent to her bursting heart, she threw herself on her knees, before the stone figure, and related to it with streams of tears and loud sobbings, her sufferings and the horrors which she had seen and heard in the cave of the robber.

An officer of justice who was passing, heard part of her confession, and compelled her to go with him to the magistrate. Here, when she found that her secret was already discovered, and that three priests absolved her from the oath by which she was bound, she told without any reser-

* The *Roland-Saule*, a figure so called, which was erected in old German towns as a symbol of municipal jurisprudence — Ed.

vation all she knew, and promised moreover to give the wily robber over to justice. Then, she hastened back as quickly as she could to the cave, strewing her path all the way with peas, which had been given to her for that purpose by the magistracy.

As agreed, on the following day, the magistrates, with ten well-armed soldiers, betook themselves to the side of the mountain which she had pointed out to them as that in which the robber's cave was situated, and separated themselves among the bushes. Soon they espied the peas which Susan had scattered, but as they could not hope to gain an entrance by open violence to the cave, which was closed by a massive iron door, fastened by huge locks and bolts, they determined to remain in concealment until the moment arrived which Susan had described as the only one in which they were likely to surprise and overcome the robber.

It was now noon, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then they heard, just above them, the sound of a little bell, which was the signal made to them by Susan, and immediately afterwards the jarring of the locks and bolts of the iron door which was now opened. They looked up, and out came Susan followed by the terrific robber. Susan sat herself down in a small open sun-shiny spot on the side of the mountain; near her, in the tall grass, lay Daniel, with his head resting in her lap, as he was always accustomed to do in the warm weather, and to take his noon-tide sleep. The modern Delilah stroked his cheeks and forehead until he slept.

As soon as she believed him to be sleeping soundly, she gave the soldiers the concerted signal, which was a low whistle, as a sign for them to spring upon him. They began to ascend the mountain-side for that purpose. But

Daniel, whom this unaccustomed sound had already half awakened, sprung up suddenly on hearing the rustling in the surrounding bushes, and looking round saw armed men approaching him on every side. He instantly laid hands upon Susan and endeavoured to drag her into the cave with him; but she, resisting his attempts, with all her might, he rushed alone into his den, closed the iron-door after him, and barricaded it with iron bars, fragments of the rock, and stumps of trees.

There, at length, stood the soldiers and their leaders, before the long-sought spot; they had gotten the robber whom they had so often tried to take, completely encircled, and yet they were again deceived. In vain they stormed the entrance with their weapons, and with the sledges which the neighbouring wood afforded; the door offered successful resistance to all their efforts. Besides, none of the party felt desirous to be the first to enter the cave of the robber; so they ceased for a while their attacks upon it, and held a council of war.

The magistrates and soldiers at length agreed, after long deliberation, that their safest plan would be to starve the robber out of his rocky strong-hold, and that a special messenger should carry the news of the siege of the villain to the city, and return with provisions for the besiegers and such reinforcements as seemed necessary to secure them from all accidents.

But Susan explained to the consulting parties that Daniel had for years, in expectation of such an event, been making provision to resist it; and always kept with him in the cave a supply of food and water, which would hold out for many weeks. This delay appeared to the soldiers to be too great: this objection to the proposed plan of starving him

out was admitted to be just, and every one suggested a different plan, such as storming, undermining, and blowing up the rock; every one of which was no sooner proposed, than it was pronounced impracticable.

Thus did the besieging party pass the day before the cave, quarrelling and disagreeing until the sun went down. Daniel, who in his strong-hold overheard their contentions, laughed at them, and made preparations for sallying forth about midnight, when the soldiers would be weary, and perhaps asleep, intending, as circumstances would determine, either to slip quietly out, and let them in the morning find the bird flown and the nest empty; or, if his enemies should awake, to break through them like a roaring devil. He would next conceal himself in the neighbouring wood, called the Elm Wood, and from thence get deeper into the Hartz Mountains, and there carry on his old trade. But all his calculations were thrown out.

One of the soldiers to whom the contest appeared likely to be of too long duration, had withdrawn himself unnoticed from the council of war, hastened back to the city, and there made public the circumstance, with all the additions and enlargements which fear, and a desire to exalt his own services, prompted him. And the news spread so rapidly, that before night-fall such multitudes of persons from the surrounding country joined the besiegers, that they remained on their posts in high spirits, and Daniel found he had no chance of escape.

"Night bringeth good counsel," saith the Proverb: and at length they agreed amongst them that the robber should either be drowned in his retreat, or suffocated by the steam of boiling water. Soon after day-break hundreds, well provided with hatchets and axes, were busily employed in hewing down all the trees and brushwood which grew

around the cavern; and in the course of a few hours the whole of that side of the mountain was as open as it is at the present time. No sooner was this accomplished, than water was brought thither from all the towns and villages in the neighbourhood; and, in the meanwhile, some bricklayers and masons had succeeded in boring a hole through that part of the rock which formed the roof of the cave. Finally, they procured from the Huyseberg Monastery a large brewing copper, which they laid upon an immense fire, and therein heated the water.

Then was the entrapped robber stormed and driven to despair, by the streams of boiling water which were passed in buckets from hand to hand through a line of men placed for the purpose, and then quietly poured down the opening into the cave. After some hours they heard him moving about in confusion in the cave, now leaving his dwelling-place for the stable, now making the best of his way back from the stable to his own part. After a time they found the water escaping through a number of small apertures, which it would be impossible to block up. It was therefore resolved that the water should be thickened with meal. The surrounding mills and villages were called upon to give up their stores, and for some hours hot and thick flour and water was poured continually into the cell. At last, all within it seemed quiet; and after all signs of life in the robber had ceased to be heard for some time, the iron door was burst open with crowbars; and there, right at the entrance, they found the crouching body of the guilty one.

NOTE.--This melo-dramatic tale, which is from *BUSCHING'S Volksagen*, s. 359-369, is remarkable for its resemblance to a story of Black Frederick, a Silesian robber, whose adventures will hereafter be given.

20.—REBUNDUS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF
LUBECK.

In ancient times, when a Canon of Lubeck was destined soon to die, he would find in the morning a white rose under the cushion of his seat in the choir; and thence it became a custom that every one, as soon as he got to his seat, turned up his cushion to see whether or not this token of coming death lay beneath it.

Now it happened that one of the Canons, by name Rebundus, found this rose under his cushion; and because it appeared in his eyes more like a thorny briar than a rose, he took it away very dexterously, and placed it under the cushion of his neighbour, although this one had already looked under it, and there found nothing.

Rebundus then asked whether he would not turn up his cushion: whereupon the other replied that he had already done so; but Rebundus answered to this—‘That if he had, he had not done so thoroughly, and ought to look again; for he (Rebundus) bethought him that he had caught a glimpse of something white when he looked there.’ Accordingly the Canon lifted up his cushion, and there, sure enough, lay the Flower of Death; and he was angered and said ‘he had been betrayed, for when he had entered the Choir he had examined his seat thoroughly, and there was no rose there then.’ So he took it up, and thrust it under the cushion of Rebundus; he, however, would not let it rest there, and threw it back again; and they threw it backwards and forwards from one to another, and there arose a contention and bitter strife between them.

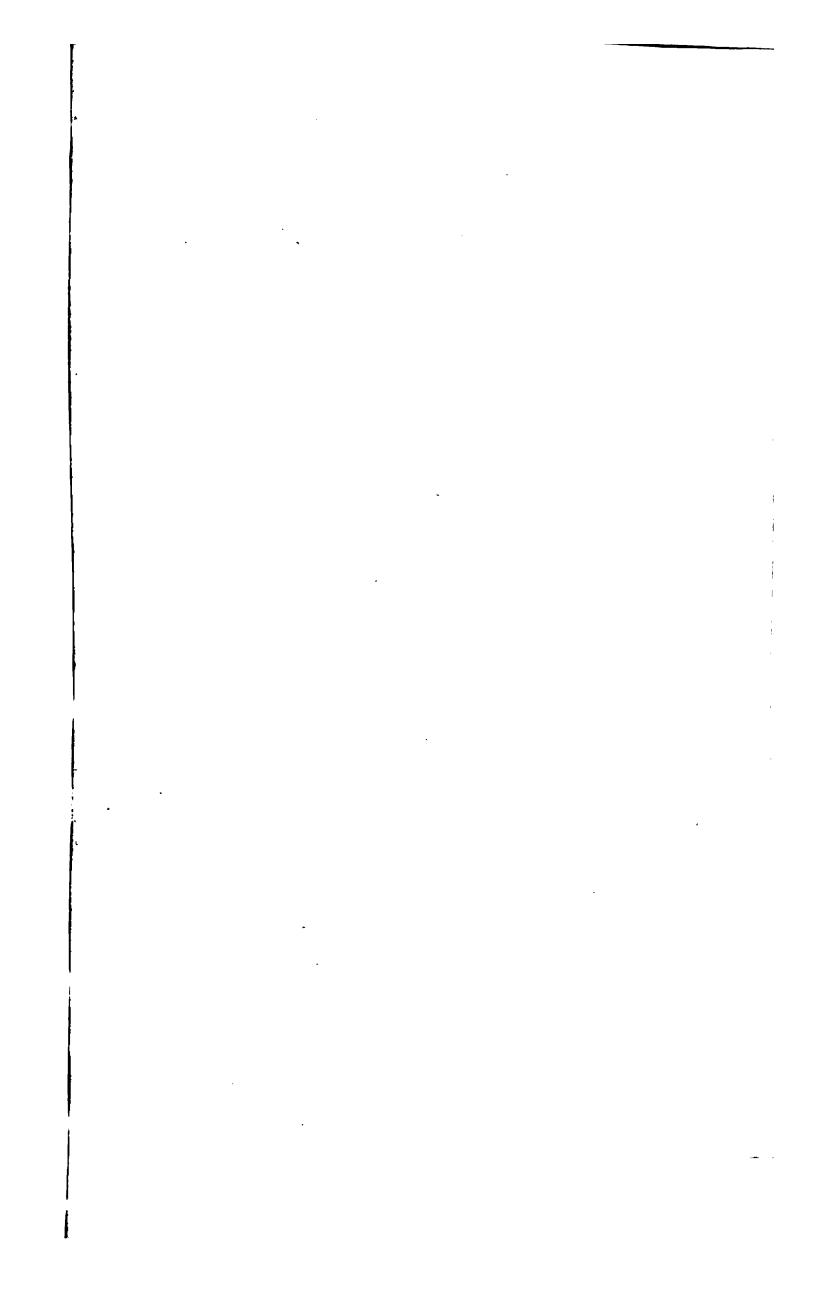
At length, the Chapter interfered, and sought to settle matters between them; but Rebundus would not admit that he had found the rose in the first instance,

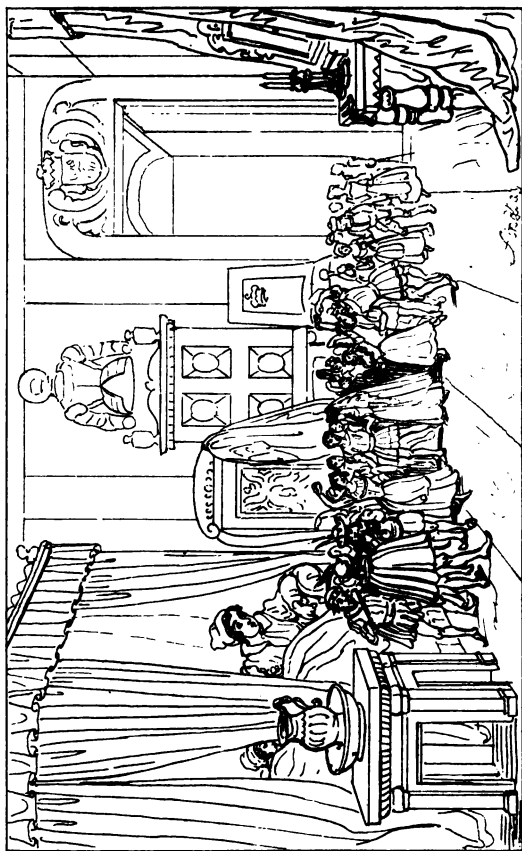
but persevered in his false statements, until his opponent, losing all patience, expressed the wish—'That God would grant that whichsoever of them had done wrong in this matter, should in future become a token of death instead of the rose; and should, until the Last Day, knock in his grave whenever a Canon was soon to die!' Rebundus, who looked upon this solemn imprecation as empty wind, answered wickedly—'Amen, so be it!'

Now soon after this, Rebundus died; and from that time forth, whenever any one of the Canons drew nigh unto his end, Rebundus knocked frightfully under his grave-stone; and hence arose the saying—'Rebundus has bestirred himself, a Canon will soon die.' Properly speaking, it is not a mere knocking; but there are heard under his massive, lengthy, and broad grave-stone three blows, which crash not much more softly than thunder, or three shots of a cannon. At the third time, the sound rolls along through the vaulted roof of the church, with such tremendous violence, that one would expect the roof to split, and the church itself to fall to the ground. Moreover, it is then not merely heard in the church itself, but also in the neighbouring houses, and that too very distinctly.

It happened once upon a Sunday, between nine and ten o'clock, in the middle of the sermon, that Rebundus bestirred himself, and knocked so violently, that some labouring men who were standing on the grave-stone, listening to the preacher, were, partly through the violent rising of the stone, and partly through their alarm, cast to the ground as forcibly as if they had been struck by lightning.

At the third terrific blow every body sought to escape out of the church, in the expectation of its falling in; but the preacher exhorted the congregation to remain, and fear





"A joyous bridal procession entered the room." p.97.

nothing, for the noise they had heard was but the attempts of an evil spirit to disturb the worship of God;—that they were to despise the same, and by their faith to put him to scorn.

Some weeks after this the Dean's son died; for Rebundus was wont to give an omen, when a near relation of any of the priesthood was to be called to the grave.

NOTE.--This short, but imaginative legend, is taken from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*, b. 1. s. 352-355. The traditional literature of Germany affords many such, as we shall have occasion to shew in the course of the following pages.

21—THE ELVES.

The happy day at length arrived, on which Count Hermann von Rosenberg was married to his beloved Catherine, a Princess of the house of Gonzaca. The event was celebrated by a magnificent banquet and festival, and it was late before the Count and Countess could leave their guests. The young Countess was already asleep, and Hermann sinking into a slumber, when he was aroused by hearing the sounds of soft and gentle music. The door of his apartment flew open, and a joyous bridal procession entered the room. The figures engaged in this extraordinary scene, were not more than two or three spans high—the bride and bridegroom were in the centre of the procession, the musicians preceded it. Hermann rose up in bed and

demanded 'What brought them there, and why they had aroused him?' Whereupon one of the company stepped up to him and said,

'We are attendant spirits of that peaceful class, who dwell in the earth. We have dwelt for many years beneath this thy birth-place, and have ever watched over thy dwelling to preserve it from misfortunes. Already have we taken good care of the ashes of your forefathers—that they should not fall into the power of hostile and evil spirits; and as faithful servants we watch over the welfare of your house. Since thou hast this day been married for the continuance of thy name and ancient race, we have represented to you this bridal ceremony, in hopes that you will grant us full permission to keep and celebrate this joyous festival. In return for which we promise to serve you and your house with the greatest readiness.'

'Very well,' said Hermann, laughing, 'make yourselves as merry in my castle as you can.'

They thanked him, and took their departure. Hermann could not, however, banish from his mind this remarkable scene, and it was daybreak before he fell asleep. In the morning his thoughts were still occupied with it, yet he never mentioned one word of the occurrence to his wife.

In the course of time the Countess presented him with a daughter. Scarcely had Hermann received the intelligence of this event, before a very diminutive old crone entered the apartment, and communicated to him that the elfin bride, whom he had seen in the miniature procession on the night of his nuptials, had given birth to a daughter. He was very friendly to his visitor, wished all happiness to the mother and child, and the old woman took her depar-

ture. Neither did Hermann even mention this to his wife.

But a year afterwards, on the approach of her second confinement, the Countess saw them, when her husband received another of these unexpected visits. The little people entered the chamber in a long procession, in black dresses and carrying lights—and the little women were clothed in white. One of these stood before him, holding up her apron, while an old man thus addressed him :—

‘ No more, dear Hermann, can we find a resting place in your castle—we must therefore wander forth. We are come to take our departure from you.’

‘ Wherefore will you depart from my castle ? Have I offended you ?’ enquired Hermann.

‘ No, thou hast not. But we must go—for her whom you saw as a bride, on your wedding night lost, last night, her own life in giving birth to her heir, which likewise perished. But as a proof that we are thankful for the kindness that you have always shown to us, take a trifling proof of our power.’

When the man had thus spoken, he placed a little ladder against the bed, which the old woman who had stood by ascended—then she opened her apron—held it before Hermann, and said,

‘ Grasp and take.’

He hesitated : she repeated what she had said. At last he did as she had told him, took out of her apron what he supposed to be a handful of sand, and laid it in a basin which stood upon a table by his bed side. The little woman desired him to take another handful, and he did once more as she bade him. Whereupon the woman

descended the ladder, and the procession, weeping and lamenting, departed from the chamber.

When day broke, Hermann saw that the supposed sand which he had taken from the apron of the little woman, was nothing less than pure and beautiful grains of gold.

But what happened? On that very day he lost his Countess in child-birth, and his new-born son: And Hermann mourned her loss so bitterly, that he was very soon laid beside her in the grave. With him perished the house of Rosenberg.

NOTE—The elves in this story, which is taken from the *Bib. der Romant : Wunderbaren Bd. s.* belong to that peculiar class whose fortunes are allied to those of a particular house or family. Other accounts of them will be given in the course of this work, and in the meanwhile the attention of the reader is called to the connexion which obviously exists between these imaginary beings and the "*Astral Spirits*" of the mystical writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

22—THE LORD OF FALKENSTEIN.

Out rides the Lord of Falkenstein

Across the broad spread heath:

And, lo! a maiden clad in white

By the way-side he seeth.

" Whence come ye, fairest maiden?

Why art thou here alone?

Say wilt thou pass the night with me ?

With me wilt thou ride home ?”

“ Ride home with thee I will not,

For nought of you I know.”—

“ I am the Lord of Falkenstein,

Myself do tell you so.”

“ Art thou the Lord of Falkenstein,

That self same Lord so dread ?

I’ll pray thee, loose my prisoned love,

Him whom I fain would wed.”

“ Thy prisoned love, I will not loose,

In the dungeon he must die ;

At Falkenstein is a dungeon deep,

’Twixt two walls strong and high.”

“ Though at Falkenstein be a dungeon deep,

’Twixt two walls strong and high,

There will I by those high walls stand

And my love fortify.”

She paced the dungeon round and round :

“ Love ! art thou here confined ?

Although I cannot see thee, love,

I’m with thee in my mind.”

She paced the dungeon round and round,

And fain would ope the door ;

“ Although the night were one year long

I’d not an hour deplore.”

"Oh, if I wore a trusty blade,
As this Lord's vassals do,
With this proud Lord of Falkenstein
For my love I'd battle do."

"I will not with a maiden fight,
'Twere endless shame to me—
But I'll release thy prisoned love,
If hence with him you'll flee."

"From this land I will never flee
From none ought have I ta'en,
Nor have I e'er lent ought, which I
Dare not to claim again."

NOTE.—HERDER'S *Volkslieder*, Bd. 1. s. 232—4. The Castle of Falkenstein above mentioned, is situated in Upper Austria, on the left bank of the Danube, about three miles from Linz. Another tradition connected with this locality deserves to be inserted on this occasion, which, as well as an old German song upon the subject, is to be found in BUSCHING'S *Volksagen*, s. 171. "Caliogius or Calichirius, Lord of Falkenstein, was lost in the forest when hunting. Darkness overtook him, before he could find an outlet, so that he was compelled to pass the night there. This he did in an open space where the woodcutters had been working, and overcome by fatigue and anxiety, he laid down and slept, a woodcutter's mallet serving for his pillow.

"Now it happened, as the legend goes, that in his sleep the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, appeared to him, and assuring him of his safe return to his family, commanded him to erect a

church upon the spot where she appeared to him. This he readily vowed, and on his safe return to his family, made such exertions to fulfil his vow, that it was not long before a magnificent abbey stood upon the scene of his deliverance, and which in memory of that event he dedicated to "Our Lady of the Mallet." And it is called "*Kloster Schlagel*"—until this day.

23.—THE STORY OF THE POPANZ.*

Once upon a time there was a king who had a very beautiful daughter, the most beautiful princess that ever eyes beheld. As a child every body was delighted with her; and her father and mother had betrothed her to a king's son of a neighbouring country, who was very ugly and hump-backed, but whose mother was a very powerful enchantress.

Near the princess there dwelt a pastry-cook, who made such delicious pastry that the king and his whole court never tasted any other. So it came to pass that he once beheld the princess, and she him, and they fell in love with one another, and that to such a degree, that they felt they could never live apart. And as the princess was now

* The precise nature of this personage is by no means clearly defined; he seems to approach most nearly to the *Ogre* of the French tales. Of his right to figure in such narratives, little doubt can be entertained, as it is clear, from the magic power of his caudal fearthers, he had a *fairy tail* of his own.

approaching to womanhood, and the time for her marriage with the hump-backed prince was drawing near, they knew not how to keep themselves out of their threatened troubles. In the anguish of her heart, the princess discovered to her nurse her love for the pastry-cook.

The nurse was greatly alarmed when she heard this, and exhorted her to think no more of the pastry-cook, whom she would never be able to marry, but to turn her thoughts upon the young prince who was destined to be her husband. But the princess wept and lamented so grievously, and declared that she would never eat or drink more, until her nurse consented to assist her with her advice, that she, knowing that what the princess said, she would do, was sadly troubled; and at length promised her that, if she would only go to bed quietly that night, she would the next morning see what could be done for her.

The nurse, who was somewhat skilled in fairy matters and the secret sciences, on the following day advised the princess to beg of her father to postpone her marriage for a twelvemonth. She did so; and he having acceded to her request, the old crone contrived opportunities for the lovers to meet, and converse together as long as they wished; the pastry-cook taking care always to bring with him, as a present for her, some tartlets filled with pieces of gold. Now the princess and her lover were so charmed with each other that they met every day; and as they by degrees grew less cautious, and oftentimes remained together during half the day, it at length happened, while they were sitting together, that the prince, her betrothed husband, requested the king to accompany him to his bride.

He did so; and what was their astonishment when, on entering her apartment, they beheld the beautiful princess

in the arms of the pastry-cook ! The father was ready to swoon with affright, but the prince was mad with rage, while the pastry-cook, availing himself of their confusion, speedily took to flight. The prince, who had learned something of magic from his mother, wished that they might all remain immoveable in the same position until such times as he released them. And it was so. But he had no power over the nurse, seeing that she was herself a fairy. She, however, was sadly troubled at this event, and not being powerful enough to undo the charm, she went to the lover, who was no less unhappy than herself, and comforted him by her assurance that if he really loved the princess so dearly as he said, he might yet be the means of releasing her from the spell of his rival.

He having declared himself ready to risk his life in the attempt to set her free, the nurse bade him get ready to undertake a distant journey. ' In a country many thousand miles from here,' said she, ' there dwells a Popanz, the chief of all his kind, from whom nothing is concealed, and who knows the greatest and least thing that magic ever did or can bring about ; him must you seek out, and pluck seven feathers from his tail.'

When the pastry-cook heard this, he was sore afraid, and told her that it was impossible, for he knew the Popanz ate every man that came within his reach. But she told him the Popanz had a fair wife, who was not an eater of men ; he therefore must find an opportunity of speaking to her, and intreat her to assist him. Now, the nurse knew, by her skill in magic, that the Popanz went abroad every afternoon at four o'clock, and never returned until evening ; the pastry-cook was therefore to take that opportunity of seeing his wife, and of begging her to pluck seven feathers

from her husband's tail, and learn from him the answers to these seven questions.

And the first question was, how to free the castle and its inhabitants from the spell by which they were bound. The second, how another princess, who had been in a magic slumber for many thousand years, could be once more aroused; the third, how the vine in the garden of a prince, which had formerly borne such beautiful grapes, and was now withered, and whose owner had in consequence fallen sick, could again be made to flourish; fourthly, how it came to pass that the prince was so ugly and hump-backed, seeing that his mother was a fairy, and could have made him as handsome as she pleased; fifthly, where the man dwells who carries day and night upon his back; sixthly, where to get the ship which goes as well on the land as on the water; seventhly, how the wife of the Popanz might be carried off: for in return for her kindness he was bound to do that. Of her consent to his carrying her away there could be no doubt, for such would be the condition on which she would undertake to pluck the seven feathers from the tail of the Popanz, with whom she lived very unhappily.

When the nurse had explained all this to him, she gave him a sealed paper, and told him not to break it open until he stood, at twelve o'clock at night, outside the gate of the city, and then, upon thrice reading aloud what was written therein, he should immediately find himself in a thick wood, in the midst of which stood a magnificent castle. In this wood he was to remain until the clock of the castle tolled four; he was then to go up to the gate and speak to the wife of the Popanz. All this he vowed to perform, or die in the attempt.

And when it was midnight, he stood before the gate of the city; and scarcely had he thrice read aloud the words which were written down for him, before he found himself in a thick wood, close to the castle of Popanz. There he concealed himself until he saw the Popanz go abroad, snorting and sniffing as he went, as if he smelt man's flesh. When he was out of sight, he went up to the castle, and begged a night's lodging of the wife of the Popanz, and intreated her to pluck the seven feathers from her husband's tail, and get his answers to the seven questions. She wondered greatly at his request, and said it was impossible that she could grant it; but he intreated her so earnestly, that she at length promised she would do all he desired, on condition that he carried her away from her wicked husband. Thereupon they laid their heads together how to bring about what they required, and while they were so employed, they heard the Popanz returning. So the pastry-cook was hidden under the bed, there to remain until the Popanz went forth to hunting on the following day.

Scarcely was the new comer concealed, before the Popanz entered the room, and the first words he said were, 'Wife, I smell man's flesh!' and immediately he began to look about for it, and his wife was ready to die for very fright; and he commanded her to tell him where it was, for he was sore hungry and weary with the chase, and had caught nothing. She vowed, however, there was nobody there: there had been a man, certainly, but he had fled instantly upon seeing the approach of the Popanz, and was no doubt concealed in the wood, where he could look for him in the morning.

The Popanz, feeling satisfied with this explanation, laid himself down to rest; and no sooner did his wife

find him asleep, and snoring loudly, than she laid hold of one of the feathers of his tail, and pulled it out with all her might. The Popanz instantly awoke with the pain, crying out, 'Wife, art thou mad? Why do you pluck my tail thus?' 'Oh, my dear husband!' said she, 'I have had such a fearful dream of being in a distant country, in a castle, where all its inhabitants were turned to stone by the power of a wicked enchanter, and I among the rest: that is why I caught such fast hold of you. But could such a thing really happen?' 'Yes, indeed,' replied he; 'a similar event has recently taken place in a distant country.' 'Oh, wonderful! and can they never be set free again?' 'Yes, but no man knows by what means.' 'What are the means, then, my dear husband,' quoth she, coaxingly. 'Why, he whom the princess loves, and through whom this misfortune came to pass, must come to this wood of ours, and watch by the waterfall there, until he sees a little ugly dwarf carrying a fragment of the rock upon his shoulders, to throw into the water. But, wife, I'm so weary, and this story is all nothing to you, so pray do let me go to sleep.' She, however, spoke him so fairly, that he continued—'But all this won't help him at all, for the dwarf would not go with him unless he hits him on the face with one of the feathers out of my tail; the dwarf would then instantly become a mighty giant, and follow him faithfully wherever he goes. The giant must then lift up the castle and turn it round; and the lover of the princess must then touch her face with the feather, and the spell will be broken, and they will all be once more restored to life. But that can never happen, for who would venture to take a feather out of my tail? So now let me go to sleep again.'

So the wife remained still until she heard him snoring

again; and then she pulled out another feather. The Popanz started up, still more angrily than before. 'Dearest husband, forgive me, I have had another fearful dream. I dreamt that a beautiful princess, in a distant country, had been cast for many years into a magic slumber, and that in the whole palace there was not a living soul left, for all had died long since.' 'You are right, wife,' replied the Popanz, 'there is certainly such a castle in which a princess sleeps a magic sleep, and every thing else is dead except a little dog that ever watches under the window, and as long as he does that, no living thing can enter; for immediately any one appears, he changes himself into a frightful monster, and devours them. But there is one hour of the day when he leaves the window and sleeps by the side of the princess. This hour is from one to two, and if any one could creep into the castle and draw near to the little dog without waking him, and shoot him in the little white star in the middle of his head, so that his blood should sprinkle the princess—she would be roused from her slumber. But if he who attempts it should miss killing the dog, his death is certain. And now let me go to sleep, and don't wake me a third time with your frightful dreams.'

So saying, he turned round to sleep once more, and soon snored as before. Immediately his wife heard this, she plucked out a third feather, at which the Popanz was in a desperate rage, and vowed he would throw her out of bed. She assured him she had only caught hold of him, out of fear of a dream which she had had. 'What have you dreamt this time?' quoth he. 'I dreamt that a king's son had in his garden a fair vine, which formerly bore most delicious grapes, but which suddenly became unfruitful

and withered; and as the tree withered, the king's son sickened: tell me, husband, is that true?"—"Certainly, you wondrous dreamer." "Tell me, then, what must be done that the vine may flourish, and the prince be restored to health?" "Why, they must go into the fowl-house which stands in the court-yard, and they will there find a beautiful speckled cock which does not belong to the hens; this they must take; but what is the good of my telling you about it—they will want one of my feathers for this too." "Well, but do, husband, tell me all about it?" "Well, then, they must take this cock between twelve and one o'clock to the vine, then stick one of my feathers in his beak, and he will immediately begin to scratch up the earth, and keep on doing so until three toads creep out.—They must then take these toads and burn them, strew their ashes over the roots of the vine and cover them with earth; then stroke the prince with one of my feathers, and immediately the vine will flourish, and the prince get well again. But now, take care you don't wake me a fourth time."

Scarcely had he gone to sleep again before his wife handed the third feather to the pastry-cook, who lay under the bed, saying, "Take heed—you have heard what he said; and I know not how I shall be able to pluck the other feathers."

However, she ventured once more; but no sooner had she pulled out another feather, than the Popanz, full of pain and anger, sprang out of bed, and dealt her a couple of heavy blows. "You wretch, I can't get a wink of sleep for you to-night! I verily believe you are trying to pull my tail off." "Oh, my dear husband! I begin to think I am bewitched: I have had another fatal dream. I dreamt

of an ugly prince, who was in love with me, and wanted to kiss me; and he was so frightfully ugly that I fled from him, and caught hold of your tail.' 'Ugly enough he must have been I'm sure, by the way you laid hold of me.' 'And so he was: only fancy a little dwarf scarcely two feet high, with a hunch in front and a hunch behind—his head as broad as his ill-shaped body is long, and his nose with three little noses stuck on the top, and eyes as red as ferrets.' When the Popanz heard this description, he could not keep from laughing. 'Ah, ah!' said he, 'you have certainly seen Prince Kabubulusch.' 'Why, my dear husband, does there then really exist such a fright?' 'Yes, indeed; and his mother is one of the most beautiful women that ever was seen, and a fairy into the bargain.' 'If she is so, can she not give him some more comely figure?' 'No; but the cock of which I spoke just now could give him the shape which his mother wishes him to have, if any one were to cut off its spur and stick it in the heels of the young prince.—But now go to sleep.'

He slept, but his wife took care that his sleep should not be of long duration, but, screaming out with all her might, as if dreadfully frightened, she plucked out another feather. 'Oh, husband, husband! I have had another terrible dream.' 'You seem as if you were going to dream and torture me the whole night long;—if I was not the best tempered creature in the world, I should eat you up on the spot. I have scarcely eaten any thing to-day, and what is more, I certainly smell man's flesh.—Well, what have you been dreaming now?' 'I dreamt that you were gone out, and suddenly there entered a stranger, who carried upon his shoulders a chest, in which were Day and Night. I was very anxious to look in, and begged him

to let me have a peep, and lo! he seized hold of me, and wanted to put me into his chest; and that it was that frightened me so.' 'What strange stuff you do dream: why there is such a man here in my country.' 'Is there indeed?—how comes it then that I have never seen him?' 'Because you do not know the means by which either to see him or to employ him.' 'What are those means then?' 'Why, you must take one of the feathers of my tail, and place it in the crevice of the chest. The man will then do and go as you desire him. And now I hope that you will let me go to sleep, and not bother me with any more of your dreams, for the night is nearly ended.'

He slept again, and out snatched his wife the sixth feather. 'Confusion to you,' exclaimed the Popanz, 'I verily believe you are mad.' 'Oh my dear husband, never was I so troubled with frightful dreams as I have been to-night. I dreamt that in thy absence strangers came in, and told me that you had a ship, that went by land as well as by water, and asked me to look at it; and when I went out, they seized upon me and sought to thrust me into the ship. But there is no such ship is there?' 'Indeed but there is, though, and it belongs to me, but no one can make use of it, unless he has one of the feathers of my tail.' 'And if he had, could you not counteract the power of that feather, with your other feathers?' 'No, because there are only sixty feathers in my tail, and every feather has its appointed purpose: and if any one were to draw out one of my feathers with the thought of any object—he would be sure to draw the right one, and I should have no more power over it.' 'But how can any one find the ship.' 'Oh he can't fail in doing so: if he lays the feather on the ground it will rise into the air and fly away

to the spot where the ship is; here it will settle, and if it be then placed like a flag upon the top of the mast, the ship will sail by land as well as by water.'

So saying, he turned once more to sleep, having first threatened his wife, that if she woke him again, he would fasten her to the bedstead, and so ensure himself a little quiet. But his threats were of little avail;—as she had gone so far, she determined to have the last feather. So she plucked it out—and the Popanz prepared to put his threat into execution. But she coaxed him and spoke so lovingly to him, declaring she would rather keep awake the rest of the night than terrify him with any more of her dreams, that she at length succeeded in pacifying him. 'And what did you dream this time,' enquired the Popanz. 'I dreamt this time of what can never come to pass—I dreamt that a strange man ran away with me, and that too with my own free will and consent. Now could that happen, and you not know it.'

"Certainly such a thing might happen; but woe unto him, and you too, if you were to undertake it—I would be the death of you both. It must, however, be by his possessing the feather, by means of which I hold you in my power, and this would not be very well for me, although it would for many others: for the prince your husband, whom you supposed I had eaten, is the prince who is always sick, and your son is the vine.'

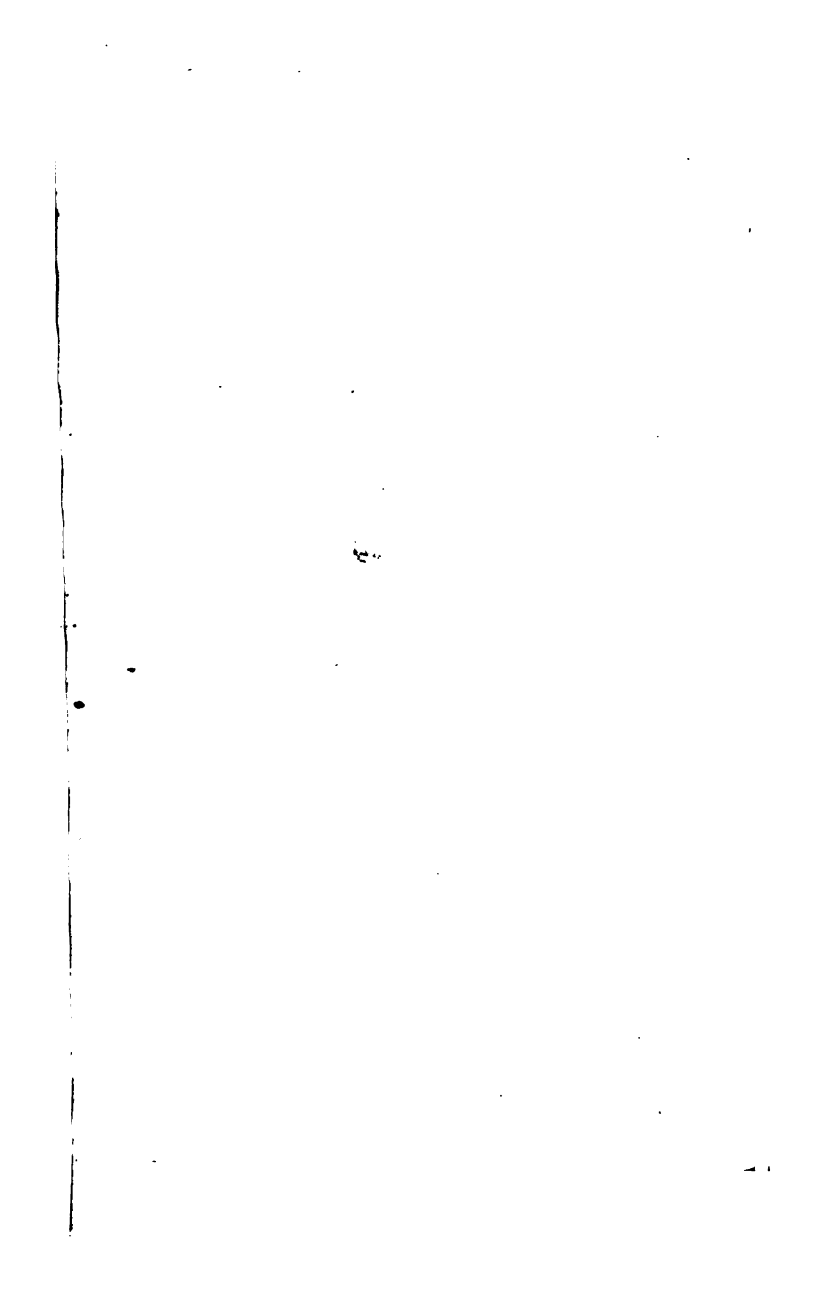
And when he had thus spoken, he dropped off to sleep, thoroughly tired with his frequent rousings. No sooner did his wife hear him snoring, than she stole softly out of bed, drew out the pastry-cook from under it, and they glided as quietly as possible out of the castle. The first thing they did, was to find the dwarf in the wood, and to do with

him as the Popanz had said. So did they likewise with the chest, wherein lay Day and Night, and with the ship, that went by land and by sea, and in the last they seated themselves, and set forth upon their journey.

In the meanwhile day broke and the Popanz awoke. When he missed his wife, his heart sunk within him; he looked to his tail, and when he counted the feathers he saw clearly how the matter stood. He immediately seized the feather which informed him of all things, and learned thereby the flight of his wife with the pastry-cook. He was beside himself with rage and malice, and all but lost his senses: he vowed to follow them and avenge himself, although his doing so, should cost him every feather in his tail. He did not lose any time in preparations to accomplish this end—but took one of the feathers which were left, and instantly there were a hundred mounted soldiers, following the ship which contained the fugitives.

But the wife of the Popanz saw them and pointed them out to her companion, who allowed his pursuers to approach close to the ships, and then commanded the giant to smite them a hundred fathoms deep into the earth. This he did on the spot, and all vanished, both man and horse.

When the Popanz saw this he drew out another feather, and immediately the ship was pursued by a swarm of serpents, lizards, toads, and other poisonous reptiles. The pastry cook, in his alarm, placed one of the feathers upon the mast head, and the ship which before only went, now flew. But the reptiles continued to increase in number and in power. At last they came to a mighty sea. Here he commanded the ship to stand still, and as soon as his host of enemies were nigh enough, he opened the chest and made it dark, dark night. Scarcely had he done this,





"Touched his beloved Princess with the feather and immediately awoke her." p. 25.

before the ship again proceeded on its course; the reptiles followed, and all were swallowed up by the waters.

At length they reached their own kingdom; for the Popanz had followed them no longer, fully believing that the beasts of the forest would seize and destroy them. The pastry-cook commanded the giant to turn round the castle, which with all its inhabitants was turned to stone, touched his beloved princess with the feather, and immediately awoke her and all belonging to her out of their trance.

The lovers overjoyed at this restoration to life, embraced each other fervently. The king moved by their true love, and the valour and constancy of his and her deliverer, and at the same time enraged with the misconduct of the dwarf prince, readily consented to the nuptials of the faithful lovers. His new son-in-law thanked him for his kindness, but requested leave to absent himself for a short time, because it was incumbent upon him to break the other magic spell before he could be fully worthy to receive the hand of his beloved princess.

This was granted, although not readily. He set forth, and the wife of the Popanz remained with the princess — He left them, and that for nearly three years, and they meanwhile were exposed to many vexations, not only from the enchantress, but likewise from the Popanz.

At length he arrived at the castle of the princess, who had slept a thousand years; he did as he had been told to do, and the princess awoke, and spoke to him as follows:— ‘Oh, most valorous prince, how deeply am I indebted to you; thou hast restored to me light and life; but alas. thou hast aroused me only to plunge me into the deepest grief. The little dog whom thou hast killed is my lover, by birth a noble prince, and no one can restore him to life

but yourself. Leave not your work half finished, but awake him again to life.' 'How can I do so?' enquired he. 'With this,' said the princess, handing him a trusty sword, 'cut off the head of the little dog, and lay it gently upon the bed.' She then uncovered her own fair neck, which was as white as alabaster: 'next smite off my head, and when you have done so, place my head upon the dog's trunk, and the dog's head upon my trunk, and you shall see wonders.' And the prince did as she had told him. Scarcely, however, had he done so, before the heads flew back, each to its proper body, and the princess arose living and uninjured, and the little hound was suddenly changed into a beautiful prince, who fell about her neck, exclaiming—'Oh, but you do love me, and henceforth will I have an increased confidence in you.' And thereupon she thanked their deliverer, and related to him their history.

The young hero journeyed on, and at length discovered the prince and the grape vine; he did as he had been instructed to do, and they both began once more to flourish, but the vine was now a vine no longer; this change was brought about by his touching it with the only remaining feather, and father and son recognized each other, and were heartily rejoiced; and still more so when their deliverer acquainted them that their wife and mother was not only alive and well, but likewise in some degree their preserver.

They then seated themselves altogether in the ship, took with them the cock, and carried him to the beautiful fairy, by his means to release her son from the spell by which he was bound, and at the same time to restore to him his proper shape by disenchanting the cock whose mother had in the meantime died. The fairy and her son, the

rival of our hero, were by this means reconciled to him.—He therefore now returned with his companions to his beloved princess. All were glad to see him once more, more especially she who had been as the wife of the Popanz, when she saw him come back with her true husband and beloved child. They celebrated anew their nuptials, with those of the pastry-cook, now a prince, and his beautiful princess, and they all lived very happy ever afterwards.

NOTE.—This German popular story has much more of the character of the French *Contes des Fées*, than is generally to be found in the household tales of the Tentons. It is, however, given by BUSCHING, in his *Volksagen*, s. 267-286, from oral tradition; and of its genuineness the name of that writer is sufficient proof. The all-powerful tail-feathers of the Popanz, may have some connexion with the hundred eyes of Argus, the visible traces of which, are to this day, discernible in the brilliant markings of the peacock's tail,

24.—THE KOBOLD IN THE MILL.

Two students, who were once making a pedestrian excursion in the neighbourhood of Rinteln, were prevented, by a violent storm and the rapid approach of darkness, from reaching the village in which they purposed taking up their quarters for the night, and compelled to betake themselves to a mill which lay close by, and there knock and solicit a night's shelter. The miller, who was at first but

little disposed to listen to them, was at length overcome by their earnest entreaties, and opened the door for them, and led them into a chamber.

They were both hungry and thirsty, and well pleased to see a well-filled dish, and a can of beer standing all ready upon the table, and requested to be allowed to partake of it, at the same time expressing their readiness to pay for what they had. The miller, however, refused their request, and would not even let them have a morsel of bread, nor any thing better to lie down upon than the hard bench. 'The food and the drink,' said he, 'both belong to the house-spirit: if you value your lives, take care not to touch them; if you refrain from doing so, you need not fear harm. It will, perhaps, make a noise in the night, but if so, you have nothing to do but to keep still and go to sleep.' With these words he departed, and shut the door after him.

The two students thereupon laid down to sleep, but in the course of an hour one of them was so overpowered by hunger, that he arose, and felt for the dish. The other, who was a Master of Arts, cautioned him that he should leave to the Evil One whatsoever was destined for the Evil One. But he replied, that 'he had a better claim to it than the fiend;' seated himself, therefore, at the table, and ate to his heart's content, leaving but little of the pulse unconsumed.

After that, he laid hands upon the beer-can, took a good hearty draught, and, after he had somewhat satisfied the cravings of his stomach, laid himself down by the side of his companion. But, after a while, his thirst plagued him afresh, he arose once again, and took another and such a lusty pull at the beer-can, that nothing was left for the

Kobold but the dregs. After having thus made himself welcome, he once more laid down and slept.

All remained quiet till midnight, but that hour no sooner arrived, than in rushed the Kobold with a loud noise, that woke them both in a dreadful fright. He rushed twice up and down the room, and then seated himself at the table, as though he would take the meal prepared for him; and they heard him very distinctly pull the dish towards him. In like manner they heard him bang it down again upon the table, as if he were angry, and then lay hold of the can, take off the cover, and then shut it to again in a great passion.

He then began his work, rubbed the table and the legs of the table very carefully, and then swept the floor with a broom as nimbly as possible. When he had so done, he returned to the dish and the beer-can, hoping this second time to meet with better success, and again pushed them away angrily. Then he went on with his work: came to the benches, which he washed, scoured, and rubbed, both top and bottom; but when he came to the place where the two students lay, he passed over them, and set to work upon the place close to their feet. When he had finished, he began a second time, and a second time passed the strangers without notice.

But when he came to them a third time, he stroked the hair, and the whole body indeed, of the one who had not partaken of the meal without causing him the least pain; but he seized hold of the other by the feet, pulled him off the bench, dragged him twice round the floor, there left him, and then ran behind the oven laughing at the trick he had played him.

The student crept back to the bench, but in a quarter of

an hour the Kobold began his work again—swept, scoured, washed. There lay the two students, trembling with fright; he touched the one very lightly as before, but again seized upon him who had partaken of his supper, flung him to the ground, and then ran with a loud and wild laugh behind the oven.

The students thereupon determined that they would no longer remain upon the bench; accordingly they arose, and making their way to the well-closed door, uttered a loud shout, but this was not heard by any one. They then agreed to lay down upon the floor, but not even here would the Kobold allow them any rest. He came a third time, seized the offending party, dragged him about, and then laughed at him. The poor student at last went almost mad, drew his dagger, thrust and stabbed in the corners where the laughter seemed to come from, and with the most provoking language challenged the Kobold to come forth; then seated himself with his weapon upon the bench, to see what further would happen, but the noise ceased, and all remained quiet.

The miller scolded them in the morning for having neglected the caution which he had given them, and laid hands upon the Kobold's supper, which, he assured them, was very likely to have cost them their lives.

NOTE ---GRIMM, *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1, s. 93--96. The busy spirit who here plays the principal part, is a German variety of the Domestic Spirit, for whom every nation has its peculiar name. He is almost identical with the spirit described by MILTON, who

'Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat

To earn his cream bowl duly set.'

25.—THE THREE SERPENT-LEAVES.

There was once a poor man who had an only son, but him he could no longer support. Then said the son, 'Dear father, things go so badly you can no longer give me bread; I will, therefore, set forth and see what I can do for myself in the world.' Then his father gave him his blessing, and with great sorrow he took his departure, became a soldier, and went at once into the field of battle. And when he came before the enemy, it went very hard with him, and the blue beans flew about like hail, so that his comrades fell on all sides of him.

At last their general fell likewise, and the soldiers would have taken to flight, but the youth stepped forward, inspired them with courage, and said, 'We will not desert our fatherland.' Then they followed him with one accord, fell upon the enemy, and overcame them. And when the news came to the king, that this youth alone had gained the victory, he promoted him, made him a man of great rank and power, and gave him much riches.

Now this king had a very fair but very extraordinary daughter, who had made a very strange vow,—namely, that whoever would become her lord and husband must first promise never to survive her; and, moreover, that if she died first, he would allow himself to be buried alive with her: she, on the other hand, promising to do the same, provided her husband died first. This oath had, however, driven away all her lovers, for every one was afraid of being thrust alive into the grave with her.

Now this youth, as one of the first persons at the king's court, saw the beautiful princess, and was so completely enamoured of her great beauty, that he at last solicited the king's permission to marry her. Then the king answered, 'Whosoever marries my daughter must not be afraid of going alive into the grave;' and related to him the vow which she had made. But the love which this youth bore towards her was so great, that he made the promise, and never bethought him of the danger of it; and thereupon were the wedding ceremonies celebrated with great magnificence.

Now they lived long and happily together, until it happened that the young queen fell sick, and no physician could cure her, and at length she died. And when she lay there dead, fear fell upon him, because of his promise that he would suffer himself to be buried alive with her; and the old king caused all the doors to be guarded by sentinels, that he should not escape, and told him that he was now to perform what he had bound himself to do. And when the day came, and the body was borne to the royal vault, he was conducted there likewise, and the doors were all closed and fastened upon him. Near the coffin they placed a table, and upon the table a lamp, and four loaves of bread and four flasks of wine; and when these were consumed, he must starve and die.

Now sate he down by the coffin full of sorrow and anguish, and every day he ate a little bit of bread and drank a little drop of wine, and yet saw that death kept approaching nearer and nearer to him. Now it happened that he once saw a serpent creep from out of one of the corners of the vault, and approach the body. And as he thought it came to prey upon the body, he drew his sword, and

said, 'So long as I live, thou shalt not injure her;' and he smote the serpent into three pieces.

And after a while, he saw another serpent creep from the same corner, which, when it saw the other lying there dead, and hewn into three pieces, crept back quickly, and soon returned again, bearing in its mouth three leaves. And it took the three pieces of the serpent, laid them properly together, and placed upon every one of the wounds a leaf. And thereupon the dissevered parts immediately joined together, the serpent moved, and was alive, and the two fled together hastily; but the leaves remained upon the ground.

And the man who had looked on, and had seen all that had passed, thought, 'What wondrous powers these leaves must possess!—if they can restore a serpent to life again, they can perhaps do as much for a human being.' So he picked them up, and laid one upon the mouth of the corpse, and one upon each of the eyes; and immediately the blood began to circulate in the body, and rushed into the blanched cheeks, and they became once more red. Then she drew breath, lifted up her eyes, opened her mouth, and said, 'Oh God! where am I?' 'Thou art with me, dearest wife,' replied he, and gave her a little bread and a little wine to strengthen her, and then related to her all that had happened, and by what means he had restored her to life. Then they arose in great joy, and knocked so loudly against the door, that those who were watching it heard them, and informed the king of it. The king came himself and opened the door: there stood they both, sound and well; and he led them forth, and rejoiced with them that now all their sorrows were passed.

And the three serpent-leaves, which the young king had

brought with him out of the vault, he gave unto a faithful servant, saying, 'Preserve them carefully, and bear them ever about you; for who knows what good help they may still give us in the time of need?'

But it was with the wife, as if since that her husband had restored her to life, that her heart was quite changed and perverted. And when after some time he set forth upon his travels to see his aged father, and they went thither by sea, she wholly forgot the love and fidelity which she owed to him, and there arose in her a wretched passion for the captain of the ship. And when the young man was sleeping, her wickedness reached to such a pitch, that she said to the skipper, 'Come and help me, and we will throw him into the water, and then return again to my country, and then I will say that he is dead, and thou art worthy to become my husband, and to inherit my father's crown.' Then she seized him by the head, and the skipper laid hold of his feet, and they threw him overboard, that the sea might swallow him up. Now, then, would the wife have attained her ends, but that the faithful servant who had watched all their proceedings, secretly escaped in a small boat from the ship, and followed the corpse and dragged it out of the water.—Then he took the three serpent leaves, laid them upon the mouth and upon the eyes of the body, and immediately his master stood before him living and well.

Then, said he to the servant, 'Let us row day and night that we may be the first to reach the old king.' And the king when he saw them wondered, and said, 'What has happened to you?' And the young king related to him the whole adventure; then, said the old one, 'I cannot believe that my daughter has behaved so wickedly.'

and he commanded him and his servant to go into a secret chamber, and there to keep themselves concealed.

Not long afterwards the great ship arrived, and the wife landed from it, and went unto her father, with a sorrowful countenance—' Daughter,' enquired he, ' why comest thou alone; where is thy husband?' ' Alas,' replied she, as if in the deepest trouble, ' he suddenly fell sick and died while at sea; this good skipper has since stood my friend, and knows that it is all as I have related to you.'

Then the king opened the door of the chamber and commanded the two to come out; and when his daughter saw her husband, she was thunderstruck, and fell upon her knees and prayed for mercy. But the king said, ' There is no mercy for you; he would have died for you, and thou hast betrayed him while he slept—verily you shall have your reward.' So she and the skipper were put on board a vessel full of holes, and so carried out to sea.

NOTE.—The above story, which is taken from GRIMM's *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, Bd. 1, s. 88-92, is the one mentioned in the note to *La Sortilega*, No 4 of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF SPAIN, as bearing a very extraordinary resemblance to that tale. In the Second part of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE, and in the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GREECE, corresponding stories will be inserted.

The circumstances of the wife desiring the survivor to be buried alive with her, will bring to the reader's recollection the northern tradition of Asmund and Aswit, who, when they entered into fellowship one with another, made a similar vow. In pursuance of which promise, Asmund afterwards permitted himself to be carried alive into the vault with the dead body of Aswit, taking with him an

ample store of provisions; eventually, by good fortune, he was delivered from his imprisonment.

A similar custom between man and wife is mentioned in 'THE ARABIAN NIGHTS,' in one of the voyages of Sindbad.

26.—THE HUNTER HACKELNBERG AND THE TUT-OSEL.*

The wild huntsman, Hackelnberg, traverses the Hartz mountains and in the Thuringian forest; yet, he seems mostly to prefer the Hakel, from which he derives his name, especially in the neighbourhood of the Dummburg.† Oft-times is he heard about midnight, in rain and storm, when the moonlight is breaking by fits and starts through the troubled sky, following through the air with his hounds, shadows of the wild beasts which he slew in day of yore. Generally speaking, his retinue proceeds from the Dummburg, straight over the Hakel to the now desolate village of Ammendorf.‡

* Or Tooting-Ursula, from *tuten*, to toot or blow on the horn

† The *Dummburg*, which is before mentioned, (p. 73.) as the scene of the story of "*The Haunted Castle*," and whose massy walls seem to bid defiance to time and the hand of the spoiler, lies between the Monasteries of Hedersleben and Adersleben, on the eastern summit of the Hakel, a wood in the Principality of Halberstadt, which was at one time connected with the Hartz.

‡ Within the land-marks of the Magdeburghian town of Hakeborn, not far from the little village of Egein.

Yet, he was only seen by a few Sunday-children.* Sometimes he met them as a lonely huntsman, accompanied by one solitary hound; sometimes he was seen in a carriage drawn by four horses, and followed by six dogs of the chase. But all heard the low bellowing of his hounds, and the splashing of his horse's feet, in the swamps of the moor, all heard his cry of "Hu! hu!" and saw his associate and fore-runner—the Tut-Osel.

Once upon a time three wanderers seated themselves in the neighbourhood of the Dumburg. The night was already far advanced; the moon gleamed faintly through the chasing clouds; all around was still. Suddenly they heard something rush along over their heads; they looked up, and an immense screech-owl flew before them. 'Ha!' cried one of them, 'there is the Tut-Osel! Hackelnberg, the wild huntsman, is not far off.' 'Let us fly,' exclaimed the second, 'before the spirits overtake us.' 'We cannot fly,' said the third; 'but you have nothing to fear if you do not irritate him. Lay yourselves down upon your faces when he passes over us. But remember you must not think of addressing Hackelnberg, lest he treat you as he treated the shepherd.'

And the wanderers laid themselves under the bushes. Presently they heard around them the rushing by, as it were, of a whole pack of hounds, hunting in the under-wood; and high in the air, above them, they heard a hollow sound like that of a hunted beast of the forest, and ever and anon they trembled at hearing the fearful-toned voice of the Wild Huntsman, uttering his well-known

* Children born of a Sunday were formerly supposed to be endowed with the power of seeing spirits.

'Hu! hu!' Two of the wanderers pressed closely to the earth; but the third could not resist his inclination to have a peep at what was going on. He looked up slantingly, through the branches, and saw the shadow of a huntsman pass directly over him.

Suddenly, all around was hushed. The wanderers arose slowly and timidly, and looked after Hackelnberg. But he had vanished, and did not return.

'But who is the Tut-Osel,' enquired the second wanderer, after a long pause?

'In a distant nunnery in Thuringia,' replied the first, 'there once lived a nun named Ursula, who, even during her life-time, tormented all the sisterhood with her discordant voice, and oftentimes interrupted the service of the church, for which reason they called her Tut Ursel. But it was far worse when she died. For from eleven o'clock at night she thrust her head through a hole in the tower and tooted miserably; and every morning at about four o'clock she joined unasked in the matin song.

'For a few days the sisterhood endured this with beating heart and on bended knees. But on the fourth morning, when she joined in the service, and one of the nuns whispered tremblingly to her neighbour—'ha! it is surely our Tut Ursel,' the song suddenly ceased, the hair of their heads stood up on end, and all the nuns rushed from the church, exclaiming—'Ha! Tut Ursel—Tut Ursel.' And despite of the penances and chastisements with which they were threatened, not one of the nuns would enter the church again until such times as the Tut Ursel was banished from the walls of the nunnery. For this purpose one of the most celebrated exorcists of the day, a capuchin friar, from a cloister on the banks of the Danube, was put in requisition,

and he succeeded, by prayer and fasting, in banishing Ursel in the shape of a screech owl, to the far distant Dumm-burg.

Here she met Hackelnberg, the wild huntsman, and found in his wood-cry—'Hu! Hu!'—as great delight as he did in her 'U! hu!' And so they now always hunt together, he glad to have a spirit after his own kind, and she rejoiced in the extreme, to be no longer compelled to reside within the walls of a cloister, and to listen to the echo of her own song.

So much for the Tut Osel. Now tell us how it fared with the shepherd who spoke to Hackelnberg. 'Listen to the marvellous adventure,' said the third wanderer. 'A shepherd once hearing the wild huntsman journeying over his folds, encouraged the spirit hounds and called out to him, 'Good sport to you, Hackelnberg.' Hackelnberg instantly turned round and roared out to him in a voice like thunder, 'Since you have helped me to set on the hounds, you shall have part of the spoil.' The trembling shepherd tried to hide himself. But Hackelnberg hurled the half-consumed haunch of a horse into the shepherd's cart with such violence that it could scarcely be removed.

NOTE.—Such is the legend of Hackelnberg and of Tooting Ursula, as recorded by OTMAR in his *Volksagen* (s. 241—247), and the following is the illustrative note which he has subjoined to the tradition:—

"A follower of the chase like Nimrod, of the noble family of Hakeberg or Hackelnberg, in all probability gave rise to this legend. The last known hunter of this race was Hans von Hakeberg, who died in the sixteenth century in a hospital which lies by the road side not far from the Bailiwick of Walperode, near Hornburg, on

the borders of the Duchy of Brunswick. The place of his burial in the churchyard there is still marked by a tombstone, on which is represented a knight in full harness riding on a mule, or a horse which, from the unskillfulness of the carver, looks like one. In former times, travellers through Wulperode used to regard with astonishment the wondrous knightly armour of Hans of Hackelnberg, which was there deposited. Now, however, the helmet alone is to be seen there, all the rest of his armour being now at Deersheim; but how it got there is not known. Of his remarkable death the following legend is there preserved:—

‘Hans von Hackelnberg, who was High Master of the Chase to the Dukes of Brunswick, found his sole delight in hunting. That he might indulge in his favourite pursuit, he purchased or rented several near-lying hunting-grounds; and thus hunted with his attendants and large packs of hounds through fields, thickets, and the fore-lands of the Hartz from year’s end to year’s end, both by day and night.

‘It once happened to him to spend the night in the Hartz Mountains, when there appeared to him, in a dream, a terrible wild boar, which, after a long struggle, overpowered him. When he awoke, the fearful vision arose perpetually before his eyes, and all he could do he failed in banishing completely from his thoughts the wild boar, although he himself laughed at the dream.

‘Some days afterwards, he found in the Hartz an immense wild boar, which in colour, in its upraised bristles, its size, and the length of its tusks, was precisely like that which he had seen in his dream. The contest began with wildness, rage, and strength on both sides, and long was the issue doubtful. Thanks to his activity, the victory remained with Hans von Hackelnberg, and he fortunately stretched

his terrific enemy on the earth. When he saw him lying at his feet, he feasted his eyes for a while on the sight, and kicked his foot against his frightful tusks, saying, 'You have not done me this time.' But he kicked with such violence, that one of the sharp fangs of the boar penetrated his boot, and wounded his foot.

'At first he took but little notice of the wound, and continued the chase until nightfall. On his return, however, his foot was so swollen that he was obliged to have his boot cut off. For want of being carefully dressed, the wound, in a few days, got so inflamed, that he hastened back to Wolfenbittel to procure assistance. But the motion of the carriage became insupportable to him, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he reached the Hospital at Wulperode, in which he died shortly afterwards.'

27.—THE BOTTLE-IMP.

There was once a poor wood-cutter, who had worked hard from morning till night; and when at last he had contrived to scrape together a little money, he said to his son, 'You are my only child; the money that I have saved I will spend in educating you, so that when I grow old, and my limbs are too stiff to labour, you may be able to support me.' So the lad went to the village school, and was so diligent that he was a favourite of the master. But the trifle which the old man had saved was soon spent, and the boy was obliged to return home. 'Oh,' said the

father sorrowfully, 'I have no more money to give you, and the times are so hard that I can't earn one farthing more than is enough to keep me.' 'Dear father,' said the boy, 'never mind; it is God's will, and every thing will turn out for the best. I will soon reconcile myself to it; and will remain with you, and go with you into the forests, and there earn my own living.' 'Alas! my son,' said the old man, 'that will go very hard with you; you are unused to labour, and would soon tire: besides, I have only one axe, and no money wherewith to purchase another.' 'Go and borrow one of some neighbour,' said his son, 'until such times as I have earned enough to buy one.'

So the old man borrowed an axe from his neighbour, and the next morning as soon as it was light, they went together into the forest. The son helped his father, and worked quite briskly and actively. And when it was mid-day, his father said, 'Now let us rest, and eat our meal; and we shall work so much better afterwards.' But the son took his little loaf in his hand, and said, 'You rest, father; but I am not tired, and so I shall go into the wood and look for birds' nests.' 'You are a silly fellow,' said the father; 'you will then be tired, and not able to raise your arm: stop and sit by me.'

But the lad went into the wood, ate his dinner quite heartily, and looked about the branches for birds' nests. And he went rambling about until at last he came to an immense oak, which must have been standing for many hundred years, and which five men could not span. And as he was standing and looking at it, and considering how many birds must have built their nests in it, he thought all of a sudden that he heard a voice. He listened and heard

some one calling to him, in a hollow voice 'Let me out, let me out!' He looked about, but could not see any body: and it seemed to him as though the voice came out of the earth; so he said, 'Where are you?' The voice answered 'I am stuck down here, among the roots of the oak: let me out, let me out!' So the lad began to clear the earth from the tree, and examine the roots; and presently, in a very little hole, there he saw a glass flask. He took it up, held it against the light, and there he discovered something dancing up and down in it, that looked for all the world like a frog. 'Let me out, let me out!' it began again; and the boy, who thought there could be no harm in doing so, took out the stopper from the flask. As soon as he had done so, out sprung a spirit, and began so to increase his size, that almost instantly he stood before the poor boy a horrible monster, half as big as the tree. 'Do you know,' he cried with a horrible voice, 'what you are to get for setting me free?' 'No,' said the boy, fearlessly; 'how should I?' 'Then I'll tell you,' said the spirit: 'I must break your neck for it.' 'You should have told me that before,' said the boy; 'and then I would have let you stop where you were. However, my head shall remain on my shoulders; there are others who must say a word in that bargain.' 'What care I for others? You shall have your due. Do you think I have been shut up there so long at my own seeking? No; it was as a punishment. I am the all-powerful spirit Mercurius; and whoever let me loose, was doomed to have his neck broken.' 'Softly,' said the lad, 'we have not come to that yet. I must first know that you ctually were in the bottle, and are the right spirit: if you can get in again, I shall believe it, and then you must do with me what you please.' 'Oh,' said the spirit haughtily,

'that is a very easy business;' contracted himself, made himself as thin and little as he was at first, and then crept in again at the neck of the bottle. But scarcely was he well in, before the boy clapped in the stopper, threw the bottle into its old place, among the roots of the oak; and the spirit was fairly deceived.

The boy now began to make the best of his way back to his father; but the spirit cried out, quite sorrowfully, 'Do let me out again, do let me out again!' 'No,' said the boy, 'I don't let him loose a second time who threatened my life the first.' 'Set me free,' said the spirit, 'and I will do every thing that you can desire.' 'No,' said the boy, 'you will betray me, as you did before.' 'You are trifling with your good luck,' said the spirit; 'let me free, and I will reward you handsomely.' The boy thought, 'Well, I'll risk it! perhaps he will keep his word, and not do me any harm:' so he took out the stopper. The spirit stepped out, began to increase in size, and soon grew as large as before. Then he handed to the lad a little cloth just like a plaster, and said, 'If with one end of this you touch a wound, it will instantly cure it; and if with the other you touch iron or steel, it will instantly turn it to silver.' 'I must first try that,' said the boy: so he went to a tree, struck the bark with his axe, and then rubbed it with one end of the plaster. The wound closed up, and was healed. 'It is all correct,' said he to the spirit; 'so now we may separate.' The spirit thanked him for his freedom, the lad thanked him for his present, and went back to his father.

'Where have you been,' said he, 'running about and forgetting your work? I said right enough, that you would not do much.' 'Be of good cheer, father; I'll soon make up for it.' 'Ah, make up for it!' said his father angrily;

'you can't do that.' 'Take care, father; I'll cut this tree, so that it will crack all round.' So he took his plaster, smeared his axe with it, and aimed a powerful blow at the tree; but the iron was changed into silver, and the sharpness quite gone. 'Oh, father, see now what a wretched axe you have given me; it has got quite blunt.' So his father was quite frightened, and said, 'Ah, what have you done? Now I must buy this axe, and I don't know for how much; and that's what I have got by having you to help me;—' 'Don't be angry,' replied his son, 'I'll soon buy the axe.' 'You foolish fellow,' cried the father, 'how are you to buy it? You have nothing but what I gave you. I don't know what school-tricks you have got in your head; but I am sure you will never understand wood-cutting.'

After a little while the boy said, 'I can't work any more; let us leave off for to-night.' 'What,' said the father, 'do you think I will put my hands in my pockets as you do? No, I must labour away: you can go home if you like.' 'Father, it is the first time that ever I was in this wood, and I don't know my way alone; I wish you would go with me.' By this time his anger had left him, and so the old man allowed himself to be persuaded, and went home with him. Then he said to his son, 'Go and sell that axe, and see how much you can get for it. I must labour hard, and make up the difference.' The son took the axe, and went into the city to a goldsmith, who proved it, laid it in the scales, and said, 'It is worth four hundred dollars, but I have not so much by me.' 'Never mind,' said the boy, 'give me what you have got; I will trust you the rest.' The goldsmith gave him three hundred dollars, and remained in his debt for the other hundred. The boy went home, and said to his father,

' Well, I have got money; go in and ask our neighbour what he wants for his axe. ' Oh, I know,' said his father; ' he wants a dollar and a half.' ' Then give him three dollars; that is double, and quite enough. Look here! here's money in abundance.' And he gave his father a hundred dollars, saying, ' There, you shall never want; live in ease and comfort all the rest of your days.' ' My goodness!' said his father, ' how have you contrived to gain all these riches?' So he told him all that had happened; how, by his good fortune, he had caught such a rich prize in the wood. With the rest of the money he went again to school, and learned all that he could; and as by means of his plaster he could cure all sorts of wounds, he at length became the most wonderful physician in the world.

NOTE.—The foregoing story is taken from GRIMM, *Kinder und Haus Märchen Band 2.* s. 68—84. The learned Editors of that valuable and amusing miscellany call the reader's attention, in this as in several other instances, to the resemblance which exists between the German story and its Oriental counterpart in the *Arabian Nights*. The story of the *Haunted Castle*, No. 17 of the "LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY," being one of those which they especially remark as proving the undeniable connexion between these national fictions.

Among many similar stories cited by the brothers GRIMM on this occasion, the most important are that of *Virgilius*, which the reader will find in the second volume of the Editor's *Early English Prose Romances*; and the following legend of the celebrated Paracelsus.

28.—THE LEGEND OF PARACELSUS.

It once happened that Paracelsus was walking through a forest, when he heard a voice calling to him by name. He looked around, and at length discovered that it proceeded from a fir-tree, in the trunk of which there was a Spirit enclosed, by a small stopper sealed with three crosses.

The Spirit begged of Paracelsus to set him free. This he readily promised, on condition of the Spirit bestowing upon him a medicine capable of healing all diseases, and a tincture which would turn every thing it touched to gold. The Spirit acceded to his request; whereupon Paracelsus took his penknife, and succeeded, after some trouble, in getting out the stopper. A loathsome black spider crept forth, which ran down the trunk of the tree. Scarcely, however, had it reached the ground before it was changed, and became, as if rising out of the earth, a tall haggard man, with squinting red eyes, and wrapped in a scarlet mantle.

He led Paracelsus to a high overhanging craggy mount, and with a hazel twig, which he had broken off by the way, he smote the rock, which splitting with a crash at the blow, divided itself in twain, and the Spirit disappeared within it. He, however, soon returned with two small phials, which he handed to Paracelsus, a yellow one containing the tincture, which turned all it touched to gold, and a white one holding the medicine which healed all diseases. He then smote the rock a second time, and thereupon it instantly closed again.

Both now set forth on their return; the Spirit directing

his course towards Inspruck, to seize upon the magician who had banished him from that city. Now Paracelsus trembled for the consequences which his releasing the Evil One would entail upon him who had conjured him into the tree, and bethought him how he might rescue him. So when they arrived once more at the fir-tree, he asked the Spirit if he could possibly transform himself once more into a spider, and let him see him creep again into the hole. The Spirit said, it was not only possible, but that he should be most happy to make such a display of his art for the gratification of his deliverer.

Accordingly, he once more assumed the form of a spider, and crept again into the well-known crevice. When he had done so, Paracelsus, who had kept the stopper all ready in his hand for the purpose, clapped it as quick as lightning into the hole, hammered it in firmly with a stone, and with his knife made three fresh crosses upon it. The Spirit, mad with rage, shook the fir-tree, as though with a whirlwind that he might drive out the stopper, which Paracelsus had thrust in; but his fury was of no avail. It held fast and left him there with little hope of escape; for on account of the great drifts of snow from the mountains, the forest will never be cut down, and although he should call day and night, nobody in that neighbourhood ever ventures near the spot.


Paracelsus, however, found that the phials were such as he had demanded; and it was by their means that he afterwards became such a celebrated and distinguished man.

NOTE.—Such, with the exception of substituting the word spirit for devil, is the Appenzelian legend respecting Paracelsus, as quoted by the GRIMMS, Ed. 3, s. 186, 187, from the *Morgenblatt*, 1817, St 231. *

29.—SIR TANNHAUSER.

The noble Tannhauser was a knight devoted to valorous adventures and beautiful women. At the Italian courts he was pre-eminent in love as in tournament. In Mantua, especially, he won the affections of a distinguished lady, who loved him to distraction, and the friendship of a learned philosopher, who conversed with him frequently on supernatural subjects, and displayed to him the marvels of the world of spirits as readily as a sacristan opens to the devout the shrines which contain the reliques belonging to the church; and in fact this learned man, whose name was Hilario, was wont to distinguish himself by the title of *Sacristarium Mundi et Celi*—Sacristan of Heaven and Earth.

In this converse would Tannhauser oftentimes remain so deeply engaged, as to forget the midnight hour, at which his gentle Lisaura was commonly accustomed to open for him the door of her garden, and to conduct him to a bower where wine and love awaited for him. This amour was no secret to the learned Hilario, who contented himself with advising the amorous German to use great caution in the affair. But Lisaura was jealous, and threatened to revenge herself should she discover that another shared with her in his affections. Tannhauser, to quiet her suspicions, made known to her the nature of his connexion with Hilario, and his ardent desire to be acquainted with the mysteries hidden from the eyes of ordinary men.



"Remain content with this world, and love me," exclaimed Lisaura to him, but in vain; for, enchanted with

the marvellous tales which Hilario had related to him, he now wished for nothing less than to participate in the love of some beauteous elementary spirit, who should, for his sake, assume the form of mortal woman.

‘That is not difficult to be accomplished,’ said Hilario, smiling, ‘there are Sylphs and Undines in abundance who are ready to join in alliance with creatures of this earth. The noble house of Lusignan, in France,* the houses of Ondino and Mareello, in Sicily, afford public evidence of this fact; setting aside similar connexions which have never been made known to the world. Nay more, if such were your desire—you might kiss the queen of all love and lovers—Dame Venus herself.

‘What, I?’ exclaimed Tannhauser.

‘You! aye, you; or any one else who has courage enough to venture into the Venusberg.’

‘Why the Venusberg?’

‘Because ’tis there Dame Venus holds her court, and there you may dedicate your life to love and beautiful women, without being tied and confined by laws and vows; to-day you may bestow your smiles on one, to-morrow on another, and change as often as you please. Nay, Dame Venus herself, the Queen of Love, and very Empress of Delight, will receive with rapture the affections of him who has boldly ventured there to claim such distinction at her hands. There, it is said, she holds tournaments, feasts and festivals, gives sumptuous banquets, and in one word fulfils most heartily and bewitchingly the promise held out

* See *Story of Melusine*, No. 16, LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE, and a similar Legend relative to the Spanish family of *Hero*, will appear in the following number of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF SPAIN.

by the inscription over the entrance to the Venusberg, which says, '*Here Dams Venus holds her Court.*'

'Thither will I go then, to gaze on the Queen of this Earth and of Olympus; at her Court will I taste the pleasures of life and participate in her love.'

The infatuated Tannhauser, entangled in the meshes of his unbounded desires, set forth, having withdrawn secretly from Mantua, and entered the Venusberg.

Lisaura no sooner heard of his departure, than finding herself deserted, she thrust a dagger into her heart. This was the pledge and offering of love which the poor blinded creature offered to the goddess of his choice, who received him most affectionately, and bade him welcome into her alluring kingdom.

Long did he tarry there, but all the enjoyments which those realms of love afforded, failed to banish from his memory the remembrance of the world which he had left. Feelings of regret and repentance began at length to be busy within him, and he longed to traverse, as a pilgrim and a penitent, the face of the earth once more, and to learn from the head of his church, 'Thou art forgiven.'

But it was long before he could make up his mind to tear himself from the fair round arms by which he was entwined, —longer before those arms opened to release him. At last, however, permission to depart was readily accorded to him.

X He hastened to Mantua, wept over the grave of the gentle Lisaura, and then proceeded to Rome, where he made a public confession of his sins to Pope Urban, and besought him to grant him absolution. But the Holy Father replied, 'Thy sins can no more be forgiven than this dry wand on

which I bear, can bud forth and bear once more green leaves—away! Depart from hence!’

Tannhauser, driven to despair by this announcement, fled from Rome, and sought, but sought in vain for his friend, Hilario. He was gone—no one knew whither.

‘Alas, then, whither shall I turn?’ exclaimed the heart-broken and afflicted knight.

And behold, Dame Venus stood before him; with a most bewitching smile she reached out her hand to him, and the forlorn wretch followed her, and returned to the mountain, there to abide until the day of judgment. What in the mean while happened at Rome. Wonder of wonders—the Pope’s wand sprouted, and green leaves sprang from the sapless wood. Urban alarmed at this miracle despatched messengers after the unhappy knight; but he was no where to be found, for despair, as we know, had driven him once more to take up his abode in the Venusberg.

NOTE.—Such is the history of the noble Tannhauser, as related in the *Bibliothek der Romantisch-Wunderbaren*, Bd. 1, s. 231—237. The authority whence it is derived is not given by the Editor, and it has the air of being a modern *refacciamento*. This is the more likely to be the case, that the Editor concludes by saying, ‘that this adventure is related with great *naïveté* in an old popular song, which I give as I have found it;’ which song, most probably, furnished him with the outlines of his story. The subject is, however, one so frequently alluded to, that, though the old song is somewhat quaint and obscure, we have, for the reasons we have just mentioned, thought right to insert a translation of it.

30.—THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF SIR TANN-
HAUSER.

Now then, forsooth, I'll straight begin
Of Tannhauser to sing,
Of what he with Dame Venus wrought—
Oh, 'tis a wondrous thing.

Tannhauser was a noble knight,
Great wonders would he see,
So entered in the Venusberg,
For love of Feminie.

' Sir Tannhauser thou'rt dear to me,
Bear that in mind for aye,
And thou hast vowed a vow, from me
Thou'lt never turn away.'

' Dame Venus, I have not done so,
I do deny the deed,
Though no one say so but yourself,
God help me in my need !'

' Sir Tannhauser say as you will,
Here shall you pass your life,
The fairest of my train I'll give
To be thy wedded wife.

' If e'er I take that dame to wife,
Full well I know my doom,
I must and shall in flames of hell,
Eternally consume.'

'Thou talkest much of flames of hell,
The which thou ne'er hast seen,
Bethink thee of my rosy mouth
Which aye smiles soft and sheen.'

'What helpeth me your rosy mouth?
It is not to my mind,
Dame Venus, then let me depart
For the fame of womankind.'

'Sir Tannhauser, thou prayest my leave,
Which I'll ne'er give to you,
So rest thee here, Sir Tannhauser,
And here your life renew.'

'My life, indeed, is ill at ease,
I can no longer stay,
So lady fair, let me depart
From thy proud love away.'

'Sir Tannhauser—oh! say not so,
For that may never be—
Accept my love—and let our days
In gentle dalliance flee.'

'Your love no more will charm me now,
My heart no longer warm,
Oh! Venus, maiden fair, thou art
A devil in woman's form!'

'Sir Tannhauser, since thus you talk,
I must be angry too,
Here then no longer shalt thou stay,
That word thou'lt dearly rue.'

‘ Sir Tannhauser, thou wouldst have leave,
Then such from greybeards seek,
But be ye sure wheree’er you turn,
My beauty’s praise to speak.’

Then Tannhauser the mountain left,
With sorrow and great grief,
‘ I’ll wend towards Rome, the Pope I’ll pray,
To give my heart relief.

‘ Now cheerfully I tread the path,
(All is by God decreed)
Unto the Pope, Pope Urban hight—
Who’ll help me in my need.’

‘ Sir Pope, thou ghostly father mine,
To you my sins I’ll own;
All I’ve committed in my day,
To you I’ll straight make known.’

‘ For I have dwelt a livelong year
With Venus, that fair dame—
And now, will bitter penance do,
That I God’s grace may claim.’

The Pope he held in his right hand
A white and sapless rod,
‘ Look not—until this rod shall sprout,
For mercy from thy God !

‘ Though I should live years only one,
One year on this earth’s face—
In prayer and penance it should pass,
So I might win God’s grace.’

Then from the city turned he,
With sorrowing breaking heart—
'Oh, Mary, Mother! Virgin pure,
Must I from you depart.

'Thus to the mountain I return
For all eternitie,
To that false fair, Dame Venus hight,
Since God will banish me.'

'Welcome, thrice welcome, Tannhauser,
I long have looked for you—
Welcome, thrice welcome, noble sir,
My chosen champion true !'

'Twas on the third day after this
The rod began to sprout,
And messengers through every land
Sought Sir Tannhauser out.

The mountain he had entered then,
And therein must he stay,
Until he's summon'd forth by God—
Upon the Judgment Day.

No priest shall ever venture more
To shake man's trust in Heaven;
For all, through prayer and penitence,
Will find their sins forgiven.

NOTE.—In the above literal, rather than spirited, translation of an old ballad, the popularity of which is evinced by the innumerable times that it has been printed, the reader has a vague and dream-like indistinct narrative of a most appalling superstition. The sub-

ject is frequently alluded to amongst German writers, and appears to be one of the most popular of all their popular legends. The original ballad is printed in *BUSCHING's Volksmährchen*, s. 374; *Wunderhorn*, Bd. 1, s. 86—90; and in the *Bibliothek der Romane*, Bd. 21, s. 243—256.

With the name of *Tannhauser* that of the true *Eckard* is frequently joined. By some they are considered as the same individual, and much confusion exists upon the subject. *BUSCHING*, speaking of the *Wälsche Heer*, or wild army, so frequently mentioned in German traditions, says—'In Germany, it is for the most part considered to be Dame Venus, who, proceeding from the *Venusberg*, traverses the land with her alluring retinue, seeking to entice new dwellers into her realms. *Tannhauser*, called the True *Eckart*, goes before this frantic host armed with a wand, with which he drives back the people whom he finds by the way, and helps to rescue them from the power of their supernatural enemies.'

'Du bist der treue Eckhard,
Du warnest jederman,'—

'Thou art the faithful *Eckard*—thou warnest every one,' is a German proverb, which has its origin in tradition;—whether in the one here given, or in that afforded by *AGRICOLA*, in his *Deutscher Spruchwörter*, *Kisleben*, 1529, we leave to those who may think it worth while to dig into that store-house of old German lore to decide.

31.—PEPIN.

High o'er the far Vogesian vallies,
Gloom Blitzburg's towers,
Within whose walls, old legends tell us,
A goblin glowers.

Half dragon seem'd it and half maiden—
By sorceress bann'd,
A virgin she, with foul spells laden,
From Swabian land.

Twice fifty thousand pounds full measured,
In good red gold,
For him who frees that maid lie treasured,
To have and hold.

Ten knights they tell, essay'd the achievement,
For love or lack;
But morn found each upon the pavement
Stark, dead, and black.

A noble squire from Lotharingen,*
Young Pepin, brave—
E'en yet old wives his feats are singing—
Swore her he'd save.

No joy for him in feast or slumber,
At board or bed,
'Till towards these towers one day in Ember,
Full fast he sped.

* Lorraine.

He lights him from his long ride weary ;
Slow at their foot
Three screech-owls—three black bats so dreary—
His welcome hoot.

The chapel clock now twelve was tolling,
Wide opes the door;
Within, he sees a huge hound rolling,
Black as a moor.

He straightway to the Saints commends him,
With fervent prayer ;
Fast flies the brute—and howling, wends him
Heaven best knows where.

By *ignis fatui* onward lighted,
He finds a throne
On which, with Chrysopras crown dighted,
She sate alone.

Like sea-nymph naked sate this maiden,
Green glare her eyes ;
While her mass'd hair, her dark brow shading,
Like sea-weed lies.

He starts, but soon the golden treasure
Gives strength and power :
The devil's own form might well give pleasure
With such a dower !

' How may I serve thee, gracious lady ?—
Speak frank and free ;
My life and limb,' so boldly said he,
' I'll stake for thee.'

' One kiss, and then I slough,' thus spake she,
 ' This serpent-hide;
And he this gold shall have who makes me
 His grateful bride.'

With heart emboldened on he dashes :
 Oh, what a sight !
And pressed her lips midst singeing flashes
 And burning light.

Horror on horror ! Scarce was brushing
 Her face his beard,
When, quick and deadly, swift and crushing,
 Her tail she reared.

She clasps him to her bosom, hissing ;
 He struggles—cries—
In vain—heaven save us ! midst such kissing
 He writhes—he dies !

NOTE.—*PFEFFEL* has versified this old superstition, still current among the Vogesian Mountains. The Editor is indebted to a friend for the present translation, which is taken from *PFEFFEL*'s version.

32.—HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

On a sultry summer evening, Henry, Bishop of Halberstadt, and a foreign bishop, who had been his guest for a month, were seated on the lawn before the castle of Gruningen. On a table before them stood, in two massive cups, their night drink. From ten o'clock in the morning, when they had seated themselves to their mid-day meal, their conversation had turned upon a mighty wine tun which had been constructed for a bishop on the banks of the Rhine, and upon the propriety of every noble ecclesiastic having a similar one, for the purpose of giving suitable splendour to his residence. The question at length became so thoroughly exhausted, that the conversation began to flag, and was carried on for the most part slowly and in monosyllables, being from time to time interrupted by the yawnings of both parties.

Fortunately, at this moment Conrad, the shepherd, brought into the court yard of the castle his well tended flock, which Bishop Henry himself always counted over every evening. 'God greet thee, my lord bishop.'—'Good evening to you, Conrad; where is the ram?' Conrad whistled, and a large handsome ram came bounding first to the shepherd and then to the bishop, who stroked him, and fed him with crumbs of bread which he had laid by on the table for that purpose. The bishop then conversed for a minute or two with the shepherd, and asked him, jokingly, 'when his wedding was to take place?' Conrad was a little confused at the question, and withdrew, followed by his flock.

When he was gone the bishop began expatiating upon the beauty of the ram, which nothing could induce him to part with, and then upon his good shepherd, Conrad, who was honesty itself. The foreign bishop laughed at this declaration; for much travelling, and frequent residence at various princely courts, had filled him with distrust in his fellow-creatures. He maintained that it was impossible to find a really honest servant, at least in the retinue of an ecclesiastic; for they would all deceive their masters, and were all knaves more or less.

Bishop Henry contradicted this with great earnestness; praised the worthy disposition of the people over whom he wielded his crozier, but above all, Conrad the shepherd, who had never yet told him an untruth, nor deceived him in the most trifling affair. 'What, has Conrad never yet told you a lie—never deceived you—never betrayed his master?' said the foreign bishop sarcastically. 'No,' answered Henry warmly, in defence of his retainer, 'Conrad never has been, nor ever will be, guilty of such conduct.' 'No,' repeated the foreign bishop, 'what wager would you venture upon that?'

After sundry proposals, the bishops at length agreed to support their opinions by a wager of a wine-tun, which should hold one hundred and fifty butts of wine. And, within three days, Conrad was, without being made aware of it, to be put to the test. This done, they took leave of one another for the night, well pleased to have found a fresh source of amusement for the next few days, and each feeling certain of the victory.

The foreign bishop, however, before retiring to rest, entered, as was his wont, into conversation and council with his servant Peter. This Peter, who was nominally

only the servant and professed jester of the bishop, was in fact much more his secret adviser than many of those who flaunted it in titles and bands; and to him the bishop looked for advice and assistance in all his difficulties, spiritual and temporal. Peter was accustomed to hear, to see, and occasionally to think, for his master, without any body suspecting it; and this he had already done upon the very subject in question.

This evening he was, however, not in a very communicative humour; but the knave, whom his master had made acquainted with every thing, was vexed at heart, and it was only his master's promise of a new scarlet cap in case of winning the wager which at all induced him to open his lips. After many biting remarks upon the cost of a wine-tun which would hold a hundred and fifty butts of wine, and come to more than half the yearly income of the bishoprick, he at length undertook to discover by what means this Conrad,—this paragon, pattern, and phoenix of honesty, as lord and servant jestingly called him,—was to be tempted.

No sooner did the sun arise, than Peter set to work to bring about the object decided upon on the previous evening; and before noon he was enabled to tell his master that Conrad had a sweetheart, the pretty Lisette, but who would hear nothing of his passion until he had a house of his own to take her to, so poor were they both. The industrious Peter had himself already spoken to Lisette, and found her both ready and willing to assist in the scheme which he had devised. And all that he now had to ask from his master was a small sum of money to ensure the winning of this huge wine-tun. The bishop gave him what he desired, and seated himself in good heart at the table.

Peter then returned to the pretty Lisette, showed her the money which he had got, and they discoursed together about a cottage which a poor widow in the neighbourhood had long wanted to dispose of; and Peter ended by promising to give Lisette the purchase-money for it, as soon as she brought what he wished for.

On the following morning, Lisette set herself to work in a spot past which Conrad must necessarily drive his flock. No sooner did Conrad see her in the distance, than he flew to her, accompanied by his favourite ram, and repeated to her all that he had previously told her over and over again, to gain her consent to their marriage. But to all this Lisette answered him very coolly—that she had heard it a thousand times before, and if he had nothing more to say to her about a house of his own to take her to, that he knew very well what her determination was.

Conrad was about to take his leave with a troubled heart, when a half friendly glance from Lisette, made him turn round and ask her—why she always behaved so coyly towards him, and what he should do to please her? ‘Well, for the novelty of the thing, let us see whether you will do anything that I ask you,’ said Lisette, (the bishop’s favorite ram had thrust himself between her and Conrad, and was eating bread out of her hand;) ‘Will you then give me this ram—that I may sell it?’

Conrad’s heart fell when he heard this request. Sorrowfully he replied, ‘Every thing in the world besides, but not that. If the bishop were not to feed my ram every evening, I should be sure to meet with some disaster. Take the ten best sheep of the flock, take the whole fifty of them that belong to me, but leave me the ram.’

‘Well,’ said Lisette, ‘what a pattern of a man you are!’

But begone with your fifty sheep ! Well, you are a pretty bridegroom indeed, to refuse me such a trifle. You would certainly be a very good-natured husband when the honeymoon was over ! Go, go to the bishop, let him feed your pet ram, and you may kiss his great toe into the bargain !

Thus did they contend for awhile together. Conrad wept for very sorrow. Lisette, at last, acquainted him that she had sold the ram for the little cottage which they had both so often wished for, and that she must give it up that day, let it cost what it might, for she had passed her word to that effect, and would not be convicted of a falsehood, be the consequences what they might ; she then dropped a few tears, that any thing should have marred the unexpected joy she felt, at being able to purchase a snug little dwelling, in which both themselves and their children might live so happily together ; and then again enquired, whether sheep did not die every day ; whether there were never any lost, or stolen ; and whether the wolf never ate any of the numbered flocks ?

Love at length gained the victory. Conrad clapped his hands, and promised that before noon the ram should be hers ; whereupon, Lisette gave Conrad her hand and promise, that in a month's time she would become his wife ; and added a kiss to the bargain, as a sort of earnest money.

Lisette made the best of her way back to the village, and Conrad watched her as long as he could see her. The joy of his betrothing was, however, sorely troubled at the thoughts of the enquiries of his powerful, but at the same time kind-hearted master, in whose service he had hitherto conducted himself with such propriety, and who was so very fond of this favourite beast.

And he stood alone in the field where Lisette had been occupied, with his eyes fixed on the earth. At last, he thrust his crook into the ground, hung his cloak over it, placed his bonnet on the top of it, and then began a series of soliloquies or dialogues, whichever they may be called, in which he was occasionally assisted by the actions of the ram.

'God greet you, my Lord Bishop!'—Good even to you, Conrad, but where is the ram? 'Ram! Lord Bishop—why the ram is lost—I mean it has really strayed away.—(The beast, just as he was speaking, thrust himself between his master's feet, as if to eye the strange image before which he kept bowing so respectfully.) 'Conrad! Conrad!' (with a shake of the head,) 'he is accustomed to be fed so regularly, I am sure he would not stray away'—'That won't do.'

A second dialogue in which Conrad described the ram as having been stolen, was interrupted by a powerful blow, with which the beast returned his master's bow.'—'You would not suffer yourself to be taken very easily,' said Conrad—'so that won't do.'

He continued for a full half hour conversing with himself in this manner, ending every excuse with a shake of the head, and a 'Conrad! that won't do!'

'And yet,' added he, 'I must part with the poor brute before noon, for I have promised to do so, and if Lisette does not give him to the person to whom she has sold him, she will be a cheat, and can never be my wife.'

At last he jumped for joy into the air, crying out—'Honesty is the best policy! That will do—that will do.' He drew on his cloak, clapped his cap upon his head, and drove forward his herd. And yet, before noon, he handed

over his favourite with a deep sight to Lisette, who exchanged him for the purchase-money of the cottage, without troubling her brains much upon the subject.

The evening was appointed for the trial of Conrad's honesty—a trial of which he had not the slightest suspicion. The bishops were, as usual, seated at their night-drink, expecting the arrival in the palace court-yard of the shepherd, who was to decide their wager. They spoke but little, for each was anxious to leave to his friend the honour and expense of constructing the huge wine-tun.

Peter, the secret councillor, was in high spirits, and laughing to himself, rejoiced beforehand at the victory and at the success of his well-laid plan. For he had the pet sheep in his possession, and felt sure that Conrad would never venture to speak the plain truth, whereby he would be certain to draw down upon himself the anger and high displeasure of his all-powerful master, and get dismissed from his service.

Thus thought Peter, the secret adviser. In the meanwhile Conrad drove his herd into the palace-court, right before the bishops. Peter smiled, for he read, or fancied he read, fear and anxiety in the countenance of the shepherd.

This evening, however, no favourite ram gambolled merrily before Bishop Henry, to eat the bread from his hand. 'Where is the ram?' inquired the bishop, with a significant glance. Conrad answered, with a firm voice, 'I have sold it!—there, the truth is out—honesty is the best policy. That is my favourite saying, as you know, my lord bishop; and, by God's grace, my favourite saying it shall continue to be.'

Peter's visage lengthened considerably; but Bishop

Henry called out, with an angry countenance and in a threatening tone, 'Why have you sold it without speaking to me? I would rather have paid ten times the sum it fetched. Don't you know that?'

'Lord bishop,' said Conrad, 'pray hear me. Lisette has betrayed me, as Eve before her betrayed Adam; and a knave has betrayed Lisette, as the evil one of old did Eve. If he will give me my ram again, I will not say who he is.' (Peter turned away full of rage, for gone was his money, gone his promised cap of scarlet, and all hopes of a drinking bout which he had calculated upon at the end of the business.) 'Lisette had sold the beast without first speaking to me about it, otherwise it would not have happened. But as she had done so, I felt bound to give him up, how much soever I might be grieved at doing so; otherwise she would have told a lie, and could not have been what she is to be now—my wife. That is the real truth, lord bishop; so now do with me as you please. What is done, is done; but do not punish Lisette: a weak head is soon betrayed by a serpent.'

Bishop Henry would have scolded him, but the strange bishop said, with a troubled side glance to Peter, who was making off from the scene, 'I have lost my wager—that was the proof.'

And Bishop Henry chided not. The pleasure of winning the wager consoled him; but the honesty of Conrad delighted him more than gaining the wine-tun, and he acknowledged the power of love.

'Verily,' cried the two bishops, 'honesty is the best policy.' And Bishop Henry said, 'As a reward for thine honesty, I will be at the charge of thy wedding, and the half of the flock shall be thine.' 'And,' continued the

other bishop, 'thou art welcome to thy ram again, and thou shalt still keep the cottage, as a christening present to thy first child.'

And the bishop who lost the wager caused the large wine-tun to be built which formerly brought so many travellers to Gruningen, and which is now on the Spiegelsberg, near Halberstadt.

NOTE.—This story, which is taken from OTMAR'S *Volcks-Sagen*, p. 295—310, and pronounced by the narrator to be the most modern in the collection (the period to which it refers being the end of the sixteenth century), is distinguished from the majority of similar narratives by the moral which it inculcates.

The reader who may feel surprised at the circumstance of a bishop numbering a professed jester among his retainers, is referred for proof of the universal prevalence of that custom to FLOENZ'S *Geschichte der Hofnarren*, or to a couple of papers on the subject of Court Fools, by the Editor of this work, in the *Court Magazine* for 1833.

33.—THE SMITH OF APOLDA.

FIT THE FIRST.

The Smith of Apolda was seated one eve
At the door of his smithy, they tell us,
The tears they fell fast on his leathern sleeve,
As he gazed on his idle bellows.
'I'm starving,' he cried, 'I can't beg nor thieve,
Oh I am the most wretched of fellows.'

The Smith of Apokla looked down the road,
And a horseman he espied;
Who a sable plume in his helmet showed,
And a coal black steed did ride.
And loudly and lordly that horseman halloo'd
When the smithy he espied.

'You Smith of Apolda, bestir, bestir,
For my courser has lost a shoe;
Uprouse thee, uprouse thee, thou sluggard cur,
And summon thy swarthy crew;
Full little ye know, or ye would not demnr,
The guerdon I'd give to you.'

Oh the Smith of Apolda was grieved at heart,
And bitterly mourned he then,
That the rider's good steed unshod must depart,
For lack of coals, metal, and men.
And he cried 'Noble Sir, I would fain try my art,
But I can't for good reasons ten.'

'Thou Smith of Apolda, one reason's enough
At a time, for an honest man!'—
'Good Sir, I've no iron, nor fuel to puff,
And a man can but do what he can;
A Smith cannot work if he have not the stuff,
Though 'twould keep off the book-priest's ban.'

On the Smith of Apolda the horseman first frowned,
And grinned with a scornful grin,
Then off from his steed he got with a bound,
And entered the smithy within;
And when he had viewed the hovel around,
Thus did that black horseman begin:

'Thou Smith of Apolda give ear unto me,
For I fain would do thee good,
And metal and fuel in plenty shall be
Where of old they have always stood;
You have only to take this paper, d'ye see,
And to sign it with your blood.'

The Smith of Apolda cared not to hear
That horseman's terms again;
He was not a craven to think of fear,
So straightway he breathed a vein,
And signed with his blood, so bright and clear,
That bond betwixt them twain.

But the Smith of Apolda looked sore aghast
When the sable horseman said—
''Tis now too late—the time is past—
The bond thou should'st have read—
For by it I shall have thee fast,
As soon as ten years are sped.'

From the Smith of Apolda the rider turned,
And mounted his coal-black steed;
The prayers of his victim the Tempter spurned,
And put his good horse to his speed,
But when the Smith saw how his furnace burned,
He scarcely repented the deed.

The Smith of Apolda waxed richer and richer,
As each day more busy grew he;
And if ever a thought of the bond did him twitch, or
He felt despondingly,
He took off an extra draught from his pitcher
To 'Success to Forgery.'

FIT THE SECOND.

The Smith of Apolda was seated one eve
At the front of the smithy door,
New strength from the evening breeze to receive,
When the toil of the day was o'er;
At such times ungrudgingly would he relieve
Any traveller passing poor.

The Smith of Apolda looked down the road,
And a beggar-man he espied,
Whose rags and whose leanness plainly showed
How misery and he were allied;
And ne'er was more starveling jackass bestrode
Than the one which the beggar did ride.

To the Smith of Apolda the beggar drew near,
And boldly begged of him a boon—

‘ Take pity, good Smith, on my poor beast here,
And give him a new set of shoon.’

‘ Thou’rt a good-hearted knave, so be of good cheer,
He shall have them, and that right soon.’

Then the Smith of Apolda, though ’twas not his use
To labour at even-tide,

Uprose from his bench, his buff jerkin let loose,
And his hammer and anvil plied,
And speedily made for the beast four shoes—
With better did Baron ne’er ride.

‘ Thou Smith of Apolda, a goodly deed
Hast thou done for thyself this night ;
In return for the kindness thou shalt be freed
From the Sable Horseman’s spite,
If the wishes three, which to thee are decreed,
Thou dost but ask aright.’

The Smith of Apolda looked up aghast
At St. Peter, for it was he,
Who in beggar-man’s garb that way had passed
To test the Smith’s charitee;
And mute was the Smith for awhile, but at last
He asked strange favours, three.

First, the Smith of Apolda an oath rapped out
Shocked the Saint exceedingly—
‘ Then grant me,’ he cried, ‘ spite of riot and rout,
From my chair and my apple tree,
And my wallet of hide, so tough and so stout
Nought may get, but by leave from me.’

'Thou Smith of Apolda, I've pledged my word,
And I may not say thee nay,
Though grieved at the blasphemous oath I heard,
And the trifles for which you pray—
But you've asked, and your prayer must not be deferred,
'Tis granted, both now, and for aye.

From the Smith of Apolda the beggar-man turned,
And quickly was lost to his view;
'I'fegs,' quoth the Smith, 'but it's cheaply earned,
If all the old chap says be true!'
And to find out that fact, oh his heart how it burned,
But he'd not long to wait till he knew.

FIT THE THIRD.

For the Smith of Apolda uprose one morn
With a troubled and trembling heart,
Well he knew that, that day, ten years were gone,
Since he saw the Fiend Rider depart,
And he feared lest the knight of the hoof and the horn
Should return, too deep for his art.

But the Smith of Apolda worked on till the sun
To the centre of heaven did reach,
And then the Smith's eye, it fell upon One
Whom he knew, and whose look and speech
Formed a happy compound of Devil and Dun,
Whom 'twere hard to overreach.

The Smith of Apolda, he spoke his guest fair,
To do otherwise were no good—
And asked him ' to taste of his humble fare
'Twould make him so proud an he would,
As a matter of course he next handed his chair,
His guest sat—while that poor Smith stood.

But that Smith of Apolda had gained the day,
For little the Evil One thought—
While his host to amuse him was trolling a lay—
With what mischief the burthen was fraught.
But as soon as he talked of their going away,
He found out how that he was caught.

" Thou Smith of Apolda," the Evil One cried—
" I fain would quit this place;
Dissolve then the spell with which you have tried
The Devil to cheat to his face:"
But all his entreaties the Smith denied,
Till he promised him ten years' grace.

Then the Smith of Apolda, he said the word—
Made the angry spirit free;
Who, no sooner was loosen'd, than he demurred,
Without his swart comrade to flee,
But departed at last, mighty vex'd when he heard
The Smith laugh right heartilee.

With the Smith of Apolda the next ten years
Passed much as the former one
In laughing, and quaffing, and jokes, and jeers,
At every thing under the sun;
When, lo! at the end, his old foe appears,
As he formerly had done.

Then the Smith of Apolda he offered a chair,
But his visitor would not sit;
Refusing his offer, with such an air,
As says, 'No, I'm not to be bit.'
'Very well,' thought the Smith, 'you had better take
care,
Or I shall be too deep for you yet.'

So the Smith of Apolda looked sore dismayed,
At finding him so much his guard on,
And begged that his guest, for the last trick played,
Would grant him a gracious pardon;
And, while preparations for leaving he made,
Would his guest please to walk in the garden.

Then the Smith of Apolda called out at his ease,
Up and down as the Evil One paced,
'An apple or two from the first of those trees
I'd fain have—if you are not in haste.'
'I'll gather a few,' said the fiend, 'if you please,
For we've really no time to waste.'

When the Smith of Apolda beheld once more
That sable spirit entrapped,
In spite of his efforts, he set up a roar
Of laughter, and his hands clapped;
While his guest stuck fast, and was grieved full sore
At the adventure which had happed.

'Thou Smith of Apolda, years other ten
Thou shalt have, if thou'lt set me free.'
'Agreed,' said the Smith, (and it is hard, but then
I again escape from thee.)
This he said to himself, as he turned to his den,
Delighted exceedingly.

With the Smith of Apolda these ten years passed,
As the others had passed before,
He thought that they vanished passing fast,
And were very quickly o'er;
And he grew more uneasy towards the last
Than ever he felt before.

For the Smith of Apolda was sore afraid
Of the approach of that evil hour,
Lest the tricks which he had on the arch fiend played,
Were revenged with that arch fiend's power;
And much was the jovial Smith's heart dismayed,
For these thoughts turned his sweets of life, sour.

To the Smith of Apolda at length appeared,
The fiend with an angry brow,—
"Thou braggart Smith, no more shalt thou beard
Me, as of old; but I'll have thee now."
And the flash of that Evil One's eye the smith feared,
And good reason he had I trow.

But the Smith of Apolda he up and spake,—
'Alas! but I fear me I'm thine
Both now, and for aye, if the bond thou'lt not break;
That thou wilt, I but little opine;
But give me a proof of your power ere you take
Me from this poor smithy of mine,—

That the Smith of Apolda may know thou'rt the one
That he thinks, and thou seem'st to be;
Make thyself like a giant.' 'Twas said, and 'twas done;
The Smith trembled, and well might he.
'Oh, lessen thyself, and in that wallet run!'—
It was done, to the Smith's great glee.

The fears of the Smith of Apolda were past,
 Quick the mouth of the wallet he tied—
 ' What ho ! my old boy, so I've got you at last !'
 On the anvil he laid him, and plied
 The blows of his hammer, right thickly and fast,—
 How loudly that poor Devil cried !—

 ' Thou Smith of Apolda, take years other ten ;'
 But the Smith of Apolda heard not ;
 And he called for assistance, from hammer and men,
 And they plied till they all were hot ,
 Then paused for a while—screamed the poor Devil then
 ' I'll destroy the cursed bond that I've got !'

 Then the Smith of Apolda heard well what he roared,
 For thus he gained all his desires :
 The Fiend was released, and the bond was restored,
 And burned in his smithy fires—
 And the Smith, in due time, by his neighbours ador'd,
 Was gather'd in peace to his sires.

NOTE.—The foregoing rhymed version of a legend which must be numbered among the most wide spread and popular of its class, is an amplification of one of many similar tales, which are briefly related by the Brothers GRIMM in the 3d volume of their *Kinder und Haus Marchen* (s. 135--149), in their note upon the story of "*De Spielhänsel*," a story closely allied to that of "*Brother Merry*," which the reader has already perused at page 21 of this collection.

This tale affords a striking instance of the wide transmission and living variations of a favourite legend. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt, and if we recognise, as we may well do, the God Thor, under the figure of the Smith and his hammer, and under those of

death or the devil (for it is sometimes the one and sometimes the other, whom the Smith overreaches), some clumsy inactive giant, the whole tale immediately assumes a deep grounded ancient Northern aspect

The beginning of the story calls to mind OVID's poem of *Baucis and Philemon*, and a similar legend, which exists among the Indians. It is obviously connected with the German legend of the *Poor Man* and the *Rich Man*, and with a modern if not very delicate story of witty MAR PRIOR's ycleped "The Ladle," and indeed many others. (Query—What is the primal type of this charity-inculcating tradition?)

Before concluding this note we had intended to have said a few words on the subject of the legendary fiend who figures in the tale which has called it forth, but we have found the ideas we would have described so much better expressed by the gentleman to whom the merit of awakening in this country public attention to the subject of the Philosophy of Fiction must be awarded, we mean of course Sir Francis Palgrave, that we have, notwithstanding its length, borrowed the entire passage:—

"The legendary Satan is a being wholly distinct from the theological Lucifer. He is never ennobled by the sullen dignity of the fallen angel. No traces of celestial origin are to be discerned on his brow. He is not a rebellious Æon who once was clothed in radiance. But he is the fiend, the enemy, evil from all time past in his very essence, foul and degraded, cowardly and impure; his rage is oftenest impotent, unless his cunning can assist his power. He excites fright rather than fear. Hence, wild caprice and ludicrous malice are his popular characteristics; they render him familiar, and diminish the awe inspired by his name; and these playful elements

enter into all the ghost and goblin combinations of the evil principle. More, the platonist did not perceive the psychological fitness of these attributes, and he was greatly annoyed in his lucubrations by the uncouth oddity of the pranks ascribed to goblins and elves; they discomposed the gravity of his arguments, and in order to meet the objections of such reasoners as might venture to suspect that merriment and waggers degraded a spiritual being, he sturdily maintains that 'there are as great fools in the body as there are out of it.' He would observe that the mythological portrait was consistent in its features. Laughter is foreign to the serenity of beneficence. Angels may weep, but they would forfeit their essence were they to laugh. Mirth, on the contrary, is the consort of concealed spite, and if not invariably wicked or mischievous, yet always blending itself readily with wickedness and mischief. Sport, even when intended to be innocent, degrades its object; though the best and wisest of us cannot always resist the temptation of deriving pleasure from the pains which we inflict upon our fellow-creatures by amusing ourselves with their weakness. From this alliance between laughter and malice arose the burlesque malignants whom the mythologists have placed amongst the deities. Such is the Momus of the Greeks, and his counterpart Loki, the attendant of the banquets of Valhalla. And the same idea is again the substance of the Vice of the ancient allegorical drama. Equally dramatic and poetical is the part allotted to Satan in those ancient romances of religion, the Lives of the Saints: he is the main motive of the action of the narrative, to which his agency gives fulness and effect. But in the conception of the legendary Satan, the belief in his might melts into the ideality of his character, Amidst clouds of infernal vapour, he develops his form, half in allegory and half with spiritual reality

and his horns, his tail, his saucer eyes, his claws, his taunts, his wiles, his malice, all bear witness to the simultaneous yet contradictory impressions to which the hagiologist is compelled to yield. This confusion is very apparent in the demons introduced by St Gregory in his *Life of St. Benedict*. A poet would maintain that they are employed merely as machinery to carry on the holy epic. A monk must believe in them more strongly than in the gospel."

It should be observed that *The Smith of Apolda* was first printed in "*The Original*."

34.—THE RIDDLE.

There was once a King's daughter, who was very proud and haughty, and issued a proclamation that she would marry any one who should bring her a riddle which she could not solve—on condition, however, that if she guessed it, the proposer should be put to death. Now she was as beautiful as milk and blood, so that no one thought for a moment of the danger, but all were ready with their riddles; but she guessed them every one. However, after nine had been thus put to death, it happened that a merchant's son heard of the proclamation, and determined, with the assistance of his servant, who was a shrewd knave, to try his fortune. Four eyes, thought he, see more than two; we will manage it by some means or other; what I boldly ventured is half won.

But when his parents heard of his intention, they were grievously afflicted, for they deemed it certain that their

beloved child would perish—so they sought to prevent him from going, and said, ‘it was better that he should die and be buried in his own country, than in a strange land.’ So they mixed poison in the stirrup-cup, and begged of him to drink off the parting-drink; but he, as if he guessed their intentions, would not drink, but sprung hastily into the saddle, saying, ‘Farewell, dear parents, I may not tarry longer, lest some one win from me the beautiful maiden.’

When he was mounted they again presented the cup to him, but he struck his spurs into his horse, and the wine was spilt, so that some of it fell into his horse’s ears.

When he had ridden a short distance his horse fell dead, so that he was fain to ride his servant’s, and let him follow on foot. No sooner had the horse fallen than the ravens descended to feed upon it; but its flesh being poisoned, they fell dead by the side of it. Then the servant picked up three of the dead ravens, and took them to an inn, for he thought they would make fit food for robbers—so he had them cut into pieces, and made up with flour into three loaves.

On the following morning, as they were travelling through a gloomy forest, twelve thieves sprang upon them, and laid hands both upon the master and the servant. And the servant said, ‘Spare our lives; we have no money; nothing but three loaves, which we will give to you.’ And the robbers were satisfied with the loaves, divided them among themselves, and ate them—but it was not long before the poison worked upon them, and they all fell down upon the earth.

Then the young merchant and his servant journeyed on; and, when they reached the city, the young man presented

himself before the king's daughter, and said he would propose a riddle to her. She gave him permission to do so; and he said, 'One at the first blow, three at the second, and twelve at the third.' And the king's daughter considered for a long time, but could not discover it—and she consulted her riddle-book, but there was nothing like it there. But, as she had three days to find it out, on the first night she sent one of her maids into the sleeping-room of the young merchant, to listen whether he spoke in his sleep. But his cunning servant had placed himself in his master's bed; and, when the maid came, he laid hold of her cloak, and drove her from the room—the cloak he secured in his knapsack.

On the second night the king's daughter sent off another of her ladies of the bed-chamber—and the servant seized her cloak, drove her from the room, and secured that cloak likewise in his knapsack. But on the third night the princess came herself, wrapped up in an ermine cloak, and she seated herself by the bedside. As soon as she thought he was asleep and dreaming, she questioned him, in hopes that he would answer in his sleep—but he was awake, and heard and understood everything that was said. Then she asked, 'One at the first blow; What is that?' and he answered 'My horse, which died from the poison that was spilt in his ear.' 'Three at the second blow; what is that?' 'Three ravens, who ate of the poisoned horse, and so died.' 'Twelve at the third blow; what does that mean?' 'Twelve robbers, who ate of three loaves in which the ravens were mixed, and who died in consequence.' And as soon as she discovered the riddle, she would have slept out of the apartment, but he laid fast hold of the

ermine cloak, so that she was obliged to leave it behind her.

On the following morning she said, ' I have guessed the riddle ;' and she commanded the twelve judges to attend, and explained it before them. But the youth demanded to be heard by them, and said—' Had she not come to me in the night, and asked me what it was, she would not have known it.' But they answered him, ' Give us proof of this.' Then the servant displayed the three cloaks, and the judges recognised the ermine one as being the princess's. ' Let the cloak be embroidered,' was then the mandate. So it was converted into a bridal cloak, and the young merchant received the princess for wife.

NOTE.—The above story is from Zwehrn, in Lower Hessa, and is related by the Brothers' GRIMM in their *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, Band. 1, s. 123-126. where a corresponding legend is likewise related. In this last a prince, charmed by the beauty of a young maiden, follows her to the house of her mother, who is a witch. The girl is well disposed, cautions him against the poisoned draughts of her mother. When he rides forth, the mother offers him drink in a glass, the glass splits, and the horse being sprinkled with its contents falls dead. A raven feeds on it, is killed and carried to a public house, the resort of robbers, who are slain by partaking of the poisoned raven. The host's daughter shows him the treasures her father had accumulated. These he bestows upon her and rides forth to a city where the king's daughter is a guesser of riddles, and the tale concludes like the present one.

35.—THE GREEN ROBE.

There were once three brothers, of whom the elder ones always despised the youngest; and when they went out in the world to seek their fortunes, they drove him out of their company, saying, 'We have no need of you—you must travel by yourself.' So they left him, and he was forced to wander alone. And he came to a very high mountain, on the top of which was a circle of trees, and he was almost starved; he sat down under these trees, and began to weep. Scarcely had he seated himself, before he heard a loud noise, and immediately the Evil One came to him, dressed in a green robe, and with a cloven hoof, and asked him what he was crying for. Then he told him all his misfortunes, and how his brothers had abandoned him. When the Evil One heard this, he said, 'Well, I can assist you; put on this green robe: it has pockets, which will keep always full of gold, let you use it as fast as ever you may; but upon this condition, that for seven years you neither wash yourself, comb yourself, nor say your prayers. If you die during these seven years, you will be mine; if not, you will be free from the bargain, and be a rich man all the days of your life.' His necessities obliged him to agree to these terms; so he put on the green robe, and, when he put his hands in his pockets, he found them quite full of gold.

Now he went forth into the world with his wonderful robe; and for the first year it was well enough, for he could purchase whatever he wanted, and passed off tolera-

bly well among his fellow-creatures. But the second year things did not go off quite so pleasantly; his hair had grown so long that nobody knew him, and he had got so frightful that he could scarcely find any persons who would let him into their houses. Every year matters grew worse; but he gave great alms to the poor, that they might pray for him, that he might not die and fall into the power of the tempter during the seven years. It was during the fourth year that he came to an inn, the landlord of which would not take him in—till he saw what large sums of gold he took from his pockets—then he was glad enough of his company. During the night, Green Robe heard some one moaning bitterly in the next room; and when he went to hear what was the matter, he found an old man, who bade him go his ways, for he could not assist him. So he asked the old man what he wanted. He said he had no money, and that, because he was in the landlord's debt, he detained him until he paid it. 'Then,' said Green-Robe to him, 'I have money enough—I'll soon pay it;' and he did so, and delivered the old man.

Now it happened that this old man had three beautiful daughters; so he asked him to go home and marry one of them in return for his kindness. He went; but when they arrived there, and the eldest saw him, she declared that she would never marry so frightful an object; and the second fled from her home, rather than do so; while the youngest said, 'Dear father, since you have promised as much, and this man helped you in the time of need, I will do what you desire of me.' Then Green-Robe took a ring from his finger, broke it in half, gave her the one-half, and retained the other for himself; and in her half he wrote his name, and in his half hers, and said they must

take good care of them. After staying with her a little, he departed, saying, 'Now must I leave you for three years. Be faithful unto me for this period, and I will then return and marry you; but if I come not back again in three years, you are free, for I shall be dead; but in the mean time pray for me, that my life may be preserved.'

During these three years the two elder sisters mocked and laughed at the youngest, saying that she was going to have a bear for her husband, instead of an ordinary man.—But she heeded them not, and thought, 'We should obey our father, come what may.' Meanwhile Green-Robe journeyed through the wide world, purchasing, wherever he came, the most beautiful presents for his betrothed; doing good to all, ill to none, and giving to the poor whatsoever they asked of him. And Providence rewarded him; for, when the three years were passed, he was still alive and hearty. So he went to the circle of trees upon the lofty mountain, and he heard the loud noise, and the Tempter came, angered and vexed at seeing him, and threw him back his old robe, and demanded the green one. This the youth handed to him quite joyfully, and so became free again, and a rich man for ever. So he went home, dressed and cleaned himself, and set forth to see his betrothed.

When he came to the door, her father met him, and he announced himself as the bridegroom; but the old man did not know him again, and would not believe him. Then he went to his future bride; but neither would she believe him. Then he asked her if she had still got half of his ring. She said "Yes;" and fetched it: and when he produced the other half, and she saw how they matched, she was assured that he could be no other than the bridegroom. And when she saw what a goodly man he was,

she became deeply enamoured of him, and straightways they were married. But the two sisters were so grieved that they had rejected such good fortune, that, on the day of the wedding, the one hanged, and the other drowned herself; and at night a loud knocking was heard at the house, and when the bridegroom arose and opened the door, he saw the Tempter in his green robe, who said, "At all events, I have now got two souls, instead of your one!"

NOTE.—This story, which is from Paderborn, is related in GRIMM'S *Kinder und Haus Marchen*, Band. 2, s. 89-92. It is obviously connected with a similar tale in the same collection—'The Devil's Sooty Brother,'—and that again with the story of 'Saint Peter and the Minstrel'—No. 1. of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE, and the 'History of Friar Rush,' in the Editor's *Early English Prose Romances*; and which has recently been discovered to be (as has been long suspected) a translation from a German Poem.

36.—HANS JAGENTEUFEL.

It is commonly believed, that if any person is guilty of a crime for which he deserves to lose his head, he will, if he escape punishment during his life time, be condemned after his death to wander about with his head under his arm.

In the year 1644, a woman of Dresden went out early one Sunday morning into a neighbouring wood for the purpose of collecting acorns. In an open space, at a spot not very far from the place which is called the Lost Water, she heard somebody blow a very strong blast upon a hunting-horn, and immediately afterwards a heavy fall, as though a large tree had fallen to the ground. The woman was greatly alarmed, and concealed her little bag of acorns among the grass; shortly afterwards the horn blew a second time, and on looking round she saw a man without a head, dressed in a long grey cloak and riding upon a grey horse, he was booted and spurred, and had a bugle-horn hanging at his back.

As, however, he rode past her very quietly, she regained her courage, went on gathering the acorns, and when evening came returned home undisturbed.

Nine days afterwards, the woman returned to that spot for the purpose of again collecting the acorns, and as she sat down by the Forsterberg, peeling an apple, she heard behind her a voice, calling out to her, 'Have you taken a whole sack of acorns and nobody tried to punish you for doing so?'

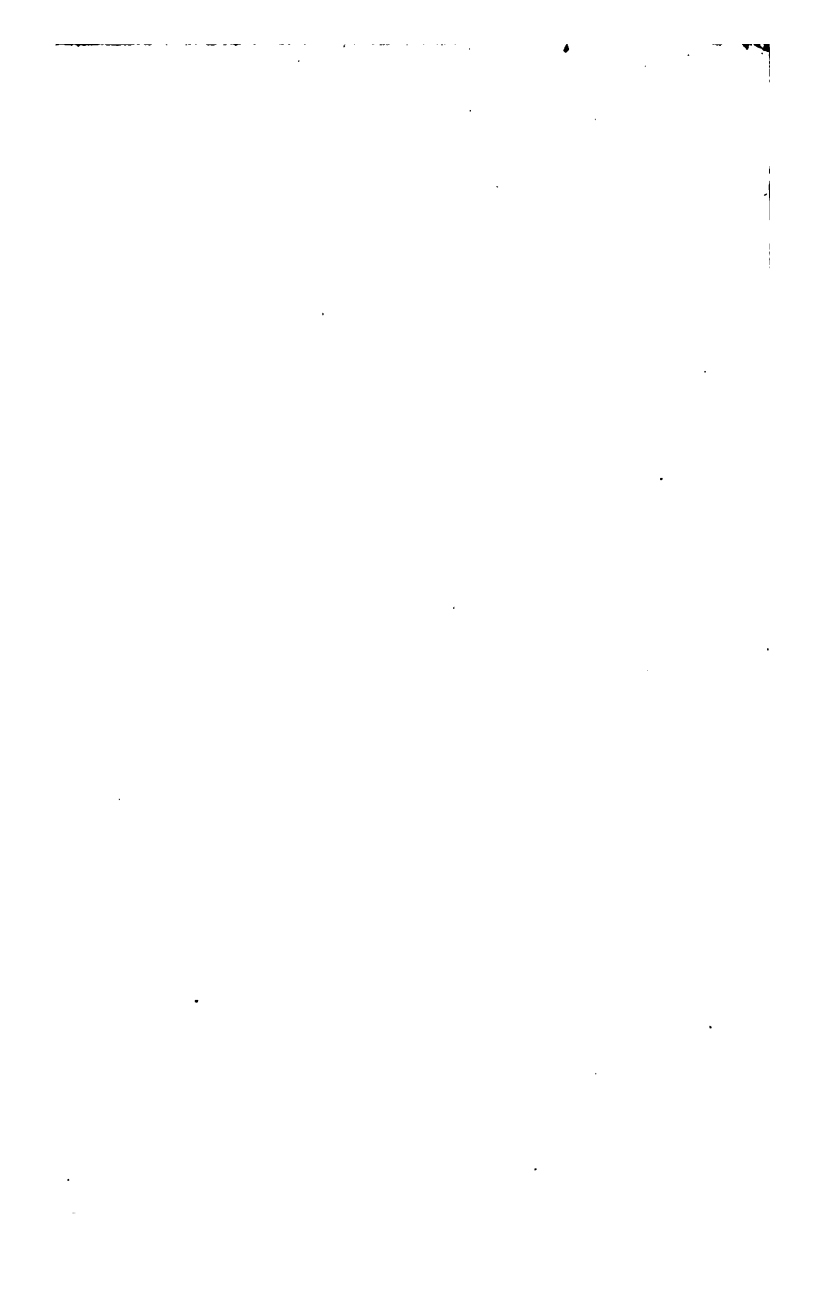
'No,' said she, 'the foresters are very kind to the poor, and they have done nothing to me; the Lord have mercy on my sins!'—And with these words she turned about, and there stood he of the grey cloak, but this time he was without his horse, and carried his head, which was covered with curling brown hair, under his arm.

The woman shrunk from him in alarm, but the spirit said, 'Ye do well to pray to God to forgive you your sins, it was never my good lot to do so.' And therefore he related to her how that he had lived about one hundred and thirty years before, and was called Hans Jagenteufel, as his father had been before him—and how that his father had often besought him not to be too hard upon poor people, and that he had paid no regard to the advice which his father had given him, but had passed his time in drinking and carousing, and all manner of wickedness. For which he was now condemned to wander about the world as an evil spirit.

NOTE.—This legend of a headless horseman, who is clearly allied to the Dullahan of CROFTON CROKER's *Irish Fairy Tales*, is related in GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1. s. 398-9.

INDEX.

| | Page. |
|---|-------|
| The Legend of Daniel's Cave | 87 |
| Rebundus in the Cathedral of Lubeck | 95 |
| The Elves | 97 |
| The Lord of Falkenstein | 100 |
| The Story of the Popanz | 103 |
| The Kobold in the Mill | 117 |
| The Three Serpent Leaves | 121 |
| The Hunter Hackelnberg and the Tut Osel | 126 |
| The Bottle Imp | 131 |
| The Legend of Paracelsus | 137 |
| Sir Tannhauser | 139 |
| The Ancient Ballad of Sir Tannhauser | 143 |
| Pepin | 148 |
| Honesty is the Best Policy | 151 |
| The Smith of Apolda | 160 |
| The Riddle | 171 |
| The Green Robe | 175 |
| Hans Jagenteufel | 179 |



LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Germany.—PART III.

37—JACOB NIMMERNUCHTERN*.

Jacob, an opulent peasant of a village of Thuringia, lived upon a small farm which had been handed down, free of incumbrances, from father to son. He was strong and well proportioned, of unblemished reputation, peaceable, domestic, industrious; beloved, and honoured, by all his fellow-villagers, until the hounds of his feudal master, Jungkherr Veit, drove him from house and home, and changed the peaceful countryman into a drunkard, a robber, and a murderer.

Once upon a time, as Jacob was harnessing, and that for the last time, his harvest waggon, he heard his great farm-dog, Packan, to whom he was greatly attached for his fidelity, and his oft-times proved assistance against thieves, howling dreadfully in the road. Upon hearing this, he ran out armed with a stout cudgel, and with it beat off two large hounds who were worrying his poor favourite; and

* *Nimmer Nüchtern*, "never sober." For the reason why he was so designated, see page 190.

Packan being thus released, soon gave chase to his retreating enemies.

At this moment Jungkherr Veit made his appearance, with some mounted attendants, and a whole pack of hounds; and as soon as Jacob's neighbour, Maria, had related the circumstances to him from her window, he called down all the devils of hell upon the peasant, treated the defenceless Jacob most cruelly, and made him crawl, half dead as he was, to his castle, which lay buried in the forest, at about a mile from the village of which he was the supreme lord.

It was in the time, when might made right, when the superior noble, who, from the impotence of the reigning princes, recognised no authority superior to his own, spoke only of right and duty to the oppressed countryman, but yielded neither to him; when the peasant was treated almost as the bondsman and property of his feudal lord, who could sell, or otherwise dispose of him, just as he thought fit; it was in these days, so that no one ventured to listen to Jacob's justification, nor to undertake his defence. Five months he languished, suffering from cold, hunger, and vermin, in a prison which was named the dog-hole, although it was appropriated to the confinement of human beings, and during this period a morsel of mouldy bread was his greatest luxury.

Yet more than all this, did the overbearing insolence of the retainers vex him, who through Veit's encouragement, daily insulted him; but the most grievous to be borne, was the heart-gnawing mockery of the haughty Catherine; for thus was Veit's only daughter always designated. She, who was the darling and spoiled child of her father, accompanied him every day to the chase, and when she passed by Jacob's prison, which had an opening in the door for

the admission of air, and at which he received the morsels of bread that were allotted to him, she used to set the hounds against him amidst the mocking jests of her father, and ask, in a tone of derision, 'If the hound would beat off the hound? whether he, or his son, would take a maiden like her to wife, for Maria was assuredly not good enough for him?' and many such questions. Nay more, she even allowed herself other liberties, which cannot be mentioned, and could be looked for in no young woman of twenty years of age, who had not been brought up as she had been.'

Jacob bit his lips and was silent. But at length, when she had once threatened him that he should be cast into the castle ditch, that he might not consume the bread from the dogs, he felt that he still had some strength left in him; and although his naked arm, when he looked upon it, appeared only the skeleton of what it had once been, he determined to attempt his escape. Accordingly, on a tempestuous night, at the close of the winter, he began to shake the crumbling walls of his prison, and after repeated attempts, it all fell in upon him. He then crept upon his hands and knees across the moat surrounding the castle, and which was then covered with ice, and then felt himself once more at liberty.

But whither should he go? Judges, to whom the oppressed might fly for justice, were not then to be found. Protectors, who might shield them from fresh injuries, there were none for men of his degree. That he might be revenged of his feudal lord and the haughty Catherine, he must become an outlaw; for he saw already in his imagination, servants and hounds starting forth at break of day, for the re-capture of the fugitive. And he felt he could

only return home again, when, after the lapse of many years, the anger of his lord was exhausted, or death had laid him low.

Yet, before he bade farewell to his father-land for ever, he determined to see for an hour or two, his house, his faithful wife, and his two grown boys, of whom, during the whole time of his imprisonment, he had never heard a word; to relate to them the sorrows which he had undergone, to rejoice with them that he was once more free; to warm himself once more in the dwelling of a human creature, to put on clean attire, to provide himself with a small supply of money, and then to fly further away.

Guided by the moon, which glimmered through the clouds, he soon reached the village, and stood with a beating heart before his own house. But to any of his tapplings at the door, and half-smothered calls, he was answered neither by Packan, nor by any human voice. Filled with impatience, he leaped over the hedge which surrounded his farm, entered the open house, and found all empty; no wife, no son;—not a table, not a chair, not a bed, not even a door—nothing but the bare walls.

Jacob smote himself with his double fist upon the forehead, and sat himself down for some hours upon the cold ground, lost in unconscious brooding. A shivering, and the thought of approaching day, roused him from his stupor. He felt himself, to see whether he lived—whether he dreamed. He examined all the walls, to assure himself he was in his own house; and his wasted limbs shook with very dread, his every limb was frozen. Longer he dared not remain, so he burst from the door, and turned through the garden into the open fields.

Now the well-known watchman of the village called

one! and the first glimpse of hope entered his heart.—Among the barking dogs, he heard the voice of his favourite Packan. Jacob whistled, and after a few moments, his faithful hound, barking loudly for joy, leaped upon his master. Jacob kissed his old starved friend, and journeyed on with still quicker steps; for now he no longer felt himself alone—no longer felt himself deserted by all.

Before the rising of the sun, he found himself, with his faithful companion, in a concealed hole at the foot of the Rothenburg,* which he had known from his boyhood, and contemplated, during his imprisonment, as a lurking place. Day broke, he seated himself before the rising sun, and warmed himself, for the first time, for seven months; for the first time for that period, saw he the trees and fields in the light of day.

But hunger now began to torment him, and even his dog looked up to him beseechingly. At this moment he saw, at a tolerable distance from his cavern, a beggar passing along the road with a well-filled wallet; and Jacob, who had never in his life before solicited a morsel of bread, but had so often given one away, hastened with Packan down the mountain. He found the beggar laying on the ground with averted face, and begged of him a morsel of food for his dog and for himself. The beggar half turned his face towards him, and Jacob uttered a piercing cry, when he discovered, in the supposed grey-headed old man, Fritz, his eldest son, now five-and-twenty years of age.

He gave food to the hungry Packan, ate quickly and silently a little piece of bread, drank from the proffered

* On the Kyffhauser Mountain, which towers over the Golden Meadow.

flask, and then, without speaking a word, dragged his son with him to the cavern, bade him tell how matters stood, and heard, for the first time, the extent of his misfortunes.

Some hours after Jacob's imprisonment, had Veit's bailiffs driven his wife and sons from the farm, and left them scarcely enough to cover them. The fields which belonged to the estate, had fallen to the lot of his ignorant and proud neighbour, who had been Veit's groom, and had gained the confidence of the noble's mistress, Maria.— This Maria had been destined by Veit for the wife of Fritz, Jacob's son, but his affections were engaged to a maiden, who, although she possessed no dowry, was the very crown of the village for virtue, domesticity, and beauty. Hence it arose that Maria became the inveterate enemy of Jacob, by whom she believed herself to have been publicly disgraced, and she now took unto herself his household furniture and cattle, for as she said, the use of the bitten dogs belonging to her gracious protector. On the following day to this, too, had the haughty Catherine visited the village, and felt a diabolical joy in exposing the wife of Jacob, and the destined bride of Fritz, to the insults of her insolent retainers and the revengeful Maria. This blow speedily took effect upon the afflicted mother, and in a few days she died. Two months afterwards, Fritz's betrothed followed her to the grave, a victim to her troubles. Kurt, the younger son, joined a band of military lands-knechts, and Fritz became a beggar.

When this bitter tale was ended, Jacob flung himself to the ground, gnashed his teeth, but spake never a word. After some time he started up wildly, but without uttering a word, although in his heart he called down curses upon Veit and all his companions. Several days did he pass absorbed in

the deepest contemplation. The thought of self-destruction contended in his breast with the desire of vengeance. But the desponding one was not sufficiently worn down to come to the former resolve. He swore, therefore, in his heart, that he would have fearful vengeance.

Scarcely had he thus determined, when Fritz, returning from one of his excursions, informed him that his retreat in the cavern was no longer safe, for that Veit's followers were about to make a minute search through the Rothenburg and Kyffhauser Mountain on the following day.—Jacob fled, therefore, as soon as night closed in, to the more gloomy parts of the Hartz Forest, in the neighbourhood of Stolberg, and from thence, a few days afterwards, to the impenetrable forests near Lora. Here, in the course of his wanderings, he discovered a secure retreat, which protected him for years afterwards from every attempt to lay hands upon him.

Between the mountain fastnesses of Lora, and the villages of Wullperoda and Sollstadt, the inquirer will discover in the depth of the woods a rocky ridge of a hill overgrown with thorns, and surrounded on both sides by terrific gulfs, between which runs a rocky path which none but a skilful, and not dizzy wanderer, will dare to tread.—At the other end of the rocky ridge he will see a declivity, and when he has with difficulty clambered to the bottom of this, he will find before him two majestic rocky walls, which form a sort of passage through a fissure of some feet in width, but which from above seem to be united in one firm mass. A narrow path, however, winds gently between them, which, at the bottom behind the thick growing underwood, conceals the entrance to a small cavern, through which there is on one side an ascent into a

larger and much more roomy cave. This narrow pathway and this cavern were, in the days of which we speak, unknown to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country; and even now, they are rarely disturbed by human footsteps, although the mountains are now less wild and overgrown, and the access to them is easier than in former times.

Here Jacob resolved to take up his abode. Hither brought Fritz the provender which he had obtained by begging, and likewise tools and clothing of various kinds. In the meanwhile, Jacob employed himself in training Packan, making by degrees a pathway down the rocky declivity, and thinking of vengeance. Curses on Junkherr Veit was his first thought in the morning; curses on all the castle lords who humbled their peasantry lower than their herds, was his last thought at night.

Certainly at first his natural feelings contended against his resolve, for he had hitherto been accustomed to help and assist all whom it was in his power to serve. But this inward voice was soon stilled by the steadfast recollection of all the injuries which himself, his wife and children had received, and by intoxicating draughts.—Only when furnished with such supplies was his son welcome, and he compelled him to bring him brandy every day as a store for future use. And Fritz begged from house to house for a few drops of this, at that time still rare liquor, as a comfort to a decrepit father, who was then expiring in the wood hard by in a cavern, which he did not more fully particularize. Since Fritz continually returned with the same request, the neighbouring country people bestowed upon the unknown inhabitant of the cavern, the by-name of Jacob Nimmernuchtern.

As soon as Jacob had secured what he considered a se-

veral months supply, he sent forth his son, commanding him not to return again without bringing his brother Kurt with him, from whom he expected greater willingness and assistance in the furtherance of his object, and remained with no companion but his faithful Packan. He had now fully resolved to become a robber from revenge; besides, his proud heart would never stoop to beg.

That he might remain faithful to the resolution which he had taken, he accustomed himself to live upon the flesh of the wild animals which he slew. And in the anticipation of the time when he should accomplish his chief object, he stole from the herds of the nobles and monks, whom he considered the very pests of the country, sheep and goats, and even bullocks; and in doing this, he was most ably assisted by Packan, who sometimes drove whole flocks into his cavern, or to the rocks which concealed it.

In order to lighten his labour, and to lessen as much as possible his danger, he only undertook these expeditions in twilight, or at night, wrapped up in a large black cloak. For those occasions, when his object was to strike terror, he had prepared for himself an upper garment made of the hide of a black cow, whose horns served him as a head-dress. In his mouth he held a sort of tinder-box, filled with rotten wood, from which he could, according as circumstances rendered it expedient, vomit forth, as it were, a thick smoke, or even fire.

Since he now wandered about in the night time thus attired, and accompanied by his large pitch-black hound, which never gave tongue, but looked fiercely about every where in search of prey, it is not to be wondered at that the shepherds believed him to be the prince of darkness

himself, and fled at his approach, so that he often had not occasion to have recourse even once to his burning tinder-box.

Moreover, as he never inflicted personal injuries upon those whom he encountered, several of the country people began to look upon him as a well-disposed devil enough, and even went so far, occasionally, as to exchange a word or two with him.

Thus it once happened, just as the night was closing, Jacob met in the forest a shepherd who was driving homeward ten fat wethers. With a voice of thunder, he enquired of him 'Whither art thou going?' The trembling shepherd replied, 'To the Abbot, my master.' Upon this Jacob blew fire from his mouth, and exclaimed, 'I am the devil! the Abbot, thy master, and these sheep are mine!' The poor fellow crossed himself in fear and trembling. Then, said Jacob, 'Against thee I cannot prevail—go thou then whither thou wilt; but before thou goest, say to the Abbot, thy brother Satan has taken possession of the wethers.'

The shepherd, whose hair stood on end with fright, ventured, however, to stammer out, 'Gracious Lord Devil, give me, I beseech you, some acknowledgment for them, otherwise my master, the Abbot, will not believe it.'—'Tell the Abbot,' replied Jacob, 'that I will appear this night at twelve o'clock before his window, and bring with me, as a return for them, a fair dish of roasted meat.'

The herdsman delivered over the wethers to the charge of Packan, who drove them safely to the cave, and when he had done so, he departed, trembling in every limb,

to acquaint the Abbot and all the other inhabitants of the monastery with his adventure, and their threatened visit. The monks were summoned from their beds, and the Abbot assembled the whole fraternity in his chamber; and armed with a huge vessel of holy water, and abundance of charms against witchcraft, they awaited, trembling, and praying loudly, the dreaded hour of midnight. It at length arrived, and with it Jacob dressed in full costume, that is to say, entirely wrapped up in his horned black cow-hide, vomiting forth flames, and accompanied by his black hound.

After a few minutes he disappeared again; this the brotherhood attributed to the influence of the holy water, which the exorcists did not spare on the occasion. The roasted meat which he brought with him they left, however, to the hounds and the ravens.

By this mode of life, Jacob felt in a few months that his strength was not only restored, but actually increased in a two-fold degree; and he now began to enter upon the more important undertakings which he had set his heart upon. The first thing was to consider what he most required for their accomplishment. This brought before his eyes the hunting steed of the haughty Catherine, on which he still saw her in his mind's eye, riding proudly past the door of his dog-hole. It was a mare of six years old, black as night, swift as a bird, and already well trained to gallop up and down the mountains; and what was still more important, in his opinion, was the vexation which Catherine and Veit would feel at seeing their escaped prisoner, Jacob, galloping away upon it.

In the middle of summer accordingly, he disguised him like an old woman, and thus hovered for some days round

the neighbourhood of Veit's castle, and saw, concealed behind the bushes, his unwomanly foe riding on her black mare, for hours together, across the orchards and cornfields of the peasants, hunting hares, and accompanied by her father. On the third day at night fall, an opportunity presented itself which he was not slow to avail himself of.

Catherine handed over her steed, covered with foam, to the two grooms, who had the care of the foals in an enclosed meadow, in order that the beast might gradually cool. The lads fastened the horse to a tree in the adjoining hedge, and lighted a fire, for the evening wind began to blow very coldly, and sat themselves down to cards. Presently the pretended old woman drew nigh, addressed the lads very civilly, and begged to be allowed to warm herself by the fire. The boys, fond of a joke, laughed at her strange figure, and asked her, by way of teasing her, what she would give to be allowed to do so? Upon this Jacob shewed them a bottle, which he drew from his pocket. No sooner did the grooms catch a sight of the sparkling liquor, than they mischievously snatched the bottle out of the old woman's hands, and one drank from it and the other drank from it, without in the least suspecting it of being a sleeping draught, and then laughing they returned the empty bottle to the enraged old woman.

It was not long before the liquor began to make them yawn; the cards fell from their hands, and they stretched themselves at their lengths before the fire. No sooner did Jacob find that they were soundly asleep, than he threw off his assumed garments, unfastened the already saddled steed, swung himself into the seat, and beside himself for joy, made all haste to the forest of Lora. In the morning

Veit and Catherine found the grooms still sleeping in the meadow, but the mare was gone.

While they raged and fretted at their loss, Jacob led the horse over the rocky path which he had already prepared for the purpose, partly led and partly dragged it down the declivity of the mountain, and at length it stood at a well filled manger at the further end of his largest cave. The following long days he devoted almost entirely to training the mare, which at first shied and trembled at every precipice, to the purposes which he destined her. And after a couple of months she would by day or night, run up and down the steep declivity without a rider, stand still at a slight whistle, lay down at a motion of the hand, and spring up again at the command of her master, nay more, at last she even learned to gallop across the rocky pass.

According to Jacob's calculations, the anniversary of his being snatched from his farm, and clapped into prison, by Jungkherr Veit, drew nigh. On that day he determined to show him the stolen mare and the escaped prisoner.

On that day, therefore, Jacob made his appearance before Veit's castle, mounted upon the well-fed, but still active hunter, of the lady who used to be so proud of it, clad in the peasant's dress which he had formerly worn. He made known his presence by blowing every now and then upon a hunting horn, which some follower of the chase had lost in the woods. The wondrous fact of a peasant daring to blow a hunting horn in such a spot, and appear on what was believed to be the stolen mare of the haughty Catherine, speedily ran through the castle. Before, however, the lady and her attendants were ready to give chase to him, the horn-blowing knight had disappear-

ed, having first called out to some peasants who were ploughing just by, 'Jacob will return here to-morrow!'

He came, and Veit laid wait for him with six retainers and a whole pack of hounds, which fell suddenly upon him and Packan. Jacob immediately turned his horse's head, and fled as swift as an eagle, followed at a distance by a few of the servants, who saw him disappear at the entrance to the forest of Lora. But several of the largest hounds traced him to his cave, where Packan, whom repeated blood-drinking had made not only strong, but as fierce as a tiger, encouraged and assisted by his master gave them battle, and so frightful a slaughter ensued, that scarcely half of them returned home again, and those were most severely bitten and maimed.

Soon a report was spread abroad that Jacob had formed an alliance with the Evil One, and could render himself invisible. But in spite of this, Veit determined once more to encounter him, and swore to seize him or die; and as he did every day, perjured himself. Half way from his castle did he lay wait for him, concealed by the bushes, gnashing his teeth with rage, at the loss of his best dogs, and good steed, and accompanied by twenty chosen knights and servants, all of whom had sworn to bring about Jacob's death; and certainly this time he was very nearly taken:—for he believing his enemies to be still afar off, employed himself in managing his horse, and now sought by blowing his hunting horn, to call his foes forth to the battle. But all at once Packan, who had discovered the proximity of the enemy, commenced barking fiercely and loudly, his custom only upon occasions of sudden danger. Jacob speedily mounted, and scarcely had he righted him-

self in his saddle, before he found himself surrounded on both sides by a host who were obviously any thing but friends.

He fled to the wood near Lora, followed by Veit and his companions, shouting to him to stop, who often believed themselves on the point of securing him, when he would vanish into the forest and then become once more visible. At last Veit upon his panting steed, and George his most faithful follower, were close upon Jacob, when he sprang like a falcon across the rocky pathway in front of his cave, and became once more invisible, as suddenly as he had been seen.

'Said I not unto you, my gracious lord?' cried George, 'that he had the power of rendering himself invisible? This is the very end of the world. Let him follow him who wishes to break his neck; for my part, the devil's kitchen is no place for me.'

Veit heard nothing of this; he struggled hard to hold in his war horse. But the steed rearing threw his rider between the rocks, and in following the mare rolled headlong down the precipice. This accident put Jacob in possession of a suitable and magnificent saddle.

From that time forth no attempts were made to follow Jacob to his cave. All trembled at the sight of the abyss down which he threw himself. He now ravaged undisturbed the flocks and herds of the rich castellans and ecclesiastics, on foot or on horseback, clothed as a devil, or as Nimmernuchtern, always accompanied by his faithful Packan, who always drove them together, or if his master so commanded him, scattered and destroyed them. It was mostly, however, against Veit's herds that these ravages were directed, and these now diminished by one

half, were left a prey to him, by the shepherds who had the charge of them, and who took to flight the moment they saw the fire-spitting devil in the distance.

Yet all this did not satisfy Jacob's thirst for vengeance. Veit and his Catherine alone would serve for that. And they were no longer to be found beyond the walls of the castle; he must therefore seek within the castle itself. Upon enquiry he found, that Veit had never left his bed since he was thrown from his horse. Against a sick man he could not wage war, so that at present there only remained Catherine.

In the middle of a foggy autumnal night, he stood suddenly, half lighted by the moon, and wrapped in his devil's garb, by the side of Catherine's bed. When a prisoner, he had, in contemplation of future vengeance, learned which was the chamber in which she slept. He bellowed, and awoke Catherine, and dishonoured her. 'Thus have I revenged myself,' exclaimed he; 'this daytwelvemonth thou askedst me in mockery to be thine husband. I am Jacob whom thou calledst the hound.' And thus speaking he left her.

But this was not all. His vengeance required that what had occurred should neither be concealed or forgotten. For several days afterwards, then, did Jacob present himself before Veit's castle, and publish to every one whom he encountered the dishonour of the haughty Catherine. By this means it soon reached Veit's ears. And since his rage could not reach the criminal, he vented it upon his daughter, who had hitherto been his sole delight, and whose excesses he had even laughed at. He hated her, beyond all limits, when it was publicly known that she had been dishonoured by one so ignoble as Jacob, and would have buried her

and her shame from the world in the dungeons of the castle, had she not fled with her old lover, the husband of Veit's mistress.

Towards the close of winter, Jacob's sons returned to their father, practised robbers. They had found themselves among the Lanzknechts, who at that time overran Franconia and Suabia, and laid waste every thing which they ought to have protected. By this means, they had acquired in one year a greater proficiency in the art of villainy than they could have attained in ten times that space in the robber's cave. Moreover, they brought with them two black bull-dogs, which one of the far-prized petty chieftains of the Lanzknechts had trained to hunt men. Jacob related to them to what a pitch he had carried his revenge, and was not a little astonished to hear his sons call trifles, deeds which he could find the heart to perform when stimulated by drinking, and could not relate without stuttering and hesitation. They, in return, informed him of what was not only permitted by the then usages of war, but praised and rewarded; such as burning and firing, robbing and laying waste all kinds of property, murdering with the most unheard-of cruelties, and excesses of every description, all of which were but the daily duties of the Lanzknechts.

Jacob at first shuddered as he listened to their tales; but accustomed, however, to their fearful recitals, he ended, at last, at the instigation of his sons, by resolving to imitate them in every respect. The first care of Fritz and Kurt was to mount themselves on proper horses—they were already well armed after the fashion of the times. Since then, the whole six marauders were alike clothed in black, the neighbouring peasants called them the Black Band.

As for Veit, although he had recovered from his broken limb, he never dared to leave his castle, for he well knew that Jacob had sworn to be the death of him when he found him in the open country; when they found this to be the case, they set fire to the woods which surrounded the castle. The flames soon seized some of the outer buildings; still Veit came not forth—he had died of rage some few days previously.

Upon this the robbers in their cave vowed eternal enmity and warfare against all the Lords of Castles. And soon the Black Band was the terror of all the nobles in the country. As yet, they certainly had not committed murder, but they had scattered and killed the flocks of the wealthy wherever they found them, and spread fires and devastation over their corn-fields and forests.

Whole communities had been sent in arms against them, but without success. Long did the hiding-place in which these men of night, and their swart companions took up their abode, remain undiscovered. The greater part of those who should have pursued them, feared them as very friends or allies of the Evil One. The country people who resided near them, suspected the truth of the case, and supposed Nimmernuchtern, the dweller in the cave, to be the leader of the Black Band. But the peasantry saw them not unwillingly in their neighbourhood, because they not only respected the cabins of the peasantry, but by the fear which they spread abroad, preserved from the inroads and oppressions of the Robber-knights, who had for centuries treated the property of the less powerful as fair booty. Thus, many looked upon the Black Band as a scourge of heaven, sent to visit those oppressors with retaliation.

But Jacob and his sons, by frequent indulgence in stimulating liquors and raw flesh, by continually having before their eyes the mangled and bloody corpses of the cattle, and by their continued clamours for revenge, which formed the sole subject of their discourse, kept getting, by degrees, like their hounds, more rapacious, blood-thirsty, and tiger-like.

They now became regular robbers on the highway, and at last dared to show themselves in the open roads which run through the Golden Meadow, to rob every passenger, without distinction of rank, who had either money or goods, and upon the least show of resistance to murder them. But this encroachment upon their privileges created the anger of the Robber-knights, who at that time dwelled around the Golden Meadow. the Quastenburg, the Rothenburg, the Kyffhauser, the Sachsenburg, &c. They formed an alliance and declared war against the Black Band, who, being alarmed at their superiority, saw themselves compelled to desist from public robbery.

They returned to their former mode of life; appeared at night as devils, and perpetrated for some time in their madness many frightful crimes, even in the houses of those who resided in the Golden Meadow.

But here dwelled some farmers from Flanders and the Netherlands, who had seated themselves in this fruitful spot, and soon recognized the disguised devils to be no more than men. Here the Black Band were taken in a house into which they had contrived to decoy them. Here a pit had been dug out and slightly covered over; into this the drunkards stumbled, and thus were prevented escaping from the throngs which poured in to overwhelm them.

Before his execution, Jacob was compelled to discover to his judges, and crowds from all parts of the country, his long concealed hiding-place. Here the three black horses of the robbers were found in their stalls. And to this time, the cave which is now nearly filled in, is called 'Nimmer-nuchtern's Stable.'

NOTE.—This dramatic legend, which is taken from OTTMAR'S *Volks-sagen*, (c. 81—112,) is very obviously founded on an historical event, presents an interesting picture of the length to which Faust-recht, or the law of Might over Right, was formerly carried in Germany, as well as of the Robber-knights and their excesses, and, in short, of the state in which that country was at the time of the breaking out of the celebrated 'Peasant-war,' the history of which has been admirably written by SANTONIUS, in a volume now unfortunately out of print.

The mention of the Peasant War of Germany, may serve as an excuse for my referring the reader to an interesting paper, by WACHSMUTH, 'On the Peasant Wars of the Middle Ages,' in the present year's volume of that most admirable little work, REAUMEYER'S '*Historisches Taschenbuch*.'

38.—THE LADY OF WEISSENBURG.

Count Frederick, Palsgrave of Saxony, resided at the castle of Schiepelitz, and had a remarkably beautiful wife, who was called Adelaide, and was the daughter of the Duke of Saxony. Count Lewis the second was likewise in love with her, and would gladly have married her, had her husband been no more.

Now this same lady bore likewise great affection for the Count, and planned with him that he should come and hunt at Schiepelitz, and that she would excite her lord to resist him, so that he might slay him. Accordingly, Lewis came with his hounds, and the blowing of horns, and the cries of his huntsmen; meanwhile the Palsgrave was seated in a bath, which his wife had previously prepared and got ready for him.

Presently his wife came to him full of anger and impatience, and upbraided him with thinking of nothing but his personal comforts, for the sake of which he lost both rights and liberty, and allowed every body to do with his property whatsoever they pleased. Upon this he threw a mantle over his bathing-dress—mounted a horse, and rode after Lewis, and demanded of him, how he dared to hunt with all his retinue, in his woods. Upon this Lewis commanded one of his servants, and he ran him through with a lance. After this he was buried in the cathedral at Gesigk, near Naumburg, which he had himself founded and erected. This happened in the year of Our Lord, 1065.

The following song was afterwards written upon the subject:—

THE LADY OF WEISSENBURG.

Of what shall we now sing,
Of whom now make a lay—
But of the Lady of Weissenburg
Who did her liege lord betray ?

She caused write a letter small,
To far Thuringia's land,
Unto her lover—the Count Lewis,
And that letter came to hand.

Count Lewis bade his squire, then,
Quick saddle his good steed,
'For I must ride to Weissenburg,'
Quoth he, 'and that with speed.'

'God greet thee, Adelaide, my fair,
God send good-day to you ;
I pray thee say where is thy lord
With him I'd battle do ?'

That false lady embraced her lord,
As though she loved him well ;
And late that night he rode him forth
To hunt through wood and dell.

When Lewis to the linden came,
To the linden all so green,
There speed the Lord of Weissenburg,
With his hounds so swift and keen.

‘ Welcome, thou Lord of Weissenburg,
Good courage, God thee give;
For surely thou shalt not live long,
Thou hast few hours to live.’

‘ If surely I shall not live long,
Have I few hours to live;
I straight to Christ in heav’n will pray
My misdeeds to forgive.’

Thus loudly did these lords contend
With angry words and high,
Until at length, they each ‘gainst each
Their good cross-bows let fly.

Then Lewis spake unto his squire,
‘ On thy bow now lay hands,
And shoot this Lord of Weissenburg
Through the heart, where now he stands.’

‘ This lord, say, whersfore should I shoot
And murder on this plain,
Who never yet in all his life,
Hath caused me woe or pain ?’

Then Lewis took in his own hands
His hunting spear, so keen,
And run the Palsgrave Frederick through
Under the linden green.

‘ Quick, let us ride to Weissenburg !’
Spake Lewis to his squire,
‘ For there we sure shall welcomed be,
Unto our hearts desire.’

And when he came to Weissenburg,
And 'neath its towers did ride,
From out a window, this false dame
Him with great joy espied.

'God grant thee weal, and health, ladye,
God greet thee, noble dame;
Thou now hast gotten thy desire,
Thine husband I have slain.'

'What! have I gotten my desire,
Mine own lord, is he dead?
Oh this I'll ne'er believe, until
I see his blood so red.'

Count Lewis drew from out the sheath
His sword with blood so red,
'Behold, behold, thou noble dame,
A pledge thy lord is dead.'

The lady raised her lily hands,
Her fair soft hair she rung,
'Help, help—oh, Christ, in heav'n!' she cried,
'What deed is this I've done?'

She drew from off her finger, then,
A little ring of gold;
'Oh take this, Lewis, love, in proof
How high your love I hold.'

'Oh what avails this little ring,
What's gold thus won to me?
For sure whene'er I look on it,
My heart will troubled be.'

Alarmed at this, the false ladye,
With grief and sorrow said—
'Oh leave me not, thou hero bold,
My noble lord is dead.'

NOTE.—Such is the legend of the false Lady of Weissenburg, as recorded by BUSCHING in his *Volkmarschen*, s. 189—193. The following tradition, showing why the name of the Springer was given to the object of her unhallowed affections, is from the same source, and forms a fitting note to the preceding tale.

'Adelaide, the Lady of Weissenburg, at first exhibited great sorrow for the death of her husband; but she soon showed publicly that she had been the cause of her husband's dying a violent death; for in a short period she married Count Lewis, by whom she had seven children.

'Adelbertus, archbishop of Bremen, brother of the murdered Palgrave, complained of this indelicacy to the Emperor Henry 4th, and prevailed so far, that Count Lewis was taken prisoner in the year 1070, when on a journey in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg, and imprisoned in the castle of Giebichenstein, near Halle, where he was detained two years. When, however, this abode was no longer agreeable, he directed, through some confidential servants, certain fishermen and certain of his retainers to look out for him on the river Saale under the castle walls. As soon as he saw them he made a desperate and almost incredible leap from the very summit of the Giebichenstein into the Saale, from which he was snatched out by the fishermen and his retainers. Shortly before this he had feigned himself upon his death-bed, and had begged for a shroud, which his wife had made of linen cloth of great width, that it might be of use to him in his design, which plan succeeded

admirably. For when this was put upon him, they removed his fetters and chains, and no one took the trouble to watch him, by which means a good opportunity of escape was afforded him. On the banks stood his servants, who dragged him out instantly—clothed him in dry garments, and rode away with him in all haste. From this extraordinary leap Lewis was ever afterwards called the *Leaper*, or *Springer*.

39.—THE MONKS AND THE FISHERMAN.

In the city of Spires there formerly lived a fisherman, who was one night, when he came to the Rhine and was about to cast his nets, accosted by a man wearing a black habit, and after the fashion of a monk; and who having respectfully greeted the fisherman, said to him, 'I am come on a distant mission, and am anxious to cross the Rhine.' 'Step into my boat,' said the fisherman, 'I shall be very happy to ferry you over.'

When, however, he had carried this one across, and returned back again, there stood five other monks upon the shore, who, likewise, wanted to be ferried over, and upon the fisherman enquiring why they travelled in this night—one of them replied, 'Necessity compels us; the world is evil disposed towards us; take us, and have our blessing and the blessing of God for your reward.'

But the fisherman was desirous of knowing what remuneration they would give him for his labour. 'Now, we are poor,' said they, 'but as soon as we grow rich, you shall taste of our gratitude.'

Upon this the fisherman received them on board ; but no sooner did the little vessel reach the middle of the river, than there arose a frightful tempest. The waves rolled mountains high over the vessel, and the fisherman grew pale. 'What does this mean?' thought he; 'at the going down of the sun the heavens were peaceful and cloudless, and the moon shone sweetly; whence arises this storm and tempest?' And when he raised his hands in prayer towards heaven, one of the monks cried, angrily, 'Why trouble ye heaven with your prayers? attend to your boat!' And so saying, he snatched the helm from his hand, and began to smite the poor fisherman.

There he lay, half dead, in the bottom of the boat; when day began to dawn, and the black monks vanished, the sky was clear, as it had been before, the boatman plucked up good courage, but reached his home with difficulty.

On the next day, a messenger, riding early in the morning from Spires, encountered the same monks in a rattling carriage covered with black, which had only three wheels, and a long-nosed driver. Being alarmed at the sight, he stood still and let the carriage go by; and soon saw that it was lost in the air, amidst a loud crackling and flames of fire, and, at the same time, he heard a clashing of swords, as though two armies were contending together. The messenger turned himself round, fled back to the city, and related all that he had seen; it was supposed, at that time, that this vision prognosticated disunion among the princes of Germany:

NOTE.—The above legend is from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*, No. 275, where it is said to be derived from MELANCHTHON.

The anger exhibited by the monks, at the piety of the fisherman;

must be looked upon as indubitable evidence of their alliance with the arch-fiend. That their 'black carriages' was connected with the 'death coaches' of popular tradition, is also sufficiently obvious.

40.—LEGENDS OF RUBEZAH; OR, NUMBER-NIP.

RUBEZAH TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO AN ASS.—[A]

Once upon a time a glazier who was travelling across the mountains, feeling very tired from the heavy load of glass which he was carrying, began to look about for a place where he might rest it. Rubezahl, who had been watching for some time, no sooner saw this, than he changed himself into a round heap, which the glazier not long afterwards found by the road side, and on which, well pleased with the discovery, he proposed to seat himself. But his joy was not of long continuance, for he had not sat there many minutes, before the heap vanished from under him so rapidly, that the poor glazier fell to the ground with his glass, which was by the fall smashed into a thousand pieces.

The poor fellow arose from the ground, looked around him, but the mound of earth on which he had before seated himself, was no longer visible. Then he began bitterly to lament, and to sigh with heartfelt sorrow over his untoward fate; and started forth once more on his journey. Upon this, Rubezahl, assuming the appearance of a traveller, accosted him, and enquired 'Why he so lamented,

and what was the great sorrow with which he was afflicted ?' Upon this the glazier related to him the whole affair ; how, that being weary, he had seated himself on a mound by the road-side, how this had suddenly overthrown him, and broken to pieces his whole stock of glass, which was well worth eight dollars ; and how, in short, the mound itself had entirely disappeared—he knew not in the least how to recover his loss, and bring the business to a good ending. The compassionate mountain-sprite comforted him, told him who he was, and that he himself had played him the trick ; and at the same time bade him be of good cheer, for his losses should be made good to him.

Upon this, Rubezahl transformed himself into an ass, and directed the glazier to sell him at the mill which lay at the foot of the mountain, and to be sure to make off with the purchase-money as quickly as possible. The glazier accordingly immediately bestrode the transformed mountain-sprite, and rode upon him down the mountain to the mill, where he offered him for sale to the miller at the price of ten dollars ; the miller offered nine, and the glazier, without further haggling, took the money and went his way with it.

When he was gone, the miller sent his newly purchased beast to the stable, and the boy who had the charge of him immediately filled his rack with hay. Upon this Rubezahl exclaimed—" I don't eat hay ; I eat nothing but roasted and boiled, and that of the best !" The boy's hair stood on end ; he flew to his master, and related to him this wondrous tale ; who no sooner heard it than he hastened to the stable, and there found nothing, for the ass and his nine dollars were alike vanished.

But the miller was rightly served, for he had cheated in

his time many poor people. Therefore Rubezahl punished in this manner the injustice of which he had been guilty.

NOTE.—From BUSCHING's *Volksagen*—where it is quoted from a work by PRÆTORIUS, specially dedicated to the exploits of this well-known mountain-spirit, and entitled *Demonologia Rubinzahli Silvest.*, 3rd edition, 12mo., Leipzig 1668.

The foregoing narrative is taken from Theil 1. s. 232—7.

RUBEZAHL MAKES A FOOL OF A NOBLE.—[B.]

In the year 1512, a man of noble family, who was a very tyrant and oppressor, had commanded one of his vassals or peasants to carry home with his horses and cart, an oak of extraordinary magnitude, and threatened to visit him with the heaviest disgrace and punishment if he neglected to fulfil his desires. The peasant saw that it was impossible he could execute the command of his lord, and therefore fled to the woods with great sorrow and lamentation.

There he was accosted by Rubezahl, who appeared unto him like a man, and enquired of him the cause of his so great grief and affliction. Upon this, the peasant related to him all the circumstances of the case. When Rubezahl heard them, he bade him be of good cheer and care not, but go home to his own house again; he would soon transport the oak which his lord and feudal master required into his court-yard.

Scarcely had the peasant got well home again, before Rubezahl took the huge and monstrous oak-tree, with its thick and sturdy boughs, and hurled it into the court-yard of the nobleman; and with its huge stem, and its many

thick branches, so choked and blocked up the entrance that no one could get either in or out. And because the oak proved harder than their iron tools, and could in no manner or wise, and with no power which they could apply to it, be hewn and cut to pieces, the nobleman was compelled, by unavoidable necessity, to break through the walls in another part of the court-yard, and to have a new door made, which was not done but at great labour and expense.

NOTE.—BUSCHING'S *Volkemarchen*, likewise from *Prætorius*.—(Th. 1, s. 275—277.)

'This legend,' says BUSCHING, 'is elsewhere related of the Devil, who took compassion upon a peasant similarly oppressed.'

RUBEZAHN SELLS PIGS.—[C.]

Once upon a time, Rubezahl made, from what materials is not known, a quantity of pigs, which he drove to the neighbouring market and sold to a peasant, with a caution, that the purchaser should not drive them through any water.

Now, what happened? Why these same swine having chanced to get sadly covered with mire, what must the peasant do but drive them to the river, which they had no sooner entered, than the supposed pigs suddenly became wisps of straw, and were carried away by the stream. The purchaser was moreover obliged to put up with his loss, for he neither knew what was become of, nor from whom he had purchased the pigs.

NOTE.—From BUSCHING, who has derived it from *Prætorius*.—(1 Theil. s. 284—5.)

A similar trick is related of the celebrated Bohemian Conjuror, Zytho, of whom we shall have more to say in the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF BOHEMIA.'

The universally current superstition, that running water has the power to dissolve the spells of necromancy, appears prominently in the foregoing legend, where the seeming pigs are, upon entering it, instantly restored to their original form.

HOW RUBEZAHL ENTERTAINED A PARTY OF GUESTS.--[D.]

It came to pass, once upon a time, that Rubezahl took up his abode in a deserted hostelry, and exhibited himself as if he had really been the landlord of it; so much so, that various people of rank, who chanced to be travelling that way, actually determined to take up their lodgings there for the night. Certainly, when the guests first arrived, there seemed but little means of entertaining them; but in a short time the tables were covered and prepared, and on the benches there lay various empty casks and great logs, in which stood taps, such as are usually seen in casks.

Besides this, Rubezahl contrived that a window of the apartment should be neatly transformed into a closet; this he opened, and kept taking from it great dishes of meat, one after the other, and placing them on the table. Part was cold, and the rest warm. And when these were all prepared, the guests thought to themselves, it is now all ready; but he kept still going to the closet, and bringing further viands of different sorts. At length they became to marvel where all this good cheer came from, and how their host had been able to get it ready for them!

But they said not a word, and when some of them would fain drink, and enquired whether there was nothing prepared for quenching their thirst; the unknown Rubezahl took a staff, smote the wall with it, and out came a handsome youth, dressed and adorned exactly like a young German, carrying in his hand two golden beakers, on which the name and arms of the Turkish Emperor were inscribed, and with these he went to one of the empty casks, and having drawn them from it, full of good Spanish wine, he placed them on the table for them to taste it.

After this Rubezahl struck the wall on the other side, and out came a lovely girl with a whole basketful of beautiful carved gold and silver drinking vessels, on which were the arms and titles of various princes and nobles, especially of the Kings of France and Spain; and others of distinguished Prelates, which were plainly to be seen upon them. This maiden went to a thick log, drew from it a pleasant and costly Rhenish wine, and handed it to the guests. Over the table there hung a wooden pipe. If any one wished for water, he had only to hold his drinking cup to the pipe, and the water kept running into it, as long as he knocked at the pipe, and yet no one knew whence the water came; for the pipe was suspended by a thread. Besides these, there lay around other casks, from out of which all kinds of Spanish, Hungarian, and other wines, were drawn, and such, too, as the guests had never tasted in their lives before. After this, Rubezahl brought forward fresh delicacies, consisting of rare birds and wondrous fishes, whose like was never found in Silesia. And as the guests now began to grow merry, other spirits made their appearance, habited like musicians, with a troop of merry makers, and they had old fiddles on

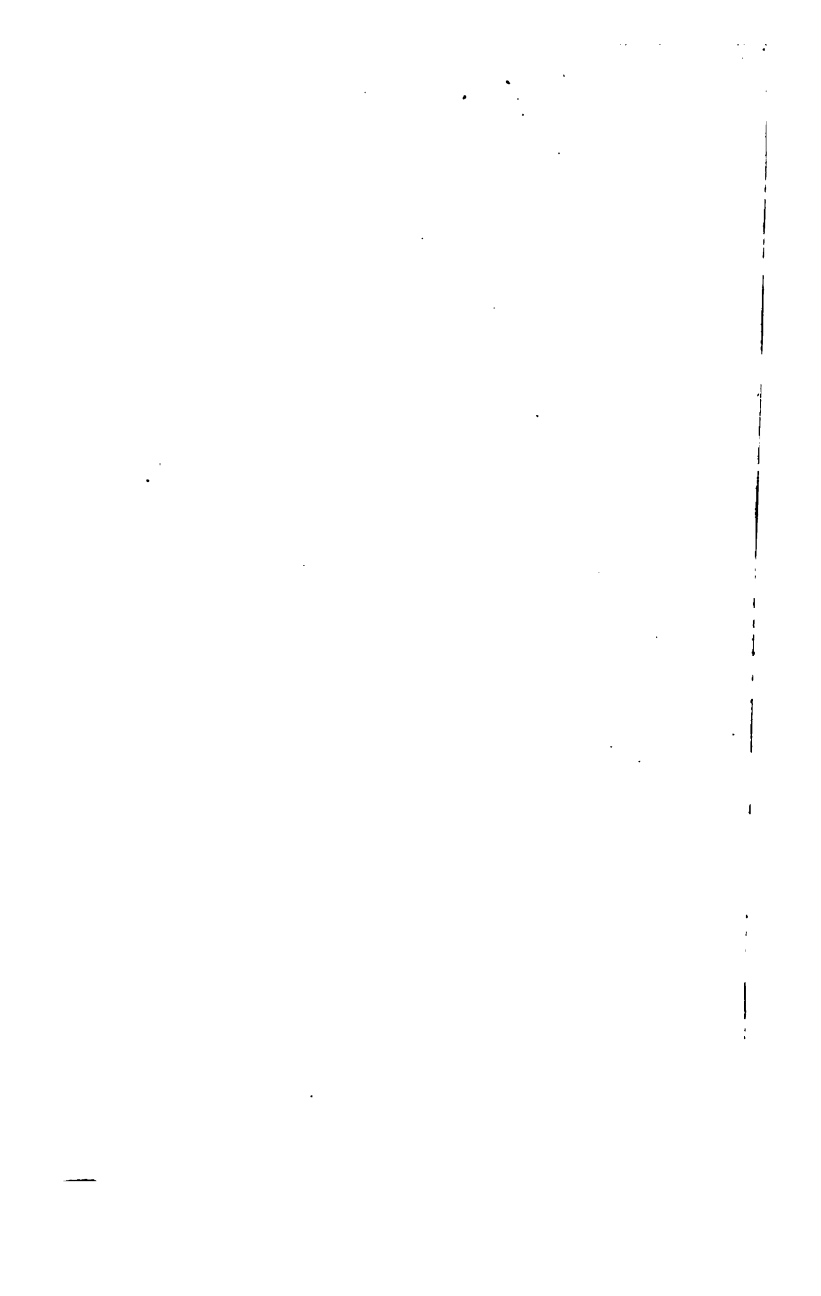
which they scraped all sorts of out of the way tunes. These were soon afterwards joined by other instruments, and jovially did they play together ; indeed it would be impossible to relate half the marvellous and pleasant things that came to pass.

As soon as they had finished their repast, Rubezahl paid another visit to his closet, and brought forth from it all sorts of rare fruits, such as grew in Spain, France, the low countries, Arabia, India, and Greece, with various rich and fresh spices, and other beautiful productions of those lands, which his guests might eat and enjoy with pleasure and delight: many of which were known to them, though many others were unknown. Moreover there were such varieties of beautiful flowers and fragrant herbs, that one could not but be amazed thereat. And when they had been thus merry for some time, one among them begun and said to Rubezahl, ' Sir host, I beg you will be so kind as to let us see some pretty sportive jest ? ' But Rubezahl answered and said, ' There is enough this time—this time you and the other lords have seen enough.' All the rest agreed with Rubezahl, saying, ' the pastime would indeed be superfluous.' But he who had spoken, persevered and entreated so hard for one as a sort of sleeping cup, that Rubezahl at length said, ' It shall be so ! '

Soon after this, in a trice, this same guest had gotten an ox's head with great horns, just like the head of a real animal. At this sight the other lords began to laugh and mock him. This angered him, and he sought to reproach them for so doing, but when he begun, he only roared and bellowed for all the world as if he had been a living ox. Shortly afterwards, he tried to raise a beaker to his mouth, that he might drink out of it, but this he could by



"Soon after this in a trice this same guest had gotten an ox's head with horns."



no means accomplish, his lips were so much too large. Thereupon Rubezahl's servant brought him wine in a cart, by which means he was enabled to get a hearty draught. Thus had the lords their sport with the ox, and were indeed right well pleased with this merry andrew's trick.

In the meanwhile the rumour reached the ears of this guest's wife, upon which she, with some of her companions, rode after her husband and alighted at the dwelling of Rubezahl. On entering she was informed that her husband had got an ox's head. She sought him instantly and found that it was so. Upon this she addressed the foulest language to Rubezahl, and rated him soundly for putting this shame upon her husband. Rubezahl in reply, spoke mildly to her, telling her to hold her tongue. This, too, did the other guests, but in vain. Then Rubezahl conjured upon the woman's shoulders a cow's-head, with horns complete. Upon this the laughter increased; and when the woman sought to remonstrate, she began to blare, and so did the ox likewise.

Then, indeed, one might have seen merry faces, when these set themselves in order, and wore their caps so merrily. In this spirit did the guests at last all go to sleep together, and snore the whole night through.

When they at length awoke early on the following morning, lo! there they lay on an open heath, and the occurrence of the preceding day seemed no more than a dream. Yet some of them considered that this jest had been put upon them by Rubezahl.

NOTE.—This story is derived by BUSCHING from the same source. PRÆTORIUS, p. 285—292. It is one of the most amusing and surprising of Number Nip's adventures.

The entertainment which he places before his guests, reminds us of a similar scene in the lives of all the celebrated magicians of the middle ages—see chap. xliii, in *History of Doctor Faustus*, (Thoms' *Early English Prose Romances*.) The magic transformations which the heads of the nobleman and his wife undergo, are analogous to that which that tricksey Puck wrought on the head of Master Bottom the weaver.

RUBEZAHN GIVES ORDERS FOR A CLOAK. [E]

A long time since Rubezahl went, in the form of a strange nobleman, to a tailor in Liebenthal, and desired him to cut from a beautiful cloth, which he showed him, sufficient for a cloak, and to have it ready by a certain day, when he would send for it. Now what does the tailor do, in the first place, but thinking the nobleman would never observe it, when he cut the cloth he placed it double, so that he cut off twice as much as was required for the cloak; and in the next, the cunning knave exchanged this cloth, and made use of one of inferior quality, out of which he speedily made the required garment; this was in due course delivered over to the nobleman, although the tailor did not receive the amount of his charge for making it, but only a promise that his customer would call himself some time or other and settle it.

The tailor, at first, thought he had made a capital job, and determined to apply the stolen cloth, at once, to his own use. But when he came to examine it, he found nothing but a heap of coarse matting, such as merchants use for the packing of goods. But, however, the time was

approaching when the nobleman had agreed to pay him. Just at this time he was, unexpectedly, compelled to undertake a journey. As he was on his way, who should he encounter but Rubezahl, in all his pride, mounted upon a goat; and with a nose which he had made for himself, a full half-yard long; the goat kept mocking the tailor, and bidding the master welcome, while Rubezahl kept crying out, 'Good luck to you, master! Good luck to you, master! Do you want to be paid your wages for the garment which you cut out for me, and which I am now wearing?' All this time the goat kept on his mocking, 'Master! master!' But the tailor was sorely frightened, notwithstanding he had oftentimes, before, laughed at the wondrous rider; and now thought to himself, he should be properly rewarded for his roguery.

After this, Rubezahl upbraided him most severely, and at the same time bantered him heartily for his intended theft of the cloth, saying, 'How stands it, brother, have we not something that we can barter? Hast thou not cribbed any thing, hast thou not nipped off any little bits from one stuff or another, or thrown any behind the stove, and said, 'The devil shall have that!' or hast thou thrown nothing after the mice, and so saved some of the best little pieces?'

But the tailor was struck dumb with astonishment, and said not a word. But he who bestrode the goat, proceeded, 'How strange it is that all you tailors must steal. The very first men and tailors who were upon the face of the earth commenced the practice, for they made themselves aprons of fig-leaves, and robbed the trees for that purpose. So, that it is clear, tailoring, from the beginning, could not exist without robbery; hence it is, that we must, like the

fig-tree, put up with the loss and let you go on stealing.'

At last Rubezahl said to the convicted tailor, 'Go, you bungler, and henceforth accustom your needle to work more closely. Not to take too wide stitches, nor thy fist to take what does not belong to thee. Give to every one his own, and of such of their materials, be they silk, satin, or good broad-cloth, as you don't use, take none to yourself. Keep to thy lawful wages which you, you ragged rascal, can raise quite high enough, and never more seek to increase thy gains by barefaced purloinings, or I will smite you for your ill deeds, and bid you welcome in somewhat harsher style than I have done this time.'

Upon this he began gradually shuffling back, with his great goat and long nose, and at length left the tailor standing quite alone. He, however, carried his jest upon the tailor thus much further, that whenever he heard a goat bleat, he immediately fancied it was some man calling to him, and saying, 'Master, master!'

As it afterwards fell out, this tailor, from his not hearing correctly, once called out to a he goat, 'Sir, shall I make you a suit of clothes?' The goat gave for answer, 'Puff—that is to say, he drove his horns so sharply against the tailor's ribs, that he puffed.

NOTE.—This is likewise derived by BUSCHING from PRÆTORIUS, but from the second part—(Leipzig 12mo. s. 20-26)

Liebethal was a nunnery of the Benedictine order, on the summit of the mountains: in the neighbourhood is a village of the same name, which belongs to the nunnery.

RUBEZAHN TURNS WOOD-CUTTER. [F]

Rubezahl once betook himself to the Hirschberg, which is in the neighbourhood of his forest haunts, and there offered his services as a wood-cutter, to one of the townsmen, asking for his remuneration nothing more than a bundle of wood. This the man promised him, accepted his offer, and pointed out some cart-loads, intending to give him some assistance. But to this proffer of help in his labours, Rubezahl replied, 'No—such is quite unnecessary—all that is to be done, I can very well accomplish by myself.'

Upon this, his new master made a few further enquiries, asking him what sort of a hatchet he had got, for he had noticed that his supposed servant was without one. 'Oh!' said Rubezahl, 'I will soon get a hatchet.' Accordingly, he laid hands upon his left leg, and pulled that, and his foot, and all off, at the thigh, and cut with it, as if he had been mad and raving, all the wood into small pieces, of proper lengths and sizes, in about a quarter of an hour, thus proving that a dismembered foot is a thousand times more effectual for such purposes, than the sharpest axe.

In the meanwhile, the owner, (who saw plainly that mischief was intended,) kept calling upon the wondrous wood-cutter to desist, and go away about his business. But Rubezahl kept incessantly answering, 'No, I will not stir from this spot until I have hewn the wood as small as I agreed to, and have got my wages for doing so.'

And in the midst of such quarrelling, Rubezahl finished

his job, and screwed his leg on again, for while at work he had been standing on one leg, after the fashion of the storks; gathered together all he had cut into one bundle, and placed it on his shoulder, and off he started with it, in spite of every thing, towards his own favourite retreat, heedless of the tears and lamentations of his master.

On this occasion, Rubezahl did not appear in the character of a sportive or mischievous spirit, but as an avenger of injustice. For his employer had induced a number of poor men to bring wood to his home, upon the promise of paying them wages, which wages, however, this word-forfeiting man had never paid them. Rubezahl, however, laid at the door of each of these poor men, so much of the wood as he had carried, and thus brought the business to a proper termination.

NOTE.—This legend is likewise derived by BUSCHING from PRÆTORIUS, Part 2. p. 183—188.

RUBEZAHL CHANGES HIMSELF INTO A SPEAR. [G]

It once happened, that a messenger vexed or put some trick upon Rubezahl, who thereupon revenged himself, in the following manner, and so whetted out the notch.*

The messenger, in one of his journeys over the mountains, entered a hotel to refresh himself, and placed his spear as usual behind the door: no sooner had he done

* Die scharfe auswetzen—to whet out the notch, is a phrase corresponding with the English, 'to wipe out the score.'

so, however, before the roguish sprite carried off the spear and transformed himself into a similar one, and took its place.

When the messenger, after taking his rest, set forth again with his spear, and had got some little way on his journey, it began slipping forward every now and then, in such wise that the messenger kept pitching forward into the most intolerable filth, and getting himself sadly befouled. For indeed so often did it happen, that the churl at last could not tell for the soul of him, what had come to the spear, or why he kept slipping forward with it, instead of seizing fast hold of the ground.

He looked at it longways and sideways, from above, from underneath, but in spite of all his attempts, no change could he discover.

In the meanwhile, he went forward a little way, when suddenly he was once more plunged into the morass, to cry, 'woe is me, and wala wa,' at his spear, which led him to such scrapes, but did nothing to release him from them. At length, he got himself once more to rights, and then turned the spear the wrong way upwards. But no sooner had he done so, than he was driven backwards instead of forwards, into the mud, and so got into a worse plight than ever.

After this, the silly fellow took the spear across his shoulder like a pikeman, when he found it was of no use to trail it upon the earth, and in this fashion he started forth like a true knight. But still the merry knave Rubezahl continued his vexatious tricks, by pressing on the messenger, as though he had got a pair of heavy yokes upon his back, and throwing his troublesome burden first on one shoulder and then on the other, until at last,

the poor fellow, from very weariness, threw away the bewitched weapon, in the name of the Evil One, and went his way without it.

But he had not ridden above a quarter of a mile thus unspeared, when looking carelessly about him, lo and behold, there lay his spear beside him; sadly he was frightened at the sight, and little did he know what to make of it. At last he boldly ventured to lay hands upon it; he did so, and lifted up the spear, though he knew not how to carry it. To rest it on the earth, he had no longer any desire; the thoughts of carrying it on his shoulders, made him shudder; nothing therefore remained but to hold it in his hand, so that it would drag after him along the ground.

But, fresh troubles here arose; it weighed so heavily that he could not stir a foot from the spot, and though he tried first one hand and then the other, he found no difference, it still kept up the same tune. At last, he bethought him of another fashion, that is to say, to ride upon it, as a child bestrides a stick; and in this manner it went on as if it had been greased, that is to say, he ran away with all speed, felt no sense of weariness, and thought no otherwise than that he had a good fleet horse under him. Thus mounted he rode forth without ceasing, until he descended from the mountain into the city, and excited the wonder, delight, and laughter of the worthy burghers.

Although the messenger had endured some trouble in the early part of his journey, he was at all events at the close amply compensated, and then he even comforted himself still more, by making up his mind that in all future journeys, which he was destined to perform, he would for the better performance bestride his nimble spear.

But his good intentions were frustrated, for Rubezahl had played his game, and had all the amusement he intended with the poor knave; accordingly he scampered away, brought unnoticed in his place the real spear, which never played any more tricks, but after the old fashion of other spears, accompanied its master in a becoming and orderly style.

NOTE.—This wild and ludicrous adventure is likewise from PRÆTORIUS. The broomsticks of all true witches, here find their counterpart.

RUBEZAHN CHANGES LEAVES INTO DUCATS. [H]

A poor woman, who got her living by herbalizing, once went, accompanied by her two little children, to the mountains, carrying with her a basket in which to gather medical herbs, which she was in the habit of disposing of to the apothecaries. Having chanced to discover a large tract of land covered with such plants as were most esteemed, she busied herself so in filling her basket, that she lost her way, and was troubled to find out how to get back to the path from which she had wandered, when a man, dressed like a peasant, suddenly appeared and asked, as if by accident, (for it was Rubezahl,) 'Well, good woman, what is it you are looking so anxiously for, and where do you want to go to?'

To this she replied, 'Alas, I am a poor woman, who have neither bit nor sup, for which reason I am obliged to wander to gather herbs, that I may buy a bit of bread for myself and my hungry children; and now I have lost my

way and cannot find it again. So I pray you, good man, take pity on me, and lead me out of the thicket into the right path, that I may make the best of my way home?"

To this Rubezahl answered, 'Well, my good woman, make yourself happy, I will show you the way. But what good are these roots to you—they will be of little benefit. Throw away this rubbish, and gather from this tree as many leaves as will fill your basket, you will find them answer your purpose much better.'

'Alas, who would give a penny for them, they are but common leaves, and good for nothing.'

'Be advised, my good woman,' said Rubezahl, 'throw away those you have got and follow me.' But Rubezahl repeated his injunctions over and over again in vain, so often, that he at last was almost tired of doing, for the woman would by no means be persuaded; at last, he was fairly obliged to lay hands upon the basket, throw the herbs by main force out, and supply their place with leaves from the surrounding bushes. When he had done so, he told the woman to go home, and that she might do so, put her in the right way.

Upon this, the woman with her children and her basket, though certainly against her will, journeyed forth some distance, but they had not gone far before she saw some valuable herbs growing by the way-side; and no sooner did she perceive them, than she longed to gather them, and carry them with her, because she felt a hope that she should obtain something more for them, than for the good-for-nothing leaves with which her basket was crammed. Accordingly, she emptied it, threw away what she sup-

•

posed mere rubbish, and filled it once more with roots, and journeyed homewards to her dwelling at Kirschdorf.

As soon as she arrived at home, she cleansed the roots she had gathered, from the earth which clung to them, tied them neatly together, and emptied every thing out of the basket; upon doing so, something glittering caught her eye, and induced her to take a more careful examination, to see what it was. What happened? Why, lo! and behold, there she found several ducats sticking to the wickers of the basket, and these were such of the leaves as remained of those which she had so thoughtlessly thrown away on the mountains; fortunately not entirely.

Now she was rejoiced at having preserved these much, and again she was sorely vexed, that she had not taken care of all that the mountain spirit had gathered for her. She hastened back in hopes of finding them, but in vain—they were all vanished.

NOTE.—With this legend, likewise from PRÆTORIUS, (s. 248—254,) ends the collection of tales relative to this well-known Spirit of the Hartz Mountains, which BUSCHING has inserted in his curious volume.

The adventures of this Mountain Goblin have proved a faithful theme to the wonder-recording writers of Germany. MUSÆUS has related his history in one of the volumes of his inimitable *Deutsche Volksmärchen*, and a translation of this tale, under the title of 'Number Nip,' is included in the work entitled '*Tales from the German*,' which was published some years since in 2 vols. 12mo., and has been attributed to the author of '*Vathek*.' RUBEZAH figures in the 2nd volume of '*Volksagen*,' Eisenach, 1795, and a volume

especially devoted to the record of his right wondrous and merry adventures, was published in 1831, under the title of '*Rubensaal, oder Volksagen im Reisengebirge.*'

We cannot bring this note to a conclusion, without calling the attention of our readers to the striking points of similarity which exists in their characters, between this frolicsome spirit of the hills, as portrayed in the little tales which they have just read, and Puck the mischievous and dainty spirit of '*Midsummer's Nights' Dream,*' as pencilled and tinted with the rainbow spirit of England's greatest bard,—'that shrewd and knavish one, called Robin Good-fellow.'

Rubezahl's tricks and vagaries have been too recently perused, to require more than a reference, but the congenial spirit who says:—

'Thou speak'st aright,

I am that merry wanderer of the night,

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile.

Neighing in likeness of a silly foal,

And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl

In very likeness of a roasted crab ;

And when she drinks, against ther lips I bob,

And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale

Sometime for three foot-stool mistaketh me.'

Puck, we say, seems to identify himself with the merry sprite who has chosen the Hartz mountain as the scene of his wanton revels,

where he, having first clapped an ass's head on Bottom's shoulders, exclaims :—

' I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier,
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire :
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.'

40.—THE KNIGHTS ON THE BLACK HORSE.

At Kindelsberg, on the castle high,
An ancient lime-tree grows,
With goodly branches, wide outspread,
Which rave as the wild wind blows.
There stands a stem, both broad and tall,
Quite close this lime-tree, behind,
It is grey, and rough all over with moss,
And shakes not with the wind.
There sleeps a maiden the mournful sleep,
Who to her knight was true :—
He was a noble count of the Mark,
Her case she well might rue.
With her brother to a distant land,
To a knight's feud he did repair,
He gave to the maiden the iron hand,
They parted with many a tear.

The time was now long passed and gone,
The Count he came not again ;
By the lime-tree foot she sat her down,
To give vent to her sorrow and pain.

And there to her another knight came ;
A coal-black steed he was on,
Unto the maiden he kindly spoke,
And sought her heart to win.

The maiden said "thou shalst, I vow,
Me for thy wife ne'er have :—
When the lime-tree here shall withered be,
My heart to thee will I give."

The lime-tree still was high and young.
Up hill and down he passed,
In search of a lime so large and so high,
Till he found it at the last.

Then out he went in the moonshine bright,
And dug up the lime-tree so green,
And set the withered tree in its stead,
And the turf laid down again.

The maiden up in the morning rose,
Her window was so light ;
The lime-tree shade no more on it played ;
She was seized with grief and affright.

The maiden to the lime-tree ran,
Sat down in sorrow and pain,
The knight he came in haughty mood,
And sought her heart again :—

The maiden answered in distress,
"Thou'lt ne'er be loved by me :"
The proud knight then he stabbed her dead,
The count grieved piteously !

For he came home that very day,
And saw in sorrowful mood,
How by the withered lime-tree lay
The maiden in her blood.

And then a deep grave did he dig,
For a bed of rest for his bride ;
And he sought for a lime, up hill and down,
And he placed it by her side.

And a great stone he also placed,
Which by the wind cannot shaken be,
There sleeps the maiden in peaceful rest,
In the shade of the green lime-tree.

NOTE.—The foregoing translation of an exceedingly pleasing German ballad, is taken from an article "On the Songs of the People of Gothic Race," in the *London Magazine* for 1821, where it is introduced by the following story, told to JUNO by a peasant, and related by him in his Biography, where the original ballad is preserved.

A little down there you see the Castle of Geisenberg; straight behind it there is a high mountain, with three heads, of which the middle is still called the Kindelsberg. There in old times stood a castle of that name, in which dwelt knights who were very ungodly people. God became at length weary of them; and there arrived late one evening a white little man at the castle, who announced

to them that they should all die within three days: as a sign, he told them that the same night on which he spoke, a cow would produce two lambs. This accordingly happened; but no one minded the prophecy, except the youngest son, the knight Siegmund, and a daughter, who was a very beautiful maiden; these two prayed day and night. The others all died of the plague, and these two were saved. Now here, on the Geisenberg, there was also a bold young knight, who constantly rode a large black horse, on which account he was always called the knight with the black horse. He was a wicked man, who was always robbing and murdering. This knight fell in love with the maiden on the Kindelsberg, and was determined to have her, but the thing had a bad ending. I know an old song on this story. (Here he sung the song.) The affecting melody, (continues Jung) and the story itself, produced such an effect on *Stilling* (Jung,) that he often visited the old peasant who sung the song to him, until he got it by heart.

Our readers will, we are sure, not be displeased with the following brief notice of the lover of old ballads, here referred to, extracted from the same source:—

“Some curious German ballads have been preserved by John Henry Jung, who was born in 1740,—a man of a very singular character, who gave the world an account of his own remarkable life, under the title of *Henry Stilling's Biography*. This individual was intended to be a charcoal burner, but chose rather to be a tailor. Having a strong love of knowledge, he instructed himself in his hours of leisure, and became candidate for the place of preceptor of a school. Failing in his attempts, he was obliged to return to his trade, from which, however, he was occasionally called to act as a private teacher in families. He became afterwards a physician and

professor, and died a privy councillor of Baden. He was a man of most amiable and sincere character; and his account of his own life is supposed to be one of the most veridical works of the kind ever composed. His piety was of a fervent, but at the same time of a visionary cast. He believed in the intercourse of departed spirits with the living, and his peculiar doctrines on this subject were espoused by many people in different parts of Germany.

41.—THE FROG KING; OR, IRON HENRY.

There was once a young princess, and for a long while she knew not what to do to amuse herself. At last she took a golden ball, with which she had often played before, and went out into the wood. And in the middle of the wood there was a bright cool brook, and by the side of this she sate herself down, threw the ball up into the air and caught it again, and this was to her as a pastime. But it happened once, when the ball had flown very high, and the princess lifted up her arm, and stretched out her fingers, that she might catch it, that the ball fell upon the ground by the side of her, and rolled straightways into the water.

The princess was frightened and looked after it; but the ball kept sinking, and the brook was so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. And when it had entirely disappeared, then began the maiden to weep and lament bitterly, saying, 'Oh, had I but my beautiful golden ball,

I would give every thing else for it; my clothes, my jewels, my pearls, nay, even my golden crown itself.'

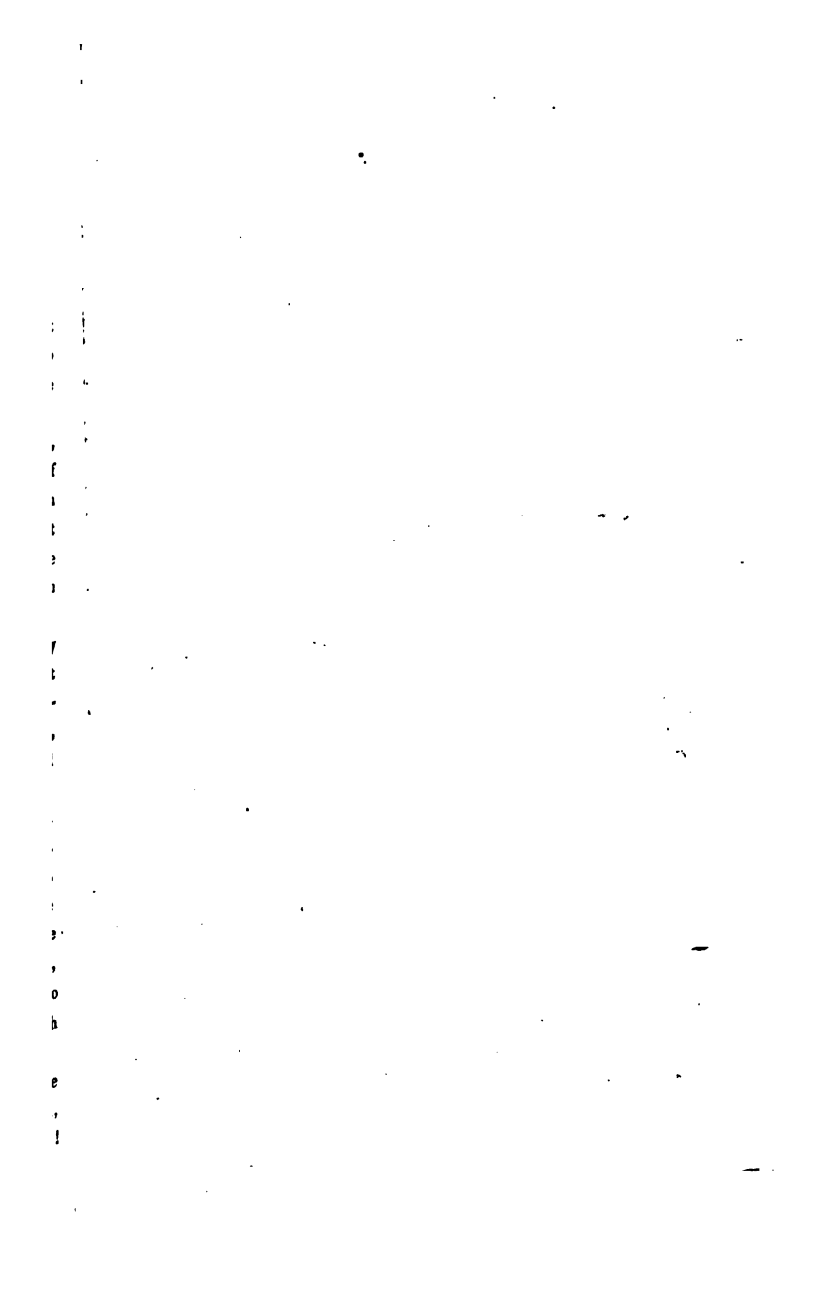
Scarcely had she thus spoken, before a frog put its thick head out of the water, and said, 'Princess, why mournest thou so pitifully?' 'Ah,' said she, 'how can you help me, you ugly frog? My golden ball has fallen into the brook.'

The frog continued, 'Thy clothes, thy jewels, thy pearls, even thy golden crown itself, are nothing to me; but if thou wilt take me for thy friend and companion, set me on thy right hand at thy little table, let me eat with thee out of thy little golden dish, drink with thee out of thy little cup, and sleep in thy little bed, I will get thee thy golden ball again.'

Now the princess thought in her heart, 'How this silly frog prattles; a frog is no companion for such as me, but must remain in the water with its own kind; perhaps, however, it may be able to get me my ball again,' thus thinking, she said, 'Well, be it so, only give me my golden ball again, and it shall be as you wish.'

And when she had thus spoken, the frog dived its head under the water again, went to the bottom, and after a little while, came to the top again with the ball in its mouth, and threw it upon the grass. Oh, how glad the princess was, when she found the pretty plaything once more safe in her hands. The frog cried, 'Wait now, princess, and take me with you;' but that was spoken to the wind, she heard not a word of it, but ran home with her golden ball, and thought no more of the frog.

On the next day, when she sate at table with the king and his courtiers, and ate from her little golden dish, something came creeping plitsch platsch ! plitsch platsch !





"But we frog now that it was seated on a stool by her side said to her" *p. 235.*

up the marble steps ; and when it got to the top of them it knocked at the door, and cried out, ' Princess, dear, open the door ! ' She immediately ran to the door to see who was there, and when she opened it what should be sitting there but the frog. So she shut the door quickly to, and seated herself again in great alarm at the table. The king saw how violently her heart kept beating, and said, ' What is it that frightened you so ? is there a giant at the door who wants to carry you away ? '

' Alas, no ! ' said the princess, ' it is no giant, but an ugly frog, who yesterday, in the wood, got my golden ball out of the water for me, and in return I promised him that he should be my companion ; for I never thought that he could leave the water ; but now he is out of it, and will come in here to me. ' Just at this minute the frog knocked a second time, and cried :—

' Princess, dear, pray open the door !
And think of what you promised me
When yesterday I did restore
The pretty golden ball to thee.
Princess, dear, pray open the door ! '

Then said the king, ' If thou didst so promise him, thou must keep thy promise, and open the door. ' So she went and opened the door, and in hopped the frog close to her feet, until it reached her stool. There it sate itself and cried, ' Lift me up to you ! ' But she would not do so until the king commanded her. But the frog, now that it was seated on a stool by her side, said to her, ' Put thy little golden dish nearer to me, that we may eat together. ' Full of indignation she did this likewise, and the frog seemed to

relish the meal very much, but every morsel she took stuck in her throat.

Presently it said to her, 'Now I have eaten as much as I want, and I am weary, so carry me up to thy chamber, and make ready thy little silken bed, that I may sleep in it.' At this the princess began to weep bitterly, for she was afraid of the cold frog, for she could not bear the thoughts of touching it, and now it was to sleep in her nice clean little bed. But the king gave her an angry look, and said, 'What thou hast promised, thou art bound to perform, and the frog must be thy associate.' So there was no help for it, whether she liked it or not, she was obliged to take the frog with her. But in her heart she was very maliciously disposed against him, so she took him betwixt her two fingers and carried him up, and when she laid herself down in bed, instead of lifting the frog into bed, she threw it with all her might against it, saying, 'Now you will have rest enough, you ugly frog!'

But what fell on the floor was not a dead frog, but a living young prince, who looked upon her with loving and friendly eyes. And he became by right, and her father's commands, her loving associate and husband. And both were happy at the change, and on the following morning as soon as the sun awakened them, there came a handsome carriage drawn by eight white horses, who were decorated with feathers, and dressed in harness of gold, and behind the carriage stood the servant of the young prince, and he was the Faithful Henry.

The Faithful Henry had so mourned when his master was transformed into a frog, that he was obliged to put three iron bands round his heart, lest it should break for very grief and misery. Now the carriage was to bear the

young prince home to his own kingdom; so Faithful Henry handed in his master and the young princess, and got up behind it again, full of joy at his deliverance.

And when they had ridden a little way, the prince heard something behind him crack, as if some part of the carriage had broken.

Henry, does the carriage break?
 Lord, the carriage does not break,
 But the band around my heart,
 Which I put there, in grief and smart,
 When you sat in the brook, alas!
 And to a frog transformed was.

Presently another and another, cracked as they went their way, and each time the prince thought it was the carriage, but it was only the iron bands which sprung from the heart of Faithful Henry, for joy that his master was once more free and happy.

NOTE.—This German popular story, which is taken from GRIMM'S *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, Band 1. s. 1—5. is here inserted from its connexion with the Frogs and Crocodiles of the 3rd and 6th stories of the *LAYS AND LEGENDS OF TARTARY*.

When or how the enchanted Frogs migrated westwards, it is not easy to determine; their presence in the Tartarian legends satisfactorily attest their Eastern origin—and the traces of them in European Fiction are sufficiently numerous to prove that the belief in them was at one time almost universal.

These frogs figured very conspicuously in a Scottish tale given by DR. LEYDEN, in his edition of the "*Complaynt of Scotland*," the words are:—

"According to the popular tale, a lady is sent by her step-mothe

to draw water from the well of the world's end. She arrives at the well, after encountering many dangers; but soon perceives her adventures had not reached a conclusion. A frog emerges from the well, and before it suffers her to draw water, obliges her to betrothe herself to the monster, under the penalty of being torn to pieces. The lady returns safe: but at midnight the frog-lover appears at the door and demands an entrance according to promise, to the great consternation of the lady and her nurse.

'Open the door, my hinny, my heart,
Open the door, mine ain wee thing,
And mind the words that you and I spake,
Down in the meadow at the well spring.'

The frog is admitted, and addresses her:

'Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
And mind the words that you and I spake
At the cauld well sae weary.'

The frog is finally disenchanted, and appears as a prince, in his original form.

The name of Henry was a very popular one in Germany for a servant, as the Brothers GRIMM have expressly shown in their edition of *Der Aime Heinrich*.

'The bands of care,' and the stone which presses on the heart, are frequently mentioned by the early German poets.

One of the Minnesingers says:—

'Sie ist mir *stachelhaft* in mein herz gedruck,'
Heinrich von Sax says expressly,
'Mein herz in *banden* liegt.'

And in the song of Heinrich der Lowe—St. 59, we read,

'Es lag ihr Herz in *Banden*.'

42.—THE FLAMING CASTLE.

Upon a high mountain in the Tyrol, there stands an old castle, in which there burns a fire every night; and the flames of that fire are so large that they rise up over the walls, and may be seen far and wide.

It happened once, that an old woman in want of firewood, was gathering the fallen twigs and branches upon this castle-crowned mountain, and at length arrived at the castle-door; to indulge her curiosity, she began peeping about her, and at last entered, not without difficulty, for all was in ruins and not easily accessible. When she reached the court-yard, there she beheld a goodly company of nobles and ladies seated and feasting at a huge table. There were, likewise, plenty of servants, who waited upon them, changing their plates, handing round the viands and pouring out wine to the party.

As she thus stood gazing on them, there came one of the servants, who drew her on one side, and placed a piece of gold in the pocket of her apron, upon which, the whole scene vanished in an instant, and the poor frightened old woman was left to find her way back as well as she could. But when she got outside the court-yard, there stood before her a soldier with a lighted match, whose head was not placed upon his neck, but held by him under his arm. He immediately addressed the old woman, and commanded

her that she told no man what she had seen and heard, upon peril of evil befalling her.

At length the woman reached home, full of anguish, still keeping possession of the gold, but telling no one whence she obtained it. When the magistrates, however, heard of the affair, she was summoned before them, but she would not speak one word upon the subject, excusing herself from doing so, by saying, that if she uttered one word respecting it, great evil would ensue to her. But when they pressed her more closely, she discovered to them all that happened to her in the Fiery Castle, even to the smallest particular. But in an instant, almost before her relation was fully ended, she was carried away, and no one could ever learn whither she had fled.

A year or two afterwards, a young nobleman, a knight, and one well experienced in all things, took up his abode in these parts. In order that he might ascertain the issue of this affair, he set out on foot with his servant, in the middle of the night, on the road to the mountain. With great difficulty did they make the ascent, and were on their way warned six times, by an unknown voice, to desist from their attempt.

They kept on, however, heedless of this caution, and at last reached the door of the castle. There stood the soldier again as a sentinel, and called out, as usual, 'Who goes there?' The nobleman, who was bold of heart, gave for answer, 'It is I!' Upon this, the spirit enquired further, 'Who art thou?'

But this time the nobleman gave no answer, but desired his servant to hand him his sword. When this was done, a black horseman came riding out of the castle, against

whom the nobleman would have waged battle; the horseman, however, dragged him up upon his horse and rode with him into the court-yard, while the soldier chased the servant down the mountain. The nobleman was never more seen.

NOTE.—This legend, rich in the materials of romance, such as sable horsemen, headless soldiers, &c., is taken from GRIMM'S *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1. s. 369—371. in which it is quoted from "*Der abentheuerliche Jean Nebha*. 1679. Th. 2. s. 8—11.

43.—THE WEHR-WOLF.

The following story was related by a soldier, to whose grandfather it happened. His grandfather, it appears, had gone to the forest to cut wood, accompanied by another old man, and by a third person, which third person was always looked upon with a suspicion that all was not quite with him as it ought to be; yet no one knew, of a certainty, ought that could be told against him.

After they had all there been at work for some time, and were growing weary, this third one asked, whether they should not take a short sleep to refresh themselves. Upon this suggestion, they all three threw themselves on the grass that they might sleep; but the soldier's grandfather only pretended to sleep, and kept his eyes a little open. As soon as the third person had looked well about him, to see whether his companions were asleep, and had convinced

himself that they were so, he threw off a girdle which he wore, and became a Wehr-wolf; yet such Wehr-wolf does not look exactly like an ordinary wolf, but something different. No sooner had he, after thus transforming himself, fled to a neighbouring meadow in which a young colt was grazing, than he seized upon it and instantly devoured it, hair, skin, and all.

After this he hastened back again, put on once more his girdle, and stood as before in his human form. After a little while, when they all stood up together, they went there way home towards the city, and as they passed by the city gate, this same man complained bitterly of a pain in his inside. Upon this, he who had watched him, whispered secretly in his ear, 'That I can easily believe; if a man crams a horse, with his hair, skin, and all into his stomach.' To this the other replied, 'Hadst thou only said this to me when we were in the forest, thou shouldst never have said it more.'

A woman had assumed the shape of a Wehr-wolf, and had in this manner fallen upon the herds of a shepherd whom she hated, and thus inflicted on him grievous injuries. The shepherd, however, succeeded in wounding her, by an arrow-shot in the haunch, so that it crept into a bush. Thither the shepherd proceeded, fully expecting that he would now completely overpower the ravager, but he there found a woman busily employed in staunching, with a piece of her garment, the blood which was streaming from the wound.

NOTE.—This further extract from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1. s. 293—294, is a proof of the existence among the superstitions of Germany, of a popular belief in the existence of the Wehr-wolf.

similar to that which the inhabitants of France so implicitly credited during the olden time, and of which the reader will find instances in the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE.' See stories No. 4 and 11, —and the notes to the same, for further illustration of the nature of this universal belief of the middle ages.

44.—THE JUNIPER TREE.

It is now a long while ago, full two thousand years, that there lived a rich man, who had a fair pious wife, and they had for each other great love, but yet they had no children, and the wife prayed therefore day and night.

Now before their house there stood a court, wherein stood a Juniper-tree, under which stood the wife once in the winter time, peeling herself an apple. And as she so peeled the apple, she cut herself in the finger and the blood fell upon the snow. 'Alas,' said the woman, and she sighed right out, and saw the blood before her, and was indeed troubled in her mind. 'Alas, that I had but a child, as red as blood, and as white as snow!' And as she said this, she became right glad in her mind, and felt as though it should come to pass.

Then went she into the house, and a month passed away and the snow disappeared, and in two months all was green; in three months there came flowers upon the earth; in four months all the trees in the forest thickened, and the green twigs were all growing in one among another. Then the song of the little birds resounded through the forest, and the blossoms fell down from the branches.

And when the fifth month was gone, she stood under the Juniper-tree, which was sweet to smell, and her heart leaped for joy, and she fell down upon her knees, for she could not help it. And when the sixth month was gone, there stood the fruit thick and strong, and all was quite still. And at the seventh month she crept to the Juniper-tree, and ate so greedily of it that she became sick and sorrowful. And when the eighth month was gone, she called to her husband, and wept and said, 'If I die, bury me under the Juniper-tree!' Then she felt quite comforted and rejoiced herself; and when the ninth month was gone, she bare a child that was as white as snow and as red as blood, and when she beheld it, she was so glad thereof, that she died for joy.

Then her husband buried her under the Juniper-tree, and wept over her very sore for a long, long time; and when he had wept a great deal, and was well tired with weeping, he arose up, and after a time he took unto himself another wife.

Now this second wife bare unto him a daughter, but the child of the first wife was a little son, which was as red as blood and as white as snow. And when the wife looked upon the little boy she felt unkindly towards him, and thought of him as standing always in her way, and thought how she might secure all her husband's wealth for her own daughter. And the evil thought so worked upon her, that she was always angered against the little boy, and drove him about from one corner to another, and buffeted him here and cuffed him there, so that the poor child was ever in sorrow; and when he came home from school, he found no place of rest.

Once when the wife was gone up to her chamber, there

came the little daughter also, and said, 'Mother, give me an apple?' 'Yes, my child,' said the wife, and gave her a dried apple out of the chest; now the chest had a great heavy lid to it, with a great sharp iron lock. 'Mother,' said the little daughter, 'shall brother not have an apple likewise?' This displeased the woman, yet she said, 'Yes, when he comes home from school.' And as she looked out of the window, and saw that he was coming, it was just as if the Evil One came before her, and she seized the apple and took it away from her daughter, and said, 'You shall not have one until your brother has.' Then she threw the apple into the chest and shut the lid to.

Then came the little boy to the door, and the Evil One moved her that she spake kindly unto him, and said, 'My son, wilt thou have an apple?' 'Mother,' said the little boy, 'Yes, if you please, give me an apple.' 'Come with me,' said she, and opened the lid; 'take out an apple for yourself.' And when the little boy stooped into the chest, the Evil One moved her, and she let fall the lid of the chest, so that his head flew off and fell amongst the rosy apples. Then she saw in great alarm what she had done, and bethought herself how she might keep it from being known. So she went away into her chamber, to her chest of drawers and opened one of them, and took out of it a white cloth, and placed his head again upon his neck, and bound the neck-cloth round it, in such wise that it could not be seen, and seated him before the door upon a stool, and placed an apple in his hand.

Then came little Margery into the kitchen, to her mother, who stood by the fire, and had a saucepan of boiling water before her, which she kept stirring about. 'Mother,' said Margery, 'brother is sitting before the door and looking so

white, and he has got an apple in his hand; I have asked him to give me the apple, but he answered me not. I did not like it at all.' 'Go once more,' said the mother, 'and if he does not answer you, give him a box on his ear.'

Then went Margery to him, and said, 'Brother, give me the apple?' But he remained still; then she gave him a box on his ear, so that his head fell down. Thereupon, she was greatly alarmed, and began to weep, and to roar, and ran to her mother, and said, 'Alas, mother, I have smitten off the head of my brother,' and wept and would not be comforted. 'Margery,' said the mother, 'what hast thou done? but be quiet, that no man may find it out, and there is nothing to fear—we will make broth of him.'

Then the mother took the little boy, and hacked him in pieces, put them in the saucepan and made broth of them. But little Margery stood by, weeping and weeping, and her tears all fell into the saucepan, so that then it lacked no salt.

Then came the father home, and sate himself down to the table and said, 'Where, then, is my son?' Then the mother brought in a great dish of black broth, and little Margery kept weeping and could not retain herself. Then said the father again, 'Where, then, is my son?' 'Oh,' said the mother, 'he is gone into the country, to your great uncle at Mutton, he will remain there a while.' 'Wherefore did he that? and never once bid me good bye.' 'Oh, he would go, and begged he might stay there six weeks, for he likes so much to be there.' 'Ah,' said the man, 'I feel right sorrowful, for that is not as it should be, besides he should have bidden me good bye.'

With this he began to eat, and said, 'Margery, why do you cry? brother will soon come home again.' 'Oh, wife!' said he, then, 'I relish this right well—give me some more.' And the more he ate, the more he would have, and said, 'Give me more, you shall have none of it; for it is, as though it was all mine.' And he ate and ate, and the bones he threw all under the table, and he ate up all the rest.

But little Margery went to her chamber, and took out of her drawers her best silken handkerchief, and gathered up all the bones from under the table, and wrapped them in the silken handkerchief, and carried them out of doors, and wept over them tears of blood. Then she laid them under the Juniper-tree, in the green grass; and when she had so laid them there, then was she all at once right cheerful and wept no more. Then began the Juniper-tree to move itself, and the branches kept waving to and fro, one with another, just as if any one was clapping their hands for joy: and in the midst of this there arose a cloud out of the tree, and right in the midst of the cloud there burned, as it were, a fire; and out of the fire there flew forth a beautiful bird, which sang so sweetly, and flew high in the air. And when the bird was flown away, then was the Juniper-tree still as it had before been, and the silken handkerchief and the little bones were gone.

But Margery felt so light and so happy, just as if her little brother was still alive. Then went she again right merry into the house to dinner, and ate.

But the bird flew away, and seated himself on the house of a goldsmith, and began to sing:—

'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;

But my Sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!

Now the goldsmith was seated in his workshop making a golden chain. And when he heard the bird, which sate upon his roof and sang, he thought it was beautiful to hear. So he rose up, and as he went over the door-sill he lost one of his slippers; but he went just so right into the middle of the street, with one slipper and one stocking, and his leathern apron before him, and the golden chain in the one hand and his pincers in the other. And the sun was shining brightly up the street, so he went right out and looked at the bird. 'Bird!' said he, 'how sweetly thou singest! sing me that little song again?' 'No,' said the bird, 'twice sing I not for nothing. Give me that golden chain, and I will sing it to thee once more.' 'Then,' said the goldsmith, 'thou hast the golden chain; so sing unto me once more.' Then the bird came and took the golden chain in its right claw, and seated himself before the goldsmith, and sang:—

'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;
But my sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!'

Then the bird flew away to a shoemaker's, sate itself upon his roof, and sang:—

' My mother she me slew,
My mother ate me too;
But my Sister Margery
Gathered all the bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!

When the shoemaker heard this, he ran out of the door, in his shirt sleeves, and looked up at the roof of his house, and was obliged to hold his hand before his eyes, that he might not be blinded. 'Bird,' said he, 'but thou canst sing sweetly!' Then he called into his house, 'Wife, come out directly; here is a bird, only look—a bird that can sing so sweetly! And he called his daughter, and the children, and the workman, and the boy, and the maid, and they all came out into the street, and beheld the bird how beautiful it was!—And it had red feathers and green feathers, and about its neck it was as though it was bright gold, and its eyes shone in its head as though they had been stars.

'Bird,' said the shoemaker, 'sing me that song once again.' 'No,' said the bird, 'twice sing I not for nothing; you must give me a gift.' 'Wife,' said he, 'go into the shop, and upon the shelf there stands a pair of red shoes, bring them out.' Then the wife went in and brought out the shoes. 'There, bird,' said the man, 'take these shoes, and sing me that little song once again.' Then the bird came down, and took the shoes in its left claw, and flew up to the roof again, and sang:—

'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;
But my Sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!'

And when it had so sung, it flew away. The chain it had in its right, and the shoes in its left claw; and it flew far away to a mill, and the mill went Clip! clap! clip! clap! clip! clap! and in the mill sat twenty millers, who were hewing a mill stone, and the millers hewed hick! hack! hick! hack! and the mill went on clip! clap! clip! clap! clip! clap!—and the bird perched itself upon a linden tree which stood before the mill and sang:—

'My mother she me slew,'
Up got one of the millers to listen—
'My father ate me too;
Up got two of the millers to listen—
'But my sister Margery'
Up got four of them to listen—
'Gathered all my bones she cou'd,'
Up got eight more of them—
'And beneath the Juniper-tree'
Up got five more—
'Laid them in a silken shroud.'
Up got another—
'Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!'

And up got the last miller, for he had only just heard

the last of the song. 'Bird,' said he, 'how sweetly you sing. Let me have that again—sing it to me once more?' 'No,' said the bird, 'twice sing I not for nothing; give me the millstone, and then I will sing it to you once more.' 'Yes,' said he, 'if it were all mine, so should you certainly have it.' 'Yes,' said the others, 'only let the bird sing the song once more, and it shall have the millstone.' Then the bird came down, and the millers laid hold of it, all twenty, with long poles, and raised up the stone—'Yeo, heave ho! yeo, heave ho!' Then the bird put its head through the hole, and wore it about its neck like a collar, and flew back again to the linden-tree, and sang:—

'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;
But my sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!'

And when the bird had thus sung, it spread its wings one from another, and held in its right claw the golden chain, and in its left the red shoes, and had the millstone round its neck, and so it flew away to the father's house.

Now the father, the mother, and little Margery were seated together in the room, having their dinner, and the father said, 'What can make me feel so light—I am right cheerful in my mind.' But the mother said, 'I feel full of sorrow and heaviness, just as if there was going to be a fearful storm.' But little Margery sate weeping and weeping.

Just then the bird came flying by, and as it seated itself on the house top, the father said, 'Well, I am indeed very joyful, for the sun shines bright and pleasant, and I feel just as if I was going to see, once more, some one whom I had known of old.'

'Alas,' said the wife, 'I am full of sorrow, my teeth chatter, and it is with me as if fire was in my veins.' And she tore up her clothes to cool herself.

But little Margery sate in a corner and wept, and had her plate before her eyes, and her plate was filled with tears.

Then the bird perched himself upon the Juniper-tree and sang,

'My mother she me slew,'

and the mother stopped her ears and covered her eyes, that she might neither see nor hear. But there sounded in her ears, as it were, a mighty tempest, and her eyes flashed and darted as though it lightened.

'My father ate me too;'

'Ah, mother,' said the husband, 'what a fine bird that is, and how sweetly it sings! and the sun shines so brightly, and the air is as sweet as cinnamon.'

'But my sister Margery'

Here Margery laid her head in her lap and wept bitterly. But the husband said, 'I will go out—I must see that beautiful bird.' 'Oh, do not go,' said his wife, 'for I feel as if the whole house was in flames.' But the man went out and looked at the bird.

'Gathered all my bones she cou'd,

And beneath the Juniper-tree

Laid them in a silken shroud.

Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!

What a dainty fine bird am I!

With this the bird let fall the golden chain, and it fell upon the man, just round his neck, that it was beautiful to behold. Then he went into the house, and said, 'Now is not that a beautiful bird? see what a beautiful golden chain it has given me, now is it not beautiful to behold?' But the wife was so full of sorrow, that she fell down on the floor of the room, and the cap fell from her head. Then the bird began to sing again:—

'My mother she me slew,'

'Oh!' said the woman, 'would that I was a thousand fathoms under ground, that I might not hear that bird's song.'

'My father ate me too;'

Then fell the woman down, as though she had been dead.

'But my sister Margery'

'Ah!' said Margery, 'I, too, will go out, and see whether the bird will give me anything.' So she went out.

'Gathered all my bones she cou'd,

And beneath the Juniper-tree

Laid them in a silken shroud.'

Here the bird dropped the red shoes.

'Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!

What a dainty fine bird am I!

Then she became, all at once, light and gladsome, and took her new red shoes, and danced and sprang about for very joy. 'Ah,' said she, 'I was so sorrowful when I went out, and now I am so light and gladsome; it is, indeed, a beautiful bird: and it has given me a pair of nice red shoes.'

'Well,' said the wife, and sprang up, and her hair stood on end like flames of fire, 'I feel as though the whole

world was sinking under me; I, too, will go out and see whether I shall feel lighter.' But as she went out at the door, the bird let the mill-stone fall crash! and she was smashed all to pieces. And when the father and Margery heard this, they ran out, and there arose a smoke, and flame, and fire, from the spot; and when that was gone, there stood the little brother; and he took his father and little Margery by the hand, and they were all three greatly rejoiced, and they went their ways into the house, and sat themselves down to dinner very happily.

NOTE.—Such is our version of one of the most remarkable of the popular Tales of Germany, and which is contained in GRIMM'S *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, Band 1, s. 228—240, as well as in BUSCHING'S *Volksmärchen*, s. 245—258.

Many of our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the translation of it which appeared in Mr. EDGAR TAYLOR'S amusing volumes, the '*German Popular Stories*,' and to them, therefore, we feel bound to give our reasons for laying this new one before them. The Gentleman whom we have just named, in the exercise of his judgment, has abbreviated the narrative very considerably, by omitting some of the most homely expressions, and leaving out a striking incident, and several repetitions. The result has been a tale much more readable, perhaps, than the one here given; but in our opinion, a tale neither so overpowering in its effects, nor so simple in its style of narrative as the original, which, indeed, exhibits all the elements of a fearful domestic tragedy. We should have been glad to have seen a translation, from his pen, executed upon our principles: our readers would undoubtedly have been the gainers: as it is, we hope they will be satisfied that the

present version is more in accordance with the spirit of the German story, and excuse its homeliness and reiterations for the sake of its greater fidelity.

As we are now writing in the country, and have not our WARTON at hand, we will borrow, from MR. TAYLOR's volume, an extract from MR PRICE's learned preface, which has especial reference to the tale in question; and in a note to a similar tale, which will appear in the next number of the "*LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE*," add some further illustrations from other sources.

"The most interesting tale in the whole collection, (*Grimm's*) whether we speak with reference to its contents, or the admirable style of the narrative, 'The Machandel Boom' is but a popular view of the same mythos upon which the Platonists have expended so much commentary, the *Cretan Bacchus*, or *Zagreus*. The points of coincidence may be thus briefly stated. In the Cretan fable, the destruction of Zagreus is attributed to the jealousy of his step-mother Juno: and the Titans (those telluric powers, who were created to avenge their mother's connubial wrongs) are the instruments of her cruelty. The infant god is allured to an inner chamber, by a present of toys and fruit, (among these an *apple*), and is forthwith murdered. The dismembered body is now placed in a kettle, for the repast of his destroyers; but the vapour ascending to heaven, the deed is detected, and the perpetrators struck dead by the lightning of Jove. Apollo collects the bones of his deceased brother, and buries them at Delphi, where the palingenesis of Bacchus was celebrated periodically by the Hosii, and Thyades. (Compare *Clemens Alex. Protrept.* p. 15. ed. Potter; *Nonnus Dionys.* vi. 174, &c.; and *Plutarch. de Isid. et Osirid.* c. 35.; et *De Esu Car-*

nium, l. c. vii. But this again is only another version of the Egyptian mythos relative to Osiris, which will supply us with the chest, the tree, the sisterly affection—and, perhaps, the bird, (though the last may be explained on other grounds). (*Plut. de Isid. &c. c. 13. et seq.*) Mr. GRIMM wishes to consider the 'Machandel Boom' the Juniper-tree,—and not the 'Mandel' or almond-tree. It will be remembered that the latter was believed by the ancient world to possess very important properties. The fruit of one species, the *Amygdala*, impregnated the daughter of the river Sangarius with the Phrygian Attys, (*Paus. vii. 17.*); and another, the *Persea*, was the sacred plant of Isis, so conspicuous on Egyptian monuments.—(For this interpretation of the *Persea*, see S. DE SACY'S *Abd-allatif Relation de l'Egypte*, p. 47-72; and the Christian and Mahommedan fictions there cited.) The story of dressing and eating a child, is historically related of Atreus, Tantalus, Procne, Harpalice, (*Hyginus* ed. Staveren, 206); and Astyages, (*Herod. i. 119*); and is obviously a piece of traditional scandal, borrowed from ancient Mythology. The Platonistic exposition of it will be found in Mr. TAYLOR'S Tract upon the Bacchic Mysteries, (Pamphleteer, No 15.)"

45.—THE CRYSTAL BALL.

A beauteous and noble maiden, and a young man of distinguished rank, were devotedly attached to each other; their consent to the marriage was, however, refused her by her step-parents; in consequence of which the betrothed lovers were plunged into the greatest distress. Now it happened that an old woman, who had access to her, came to the maiden, comforted her, and said, 'He whom you love will certainly become your husband.' The maiden who was well pleased to hear this, enquired of her by what means she came to know it. 'Maiden!' said the old woman, 'I have the gift of God to discover before-hand things, which are about to happen; therefore it is that thist as well as many other things, is not concealed from me. To satisfy any doubt that you may have upon this subject, I will, by means of a crystal, so acquaint you with all that is to happen touching this affair, that you shall praise my skill. But you must choose a time for the purpose when your parents are from home, and then you shall see wonders.'

The maiden waited until such time as her parents left home upon a journey into the country, and then she went to her brother's tutor, Johann Rust, who was afterwards celebrated as a poet, confided to him her intention, and earnestly besought him to accompany her and stand by her when she looked into the crystal. He sought to dissuade her from such an action as sinful, and as one likely to be

productive of evil, but it was in vain; she continued in the same mind, so that at last he yielded to her earnest entreaties and consented to accompany her.

As soon as she entered the chamber, the old woman was ready prepared to draw forth, from a small basket, her instruments of art, but she saw with evident disappointment that this Rust accompanied the maiden, and said she could tell by his eyes, that he held her art in very little estimation.

After this, she arose and spread out upon the table, a small blue silken cloth, on which were embroidered figures of dragons, serpents, and other reptiles; placed upon this cloth a bowl of green glass, laid therein another cloth of gold-coloured silk, and finally placed upon this a tolerably large Crystal Ball, which she, however, covered over with a white cloth.

Then she began, amidst extraordinary contortions, to murmur something to herself; and as soon as this was ended, she took up, with great reverence, the Crystal Ball, called the maiden and her companion to her at the window, and bade them look into it.

At first they did not see any thing; but presently appeared in the Crystal, the bride, in most sumptuous bridal robes, just as splendidly attired as though it were her wedding-day. Gorgeous as she appeared, she yet looked so troubled and full of grief, and her countenance appeared of such a death-like hue, that it was impossible to look upon her without pity.

The maiden looked at her picture with terror, which however, soon became still greater, when her beloved appeared right opposite to her, with such fearful and ghastly

features, that though he was a kindly-disposed man, it was enough to make one tremble to look at him. He had, as though just arrived from a journey, his whip and spurs, and wore a grey cloak fastened with golden clasps. He drew forth a brace of brand new pistols and taking one in each hand, he pointed one to his own heart, and held the other to the head of the maiden. The spectators in anguish did not know what to do, and they then saw him discharge the pistol which he held at the head of his beloved, on which they heard a low, distant report of it. This threw them into such alarm that they could not move, until at length the maiden trembling and with faltering steps, left the apartment, and then in some slight degree recovered herself.

The old woman, who had not expected the affair to take such a turn, was greatly disconcerted at it; she fled out of the house as fast as she could go, and no one was ever able to gain a sight of her for some time afterwards. But this alarm did not at all tend to diminish the affections of the maiden, but they were rather strengthened by the determination of her step-parents to persist in refusing their consent.

At last they even went so far, as to oblige her by threats and compulsion to receive the addresses of a noble young officer of the court, who resided in the neighbourhood; then, for the first time, did the maiden feel what affliction was for she passed all her time in weeping and sighing, while her lover was almost distracted by his doubts and fears.

In the meanwhile, a day was fixed for the solemnization of this unhappy marriage, and some distinguished persons were invited to be present, to give greater splendour

to the ceremony. When the day arrived, the princess came in her state-carriage, drawn by six horses, and accompanied by her ladies and attendants; after which, the most distinguished relatives and friends of the bride followed and brought up the rear of the procession.

Now the first lover had obtained information of all that was going on, and he resolved, like one distracted, that his beloved should never be given alive to another. He had, for his purpose, purchased a pair of new pistols, intending to shoot the bride with one, and to employ the other against himself. At about ten or twelve paces from the door of the place where the ceremony was to be performed, stood a house, by which the bride must pass, and so be seen by him.

As the whole of this splendid cavalcade of carriages and horsemen, accompanied by a numerous assemblage of people were passing by, he discharged one pistol at the carriage in which the bride was seated. He fortunately shot a little too quickly, so that the bride remained uninjured; but a noble lady who was seated a little below, had her somewhat loftier head-dress disordered by the ball.

As this threw her into a swoon, and every one crowded to her assistance, the assassin had time to retreat through the back-door of the house; and as he was lucky enough to clear, at a leap, a tolerable wide piece of water, he effected his escape. As soon as the lady recovered herself, the procession set forth afresh, and the ceremony was performed in the greatest magnificence.

But the bride felt a sorrowful spirit, which was not relieved by thinking of what she had seen in the Crystal Ball and she took the consequences thereof sadly to heart.

Moreover, her marriage was a very unhappy one, for her husband was a hard and bad-tempered man, who, although she became the mother of a lovely child, always treated this virtuous and most gracious lady very cruelly.

NOTE—This tale, which is translated from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*.—Band. 1, s. 177—181, claims kindred with that, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, entitled, '*My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*'

The Crystal Ball, in which the enquirer sees prefigurations of coming events, is clearly of the same nature as that in which the celebrated Dr. DEW saw his visions of fair spirits ; and we shall, on some future occasion, lay before our readers a little curious matter on this subject.

46.—THE MAIDEN WITHOUT HANDS.

There was once a Miller, who gradually lost everything that he had, except his mill, and a great apple-tree. Once, when he went into the forest to gather wood, an old man met him, and said, ' Why do you bother yourself with cutting fire-wood? I will make you rich enough, if you will but promise me whatever is standing behind the mill ; and in three years I will come and take it away.' Oh, thought the Miller, that can be nothing but my apple-tree, and so he agreed to the old man's proposal ; who laughed at him for doing so, and went his way. When the Miller went home, his wife met him, and exclaimed, ' Why, Goodman Miller, where have all these great riches come from, that there

are in the house ? Nobody has been here since you left, and yet all the trunks and coffers are full.' 'Why,' said the Miller, 'I met an old man in the wood just now, to whom I have assigned for them, whatever there is behind the mill.' 'Ah, Miller, that is very unfortunate, for that old man was the Devil, and you have given him our daughter, who is now behind the mill, sweeping the yard.'

Now the Miller's daughter was a very pious and beautiful maiden, and she lived for the three years in the fear of God and void of sin.

And when the day came that the Evil One should have carried her away, she washed herself very clean, and made a circle round about her with chalk. The Devil soon made his appearance, but he could not draw near unto her. So he spake angrily to the Miller, 'Let all your water run away, that she may no more wash herself, and then I shall have power over her.' And the Miller was afraid, and did so.

And on the next day the Evil One again made his appearance, but the maiden had wept upon her hands, and they were quite clean. And again the Devil could not draw near unto her. Then spoke he again, angrily, to the Miller, 'Cut off her hands; then I may, by some means, overpower her.' But this the Miller refused, and said, 'How can I cut off the hands of mine own child ?' But the Evil One threatened him, and said, 'If you do not do so, thou shalt be mine, and I will take thee instead.'

Now the father was filled with dread, and he promised to hearken unto the Devil. After this he went to the maiden, and said, 'My child, if I do not cut off your hands, the Devil will carry me away; and in my fear I have promised him to do so; therefore, I pray thee, consent unto it.' And

she answered, 'Father, do with me as thou wilt, for I am thy child.' And she stretched forth her hands, and allowed them to be cut off. And the Devil came a third time, but she had wept so much and so long upon the stumps, that even they were quite clean; and he was forced to go away and had lost all right in her.

Then the Miller said to her, 'I have through thee gained so great wealth, that I will maintain thee in splendour all thy life long.' But she answered, 'Here I cannot remain; I will wander forth, and men of pity will bestow upon me all that I require.' Upon this she bound up the stumps of her arms, and at the rising of the sun she went forth, and journeyed on the whole day until it was night. Then came she to a king's garden; and she saw by the light of the moon, that there stood in it some goodly trees covered with fruit, but the garden was surrounded by a moat. And because she had tasted nothing the whole day, and was sore hungry, she thought unto herself, 'Would that I was in the garden, that I might eat the fruit—but I must fast.' Then she knelt down and prayed.

Suddenly there came an angel, who made a way through the moat, so that the bottom was dry, and she could pass through it. So she went into the garden, and the angel with her. Then saw she a tree covered with beautiful pears, but they had all been counted. So she went to the tree, and ate with her mouth from the tree to satisfy her hunger. And the gardener saw her, but, because the angel stood by her, he was afraid and thought it was a spirit, so he called not out, neither said he any thing of it. And when she had eaten the pears, she was satisfied therewith, and concealed herself among the bushes. Now the king, to whom the garden belonged, came on the following morning, counted

the fruit, saw that one of the pears was missing, and asked the gardener where it was, for it lay not under the tree and was gone. Then the gardener answered, 'In the night there came a spirit, who had no hands, and ate one with her mouth.' The king said, 'How came the spirit across the water, and whither has it gone again?' The gardener answered, 'It came in a snow-white garment from heaven, formed a path across the moat, and hemmed up the water, and because it must have been an angel, I was afraid, and neither called out nor gave an alarm. Afterwards the spirit took its departure again.' Then the king said, 'To-morrow night I will watch with thee.'

And when it was dark, the king came into the garden, and brought a priest with him, who should speak to the spirit. And they all three seated themselves under the tree, and kept watch. At midnight, the Miller's daughter came creeping out of the bushes, went up to the tree, and ate from it with her mouth another pear. Near her stood the angel in white garments. Then the priest went up and said, 'Art thou from heaven, or from this world? Art thou a human being, or spirit?' 'No,' answered she, 'I am no spirit, but a poor human being abandoned by all, but not by heaven.' The king said, 'though thou art abandoned by all the world beside, yet will I not abandon thee.' So he took her with him unto the palace, had silver hands made for her; and because she was so beauteous and pious, he loved her with his whole heart, and took her to wife.

After a year was passed, the king was obliged to take the field with his army, and then he commanded the queen-mother, 'When her hour of child-birth comes, take heed to her, and nurse her, and write to me instantly.' Now

OF GERMANY.

she bare him a son, and the old queen wrote instantly and told him the glad tidings. But the messenger rested on the way by the side of a rivulet and slept; then came the Devil, who was ever seeking to disgrace the pious queen, and changed the letter for another, in which it was said that the queen had brought a changeling into the world. When the king read the letter he was sorely troubled and amazed, yet he wrote back for answer, they should watch and nurse the queen well until his return.—The messenger went back with the letter, and rested at the same place as before; then came the Devil again and placed another letter in his pocket, in which it was commanded that the queen and her child should be slain. When the old queen received the letter, she was sadly frightened, and wrote to the king yet another letter, but she received no other answer; for the Devil always intercepted the sleeping messenger and changed the king's letters; and in the last letter, which he placed in the pocket of the messenger, he commanded the queen-mother to cut out, as a proof of her death, the tongue and eyes of the young queen.

But the old mother wept that so much innocent blood should be shed, so she commanded them to take a hind in the night time, kill it, and cut out the tongue and eyes. Then spake she to the queen, and said, 'I cannot command them to kill thee, but here you can remain no longer; so go forth with thy child into the wide world, but return not hither again.' Upon this she placed her little child upon her back, and the poor woman went forth with weeping eyes into the great wide world. Then she threw herself upon her knees and prayed, and the angel appeared to her and led her to a small house, on which stood a little tablet, with the words—'All live here free.'

Out of this house came forth a snow-white maiden, who said, 'Welcome, lady queen,' and led her in. Then she unbound her little babe from her back, held him to her breast and suckled him, and laid him upon a nice little bed which stood there already made. Then the poor woman said, 'How knew ye that I was a queen.' And the white maiden answered, 'I am an angel, sent from heaven to watch over you and your child.' Then they remained in the house seven years, and were well cared for, and by the mercy of heaven, and in reward for her piety, her hands which had been cut off, grew again.

But the king, when he returned home again, would fain have seen his wife and his child; then his aged mother began to weep, and said, 'Thou wicked man, wherefore hast thou written to me, commanding me to put two innocent souls to death?' and showed him the two false letters which the Evil One had put in the place of those which he had written, and then said further, 'I have done what you commanded me,' and showed him in proof, the tongue and eyes.

Then began the king to weep so bitterly for his wife and little son, that his old mother took pity on him, and said, 'Be comforted, for they still live! I had a hind killed secretly, and have cut out its tongue and eyes, and I have bound your child upon the back of your wife, and commanded her to go forth into the wide world, and she promised me never to return hither again, because thou wert angered against her.' Then said the king, 'I will go as far as the sky is blue; and I will not eat, neither will I drink, until I have found once more my wife and my child, unless they are dead with hunger.' Upon this he turned about, and for seven years long sought he them on every

side, but found them not; so he believed that they were starved. And he ate not, neither did he drink, during all this time; but Heaven preserved him. At last he found, in a great wood, the small house on which was the small tablet, with the inscription—‘ Here all dwell free.’

Then came forth the white maiden, took him by the hand, and led him in, and said, ‘ Welcome, Lord King !’ and asked him whither he came. He answered, ‘ I have been now wandering about seven years, seeking my wife and my child, and no where could I find them; they must, I am sure, be starved.’ The angel offered him to eat and to drink, but he took nothing—and would only rest himself a little; then he laid himself down to sleep and covered his face with a cloth.

Upon this the angel went into the chamber, wherein the queen sate with her son, whom she generally called ‘ Rich-in-sorrow,’ and said to her, ‘ Go out, and thy child with thee, for thine husband is come.’ Then she went in where her husband lay, and the cloth fell from his countenance; then said she, ‘ Rich-in-sorrow, lift up the cloth of thy father, and cover with it his countenance.’ And he lifted it up, and covered with it his father’s face. And the king heard this in his slumber, and willingly let fall the cloth once again. Then said she again, ‘ Rich-in-sorrow, lift up again the cloth, and cover with it thy father’s face.’ Then the little boy grew impatient, and said, ‘ Dear mother, how can I cover my father’s face, when in the whole world I have no father? I have learned to pray, for you have told me my father is in Heaven; how, then, shall I know this wild man?—Of a certainty he is not my father.’

Upon this the king rose, and enquired who they were? and she said, ‘ I am thy wife, and this is thy son Rich-in-

sorrow.' And he saw her living hands, and said, 'My wife had hands of silver. These natural hands has Heaven allowed to grow again;' and the angel entered the chamber, produced the silver hands, and showed them to him. Then he first saw, of a certainty, that it was his dear wife and his dear child, and kissed them, and was glad of heart. Then the angel feasted them all together, and they went home to the old queen-mother; and there was every where great joy thereat, and the king and queen celebrated their wedding afresh, and lived happily until they came to their most blessed end.

NOTE.—This tale, rich in those characteristic touches of German piety, to which we have more particularly alluded in the introduction to the present volume, is taken from GRIMM's *Kinder Haus Märchen*, Band 1. s. 158—166.

The story which is popular in Germany, is obviously connected with the popular source from which in the middle ages the well known poems of May and Blanchefleur, of the beautiful Helena, &c. took their rise. It is also '*La Penta Manomorsa*,' which constitutes the second tale of the third day of the celebrated Neapolitan Collection of BASILE—the well known '*Pentamerone* &c.'

48.—THE THREE MINERS OF KUTTENBERG.

In the Kuttenberg mountain in Bohemia, there were three miners, who had worked therein many years, and so earned their daily bread for their wives and children. They were accustomed, when of a morning they entered the mine, to take with them three things :—firstly, a prayer-book ; secondly, a lamp, which was trimmed with just sufficient oil to last one day ; and thirdly, a little loaf of bread, that likewise only sufficed for one day. Before they began to work, they offered up their devotions to God, praying him to watch over their safety ; and when they had finished this, they cheerfully and heartily commenced their labours.

It happened, however, one evening, that just as they were about to leave off work, part of the mountain fell in, and closed up the entrance to the mine. Then they thought that they were buried alive, and exclaimed—‘ O God ! we poor miners must now die of hunger ; for we have but one day’s allowance of bread, and one day’s oil in our lamps.’ Then they committed themselves to God, expecting that they should shortly die, yet were they not disconsolate ; but, as long as they had strength, went on with their work, praying all the time.

Upon this, it happened that their lights burned for seven years, and their little loaves, of which they ate daily, were not consumed, but continued of just the same size ; and they thought that the seven years had been but one day.—But as they had been unable to cut their hair or trim their beards, they had grown to be a yard long.

Their wives, in the mean time, looked upon them as dead, thought they should never see them more, and began to look out for other husbands.

Now it befell that one of the three who were thus shut up in the earth, wished from the very bottom of his heart—‘Ah! could I but see daylight once more, I would then willingly die.’ And the second said, ‘Ah! could I once more sit at table with my dear wife, I, too, would then willingly die.’ And the third said, ‘Ah! could I but live one year peacefully and happily with my wife, I, too, would willingly die.’

Scarcely had they spoken these words, before they heard a heavy crash, and lo! the mountain had cracked and separated, one side from the other. And the first miner peeped through the opening, and looked up and gazed on the blue sky; and, as he rejoiced in the sight of daylight, he suddenly fell down dead. As the crevice gradually increased in size, the other two set to work, cut steps in the side of the mountain, crept up, and at length got out. Then they proceeded to the village and to their houses, seeking their wives; but these did not know their husbands. Then they said, ‘Had you never any husband?’ ‘Yes,’ said they; ‘but they have been dead and buried in the Kuttenberg these seven years.’

Then the second miner said to his wife, ‘I am thy husband;’ but she would not believe him, because of his long beard, and of his being so altered. Then said he, ‘Give me my razor, that I kept upstairs in the great chest, and a bit of soap with it.’ Thereupon he shaved, combed, and washed himself; and when he had done so, the woman saw that he was her husband. She rejoiced greatly at his return, spread the table, placed before him the best food

that she could get, and they sat down, and ate and drank happily together. But as soon as the man had satisfied himself, and had eaten the last morsel of bread, he fell down and died.

The third miner dwelled for a whole year in peace and happiness with his wife; but, when the year was out, at the very same hour that he escaped from the mountain, he too fell dead, and his wife with him.

Thus did Heaven fulfil the wishes of the three miners.

NOTE.—This Legend, rich in the most striking characteristics of German story, is translated from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1, s. 1—3.

49.—DOCTOR ALL-WISE.

There was a poor peasant, named Crab, who once drove two oxen with a load of wood into the city, and there sold it for two dollars, to a doctor. And the Doctor counted out the money to him as he sate at dinner. So the peasant saw how well he lived, and his heart yearned to do the like, and he would needs be a doctor. So he stood a little while, and at last he asked if he could not be a Doctor. 'Oh, yes,' said the Doctor, 'that may be easily managed—in the first place you have only to purchase an A, B, C book, only take care that it is one that has got a picture of a cock crowing in the front of it—then sell your cart and oxen, and buy with the money, clothes and all other things needful for a doctor; and thirdly and lastly, have a sign painted

with the words, '*I am Doctor All-wise,*' and have it nailed up before the door of your house.'

So the peasant did exactly as he had been told; and after he had doctored a little, but not much, it chanced that a certain nobleman was robbed of a large sum of money: and some one told him that there lived in the village hard by, a Doctor All-wise, who was sure to be able to tell him where his money was gone to. So the nobleman ordered his carriage to be got ready, and rode into the city, and asked our Doctor whether he was Doctor Allwise. 'Oh, yes,' said he; 'I am Doctor All-wise, sure enough.' 'Will you go with me, then,' said the nobleman, 'and get me back my money?' 'To be sure I will,' said the Doctor; 'but my wife Grethel must go with me.'

The nobleman was very glad to hear this; made them both get into the carriage with him, and away they all rode together. When they arrived at the nobleman's house, dinner was already prepared, and he desired the Doctor to sit down to dinner with him. 'And my wife Grethel, too,' said the Doctor; and so she too sat down to dinner.

Now as soon as the first servant brought in the first dish, which was some great delicacy, the Doctor nudged his wife, and said, 'Grethel, that is the first,' meaning the first servant who had brought in dinner. But the servant thought he meant to say he was the first thief, which was actually the case, so he was sore troubled, and said to his comrades, 'The Doctor knows everything, things will certainly fall out ill, for he said I was the first.'

The second would not believe this at all—but at last he was obliged, for when he carried the second dish into the room, the Doctor said, 'Grethel, that is the second!' So the second servant was as much frightened as the first, and

was pleased to leave the apartment. And the third fared no better, for the Doctor said, 'Grethel, that is the third!' Now the fourth carried in a dish which had a cover on it, and the nobleman told the Doctor to show his skill, by guessing what was under the cover. Now it was a crab. But the Doctor looked at the dish, and looked at the cover, and could not at all divine what they contained, nor how to get out of the scrape; so he said, half to himself and half aloud, 'Alas, poor Crab!' And when the nobleman heard this, he cried out 'You have guessed it—and now, I am sure, you will know where my money is.'

And the servant was greatly troubled at this, and he winked to the Doctor to follow him out of the room; and no sooner had the Doctor done so than the whole four, who had stolen the gold, stood before him, and said, they would give it up instantly, and give him a good sum to boot, provided he would not betray them; for if he did, their necks would pay for it. So they conducted him to the place where the gold lay concealed. And the Doctor was well pleased to see it, and went back to the nobleman and said, 'My lord, I will now search in my book and discover where the money is.'

Now the fifth servant had crept into the oven, to hear what the Doctor said. But he sat turning over the leaves of his A, B, C book, looking for the picture of the crowing cock, and as he did not find it very early, he said, 'I know you are in here, and you must come out.' Then the man in the oven, thinking the Doctor spoke to him, jumped out in a great fright, and said, 'The man knows everything.'

Then Doctor All-wise showed the nobleman where the gold was hidden, but said nothing as to who stole it; so he

received a great reward from both parties, and became a very famous man.

NOTE.—GRIMM's *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, Band, 2. s. 76—78.
This is the story to which we have alluded in our note on No. 5, of the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF TARTARY,' and is curious for the marked resemblance which it bears to an English story, which must be familiar to our readers.

INDEX.

| | Page |
|--|-------|
| Jacob Nimmernuchtern | - 183 |
| The Lady of Weissenberg | - 203 |
| Legends of Rubezahl; or Number Nip | |
| Rubezahl transforms himself into an Ass | - 210 |
| Rubezahl makes a fool of a Noble | - 212 |
| Rubezahl sells Pigs | - 213 |
| How Rubezahl entertained a Party of Guests | - 214 |
| Rubezahl gives orders for a Cloak | - 215 |
| Rubezahl turns Wood-cutter | - 221 |
| Rubezahl changes himself into a Spear | - 222 |
| Rubezahl changes Leaves into Ducats | - 225 |
| The Knight on the Black Horse | - 229 |
| The Frog King; or Iron Henry | - 233 |
| The Flaming Castle | - 239 |
| The Wehr Wolf | - 241 |
| The Juniper-tree | - 243 |
| The Crystal Ball | - 257 |
| The Maiden without Hands | - 261 |
| The Three Miners of Kuttenberg | - 269 |
| Doctor All-Wise | - 271 |

G. Cowie, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street Strand.

511215

SECOND EDITION, WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.
IN FOOLSCAP 8vo. PRICE 2s. 6d.

COWIE'S PRINTERS' POCKET-BOOK AND MANUAL;

Containing the Compositors', Pressmen's, and Newsmen's Scales of Prices; numerous valuable Tables; all the Schemes of Impositions, from Folio to Hundred and Twenty eights, inclusive; the Hebrew, Greek, and Saxon Alphabets, with plans of their respective Cases; Mathematical, Algebraical, Astronomical, and Physical Signs; Tables for giving out Paper, &c. &c. Abstract of the various Acts of Parliament relative to Printers. With a correct List of Master Printers.

"The title of this work is fully borne out by its contents. They are, of course, chiefly of a nature merely technical, and will, we think, be found highly useful and comprehensive by printers. Much of the miscellaneous information is of an interesting character to the lovers of books, and more particularly to those who are, directly or indirectly, connected with literature."—*TRUE SUN*.

"The contents of this little work will be found exceedingly useful to the numerous class of persons of whose business they treat, and from the examination which we have bestowed upon them, we have every reason to believe them to be correct. The miscellaneous contents are of a more generally interesting character."—*MORNING ADVERTISER*.

"A cheap and exceedingly useful little book, with the contents of which every letter-press printer who is desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the various departments of his business should become fully acquainted. It contains the Compositors' and Pressmen's Scale of Prices; numerous valuable Tables; all the schemes of Impositions (a perfectly honest affair we may as well inform the uninitiated reader;) with a variety of other interesting information absolutely necessary to the successful pursuit of all young men about to engage in the printing trade."—*MANCHESTER TIMES*.

"A most useful and excellent work, written by a practical printer;—a truly business-like book."—*Bell's Weekly Magazine*.

"This little work, containing much information which will be found useful to those engaged in the printing business, ought to be placed in the hands of every youth who is apprenticed to the trade."—*Birmingham Journal*.

"This is a complete historical analysis of the present state of the art of printing. There is a great deal of curious information in the pages of this volume, but its valuable qualities consist in the exactness and extent of its practical information relating to the printer's employment. In this book we have the whole economy of a printing-office explained, and the rates of wages of compositors and pressmen, as agreed upon by the trade, and the variations respecting periodical publications. Altogether it contains a quantity of information most essentially necessary to all those persons connected with printing or publishing."—*Cobbett's Magazine*.

THE GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-ROOM COMPANION; AND TOILET GUIDE.

Containing the art of displaying the person to the utmost advantage, at the least expense. With original recipes for improving the hair, skin, and teeth. By a Nobleman's Valet.

Published by W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; and G. Cowie, 312, Strand.

Popular Works published by W. STRANGE, 21, Paternoster Row; and by G. COWIE, 312, Strand.

BUCKSTONE'S DRAMAS.

Now publishing, an edition of Dramas, by JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, as performed at the Theatres Royal, and at the Adelphi Theatre. The edition will comprise all the highly popular Adelphi Dramas, never before printed, together with others first produced at the Theatres Royal, and which will be carefully revised and corrected by the author, with appropriate prefaces and dedications, elegantly printed upon fine wove paper. It is intended to publish all the successful Dramas that may henceforth be produced by Mr. Buckstone, and which will appear as soon after the first representations as possible. Each number will be published at One Shilling, embellished with a fine engraving by the first artists, and correctly marked with stage directions, descriptions of the costume, and a cast of the characters.

Already Published,

No. 1.—The Wreck Ashore, dedicated to Master John Reeve; No. 2.—Victorine; or, I'll Sleep on it; dedicated to Mrs. Yates; No. 3.—The May Queen; dedicated to Mr. Mathews; No. 4.—Henriette the Forsaken; dedicated to Mrs. Fitzwilliam; No. 5.—Rural Felicity; a new Operatic Comedy. No. 6.—The Pet of the Petticoats, dedicated to John Barnett, Esq.; (forming the first volume of Strange's Edition of Buckstone's Dramas).—No. 7 (being the first number of vol. 2)

MARRIED LIFE.

No. 8.—The Rake and his Pupil; No. 9.—Belles and Clappers; which will be succeeded by (among others) the following popular plays:—(the copyrights of which, having been purchased by W. STRANGE, can only be printed by him, and in this edition).—Second Thoughts; Isabelle, or Woman's Life; The Forgery; or, The Reading of a Will; The King of the Alps; Nicholas Flam; Uncle John, &c. &c. The Dramas will appear in the foregoing order, being only varied by the successful novelties of the same author.

THE STEAM PACKET COMPANION;

OR,

**A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS ON THE
PASSAGE TO GRAVESEND, SHEERNESS, AND
HERNE BAY.**

With a picturesque description of each of the above places, intended as a guide to the traveller on the coast—to which is added, the land route from London, and other matters of interest and attraction. With a Chart of the River, Price 6d.

CRIMES OF LONDON IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; containing authentic Biographies of those notorious individuals, Ikey Solomons, Richard Coster, and other celebrated thieves and swindlers of the present day; with full particulars of the Treatment of Convicts on board the Hulks, and in the Colonies; accurate descriptions of the interior of Newgate, Condemned Cells, &c. By a gentleman employed in the defence of most of the remarkable characters therein confined.—

CLAVIS, or Key to the Latin and French Genders.—By W. H. TREACHER.—price 2s. 6d.

SMUGGLING, and especially **CUSTOM HOUSE** and **PREVENTIVE SERVICE SMUGGLING.**—Price 2s. 6d.

THE TALISMAN—a superior collection of Magic and other Tales, original and select. With 22 engravings on Steel. In three vols., price 3s. 6d.

Eulenspiegel p 81

Tannhäuser

p 134

Leonora p 55



